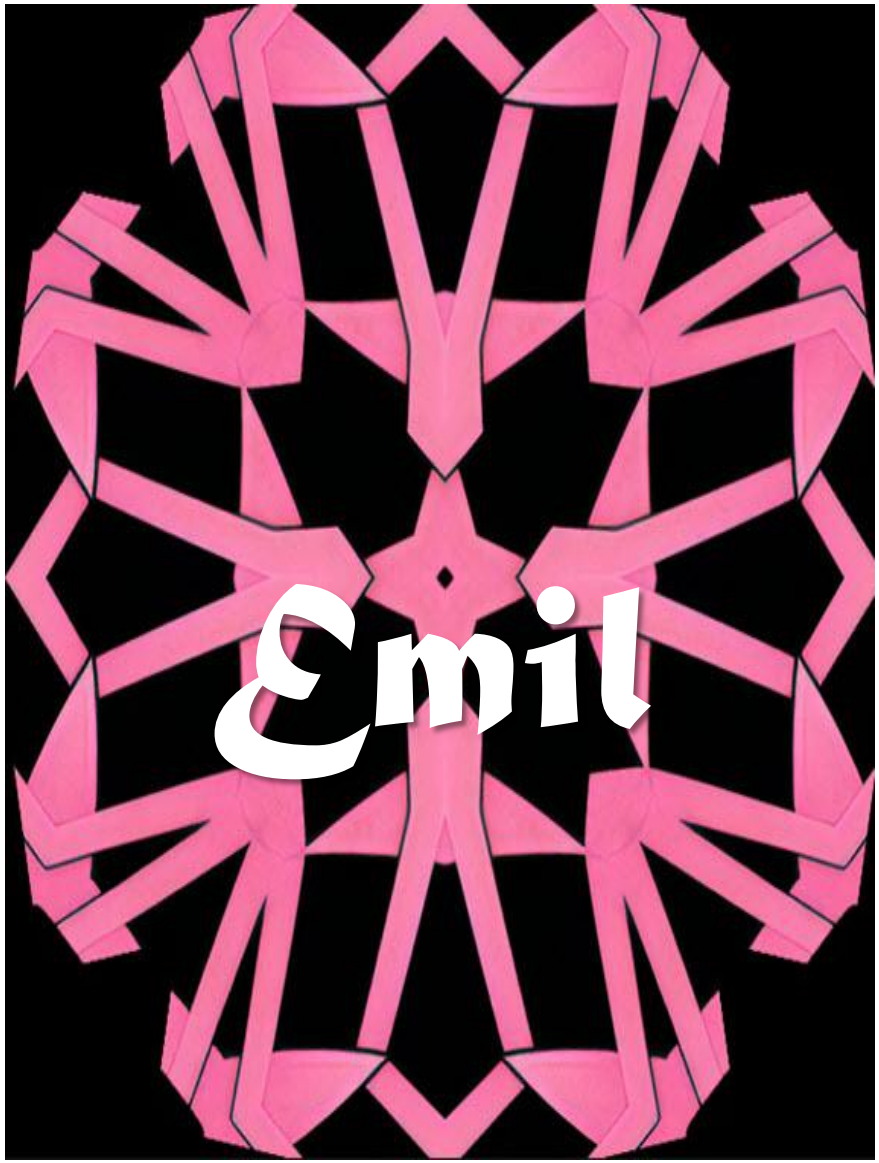
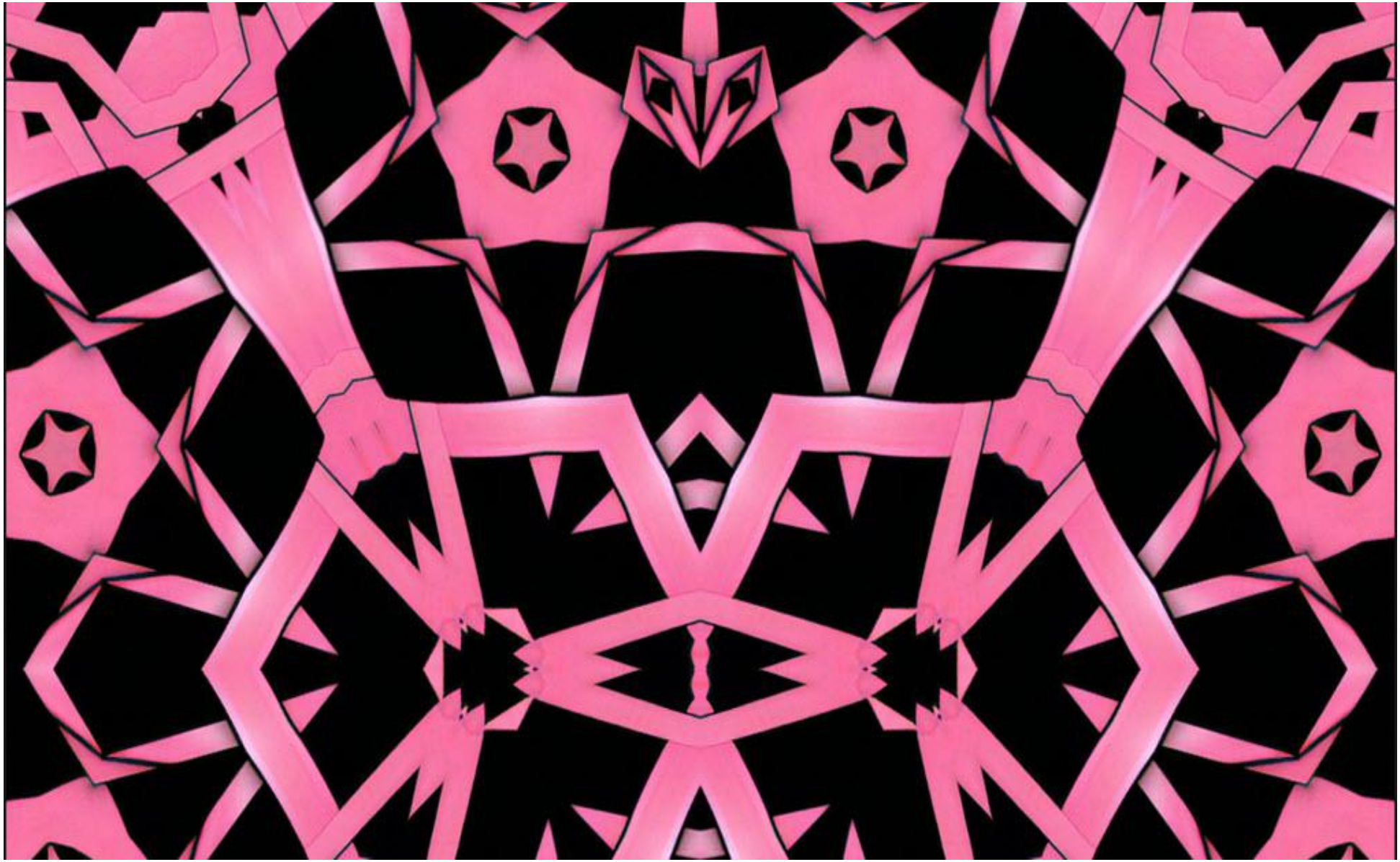


THE THIRD MONKEY ON THE RAMP OF NOAH'S ARK

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. - SINGAPORE - 2025



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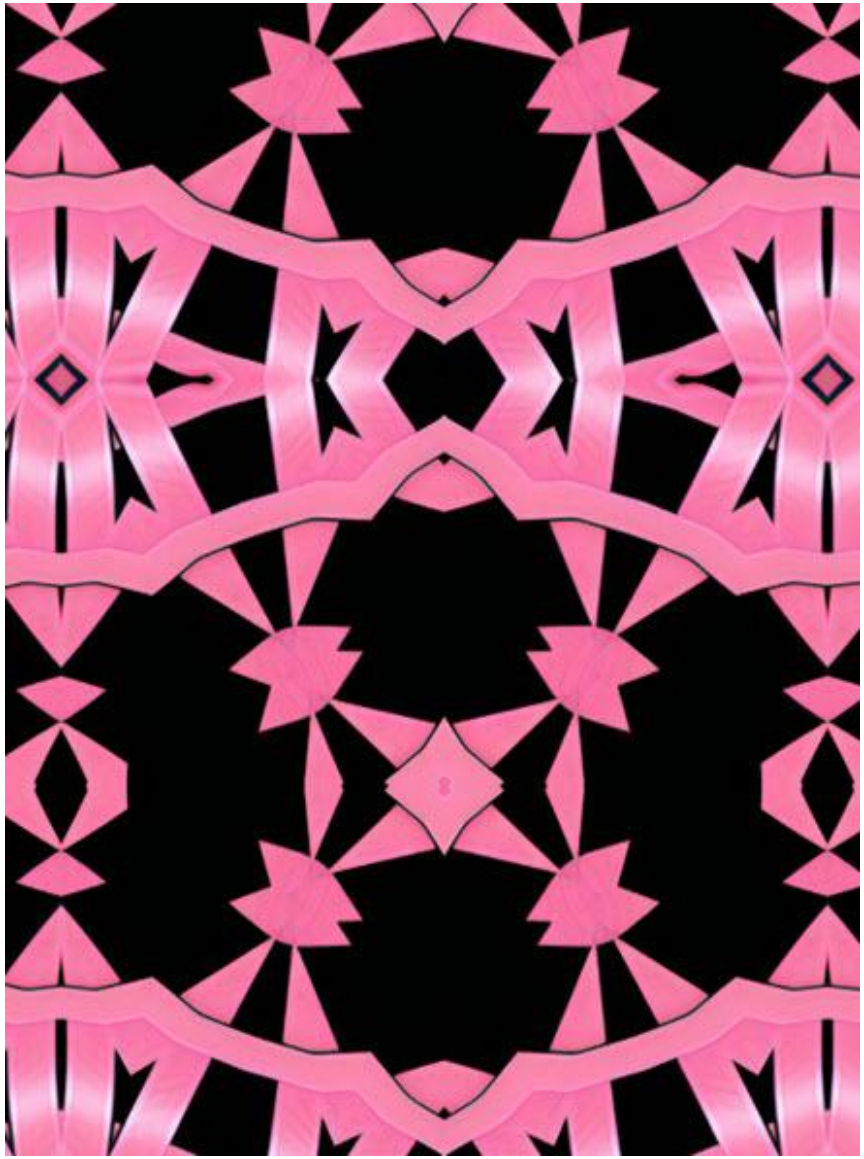
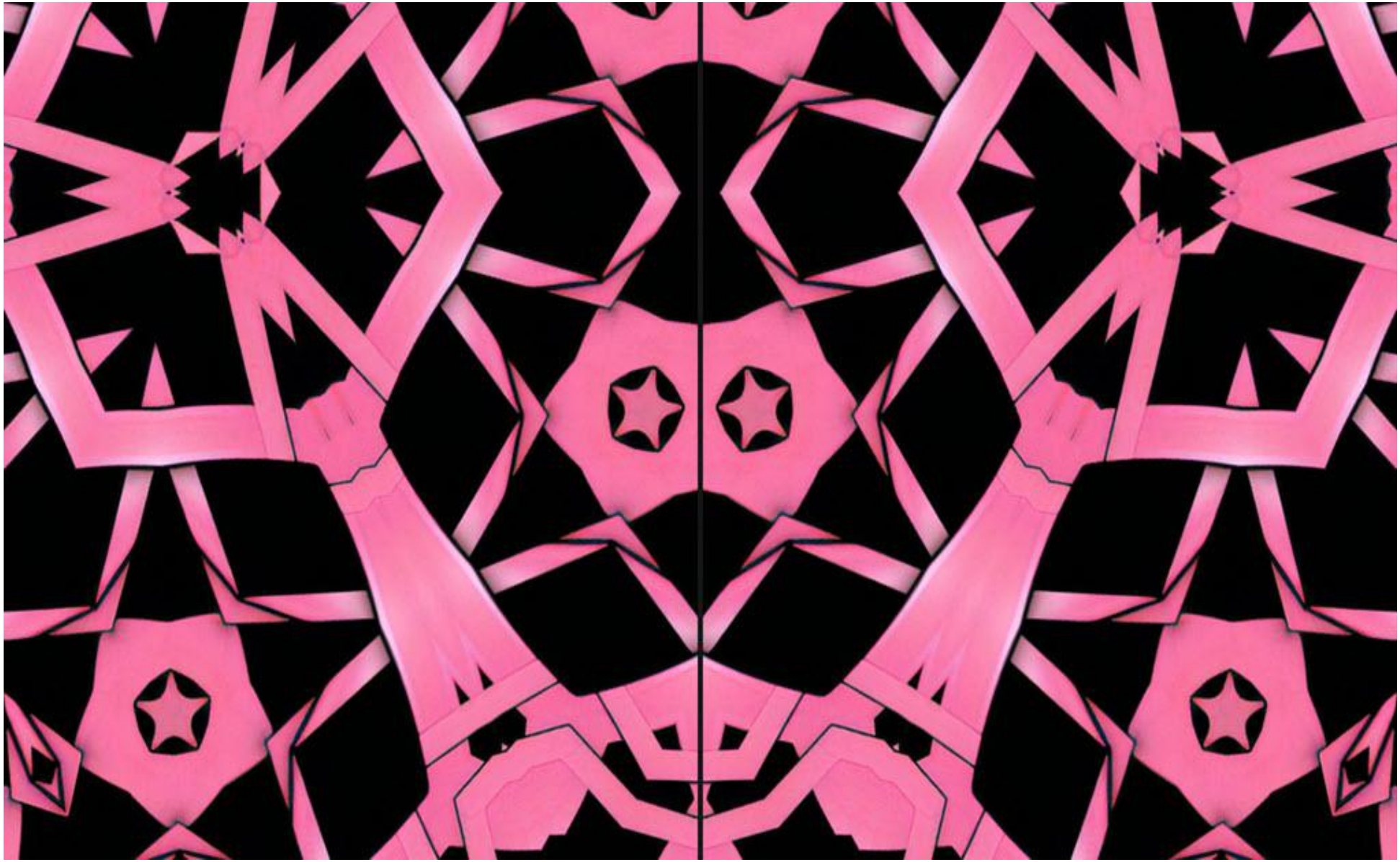
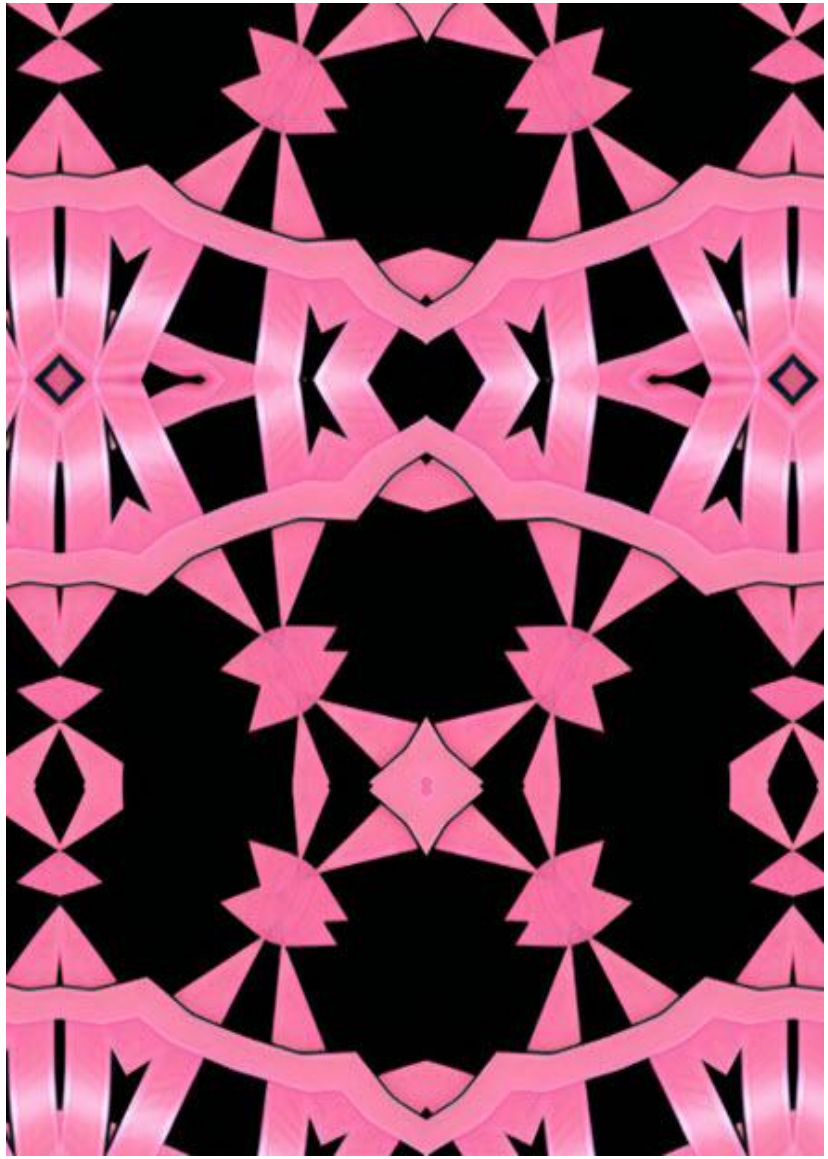


“Never fight until you have to. But when it is time to fight, you fight like you’re the third monkey on the ramp to Noah’s Ark…and brother, it’s starting to rain!”

- The Late Great MAGA King, July 2024



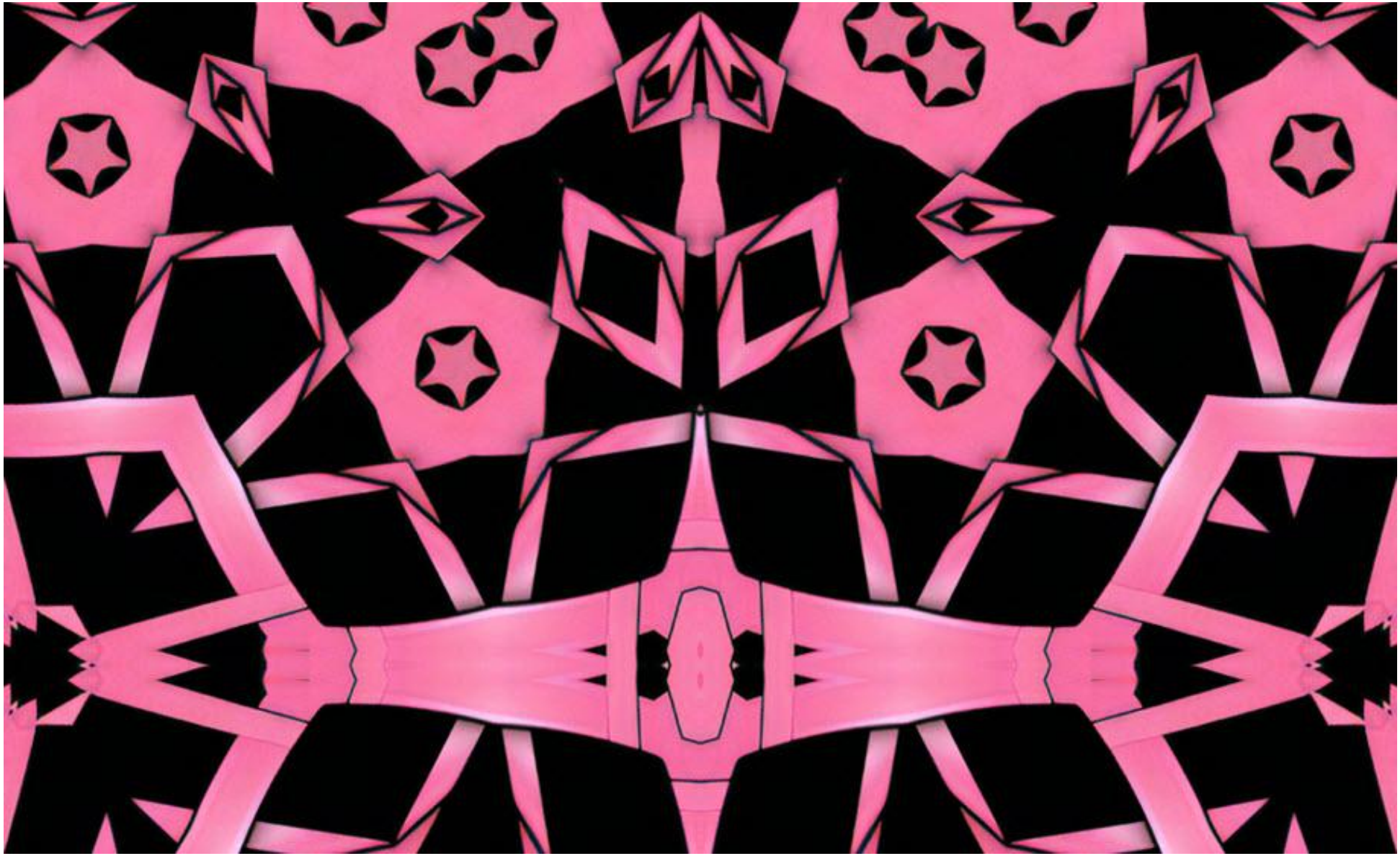
THE THIRD MONKEY ON THE RAMP OF NOAH'S ARK



"History is what we tell you, you write it down and a thousand years from now, who will know any differently...?"

- Sir Winston, 1962

In early February 2026, life unfolded in a familiar rhythm for most, as people busied themselves with their daily routines, whether that meant toiling away at jobs or indulging in leisurely pursuits afforded by inherited wealth.



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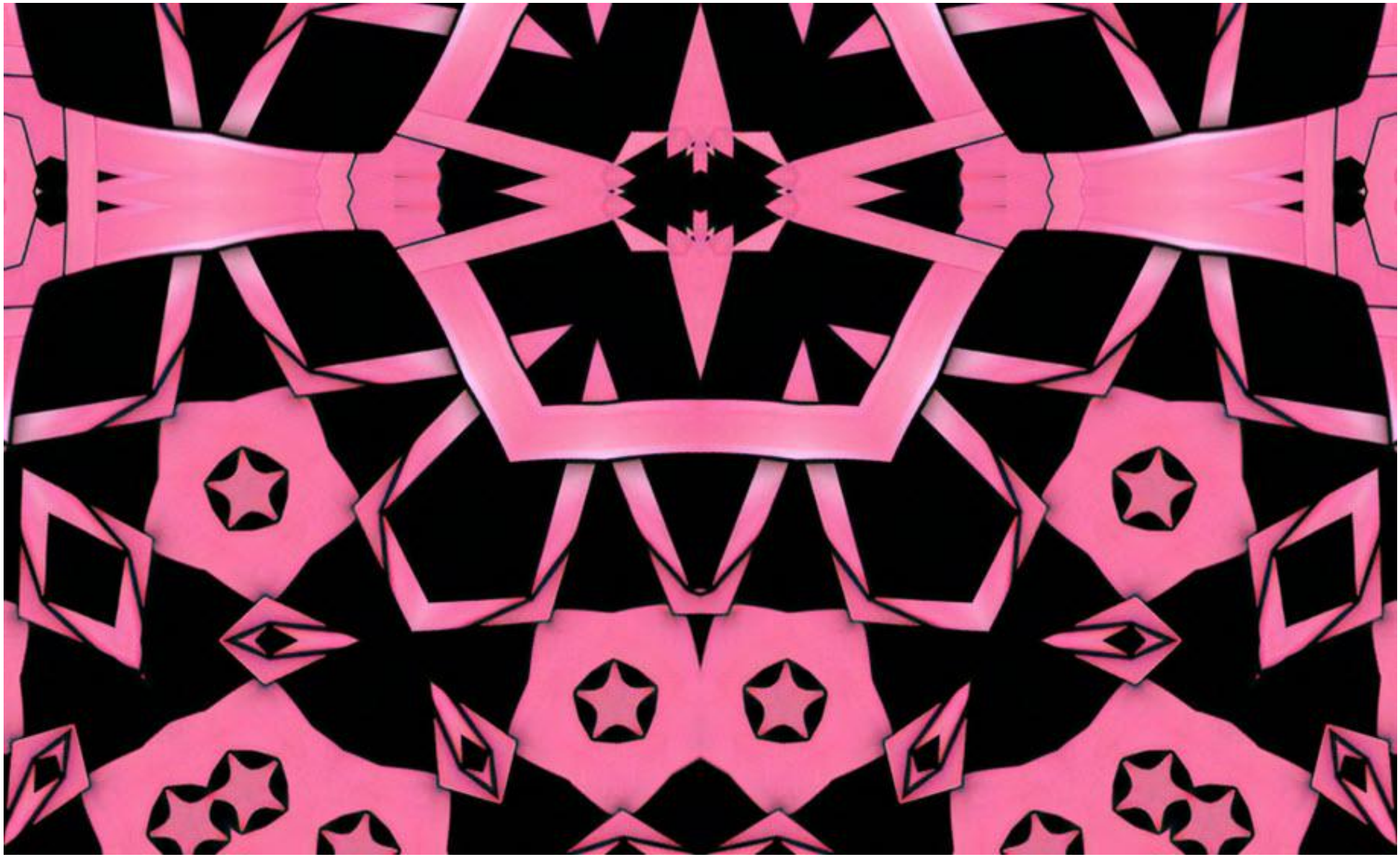
The gentry, with their ample free time, seemed to float through life, engaging in activities that often felt detached from the realities faced by the rest of society.

It was as if we had constructed a bubble around ourselves, blissfully unaware of the world beyond our quaint villages and towns.

This insular existence fostered a sense of comfort, yet it also bred a certain ignorance, as we paid little attention to the unfolding events and challenges that lay just outside our carefully curated lives.

The contrast between our sheltered existence and the broader societal issues was stark, yet we remained content, cocooned in our own little worlds, oblivious to the complexities that awaited beyond the horizon.



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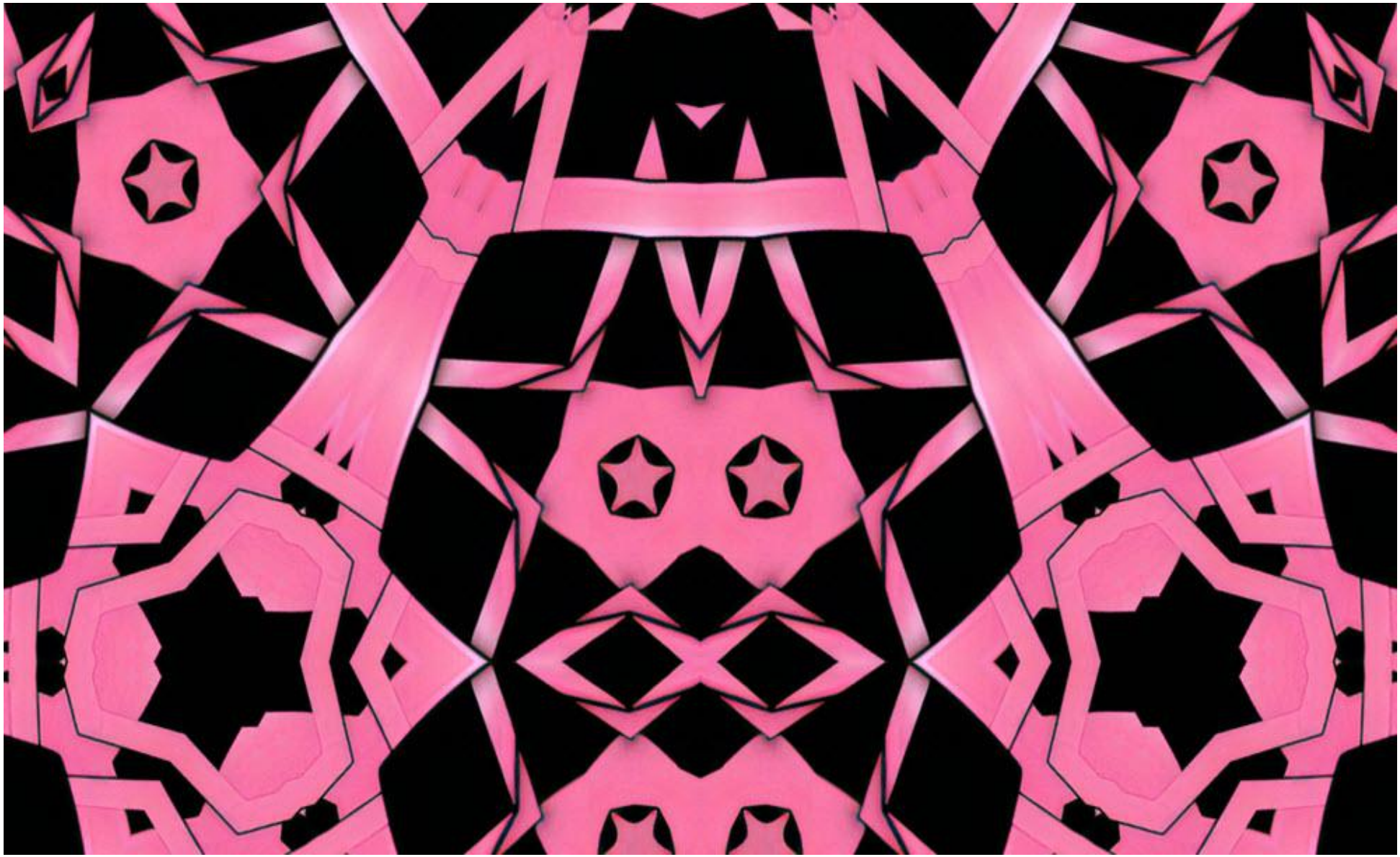
Future historians may well devote their scholarly pursuits to highlighting our shared missteps, and while their critiques may hold some validity, it is essential to remember that back in early February 2026, we were blissfully unaware of the ominous cosmic storm clouds brewing in the far reaches of space.

We failed to recognize the unsettling hum of an increasingly potent magnetic plasma accumulating in our atmosphere, nor did we pay much attention to the alarming predictions of those discredited seers.

As a founding Father, (proper pronoun as I have been tested by court order) of the Palmdale chapter of the once-outlawed Jesuits of Truth, I can attest that these so-called prophets are nothing more than charlatans, akin to the Mayan con artists



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who, with disarming smiles, sold us the last tickets to the “End of the World” spectacle back in 2012.

You might recall that this absurdity even inspired a popular film, further embedding the farce into our collective memory.

In a world already saturated with apocalyptic predictions and dubious financial schemes, one has to wonder who truly has the bandwidth to entertain yet another so-called "End of the World" Ponzi scheme.

The relentless barrage of sensational headlines and fear-mongering narratives has desensitized many, making it increasingly difficult to discern genuine threats from mere opportunistic scams.

As society grapples with pressing issues like climate change, economic instability, and social unrest, the allure of a quick

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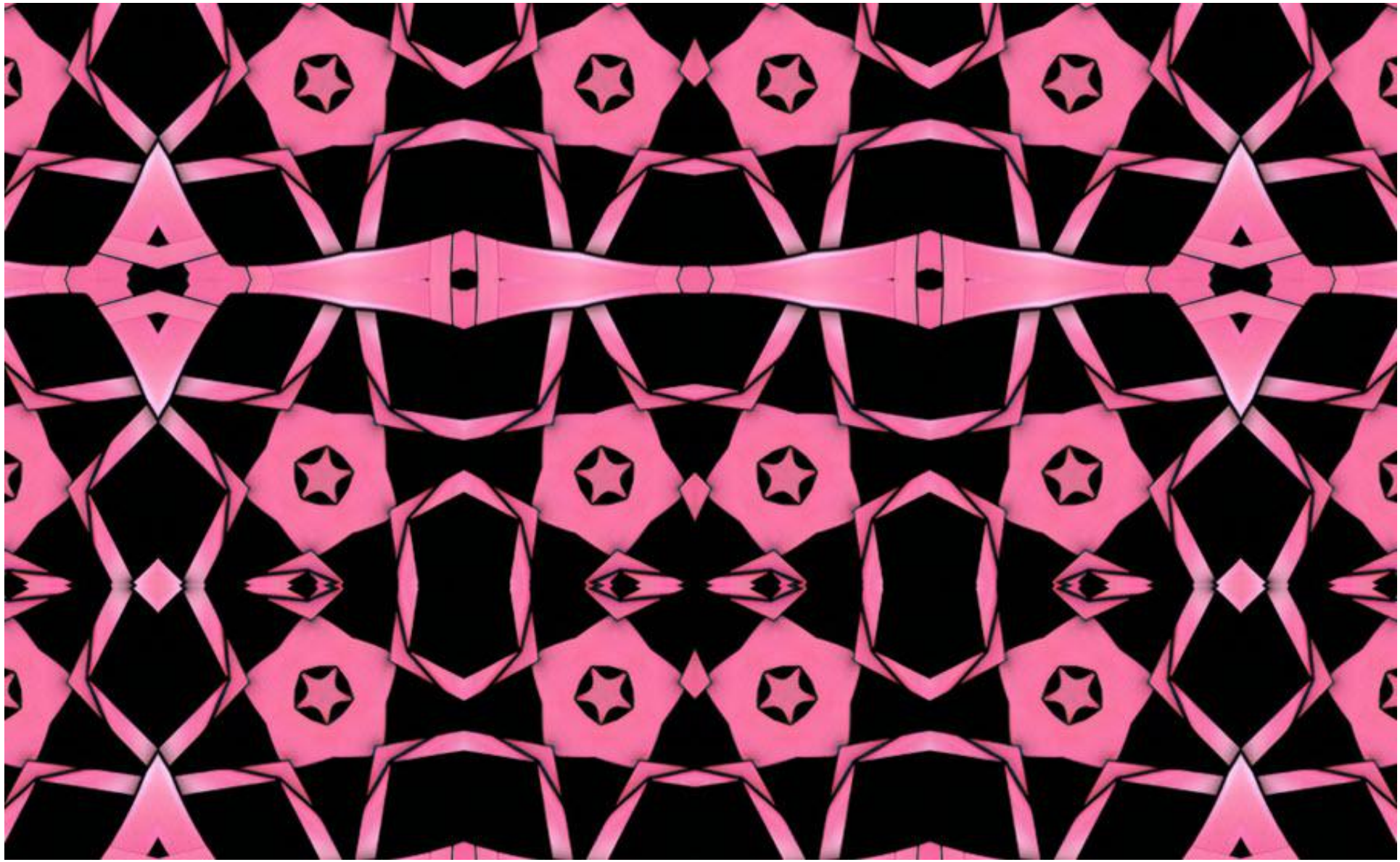
financial fix through a scheme that promises salvation in the face of impending doom can be both tempting and troubling.

Yet, the question remains: amidst the chaos and uncertainty, how many individuals are willing to invest their time, energy, and resources into yet another fleeting promise of wealth that ultimately leads to disillusionment?

The answer may lie in the collective fatigue of a populace that has seen too many cycles of hope and despair, leaving little room for yet another ill-fated venture cloaked in the guise of urgency and desperation.

The weight of our looming economic crisis loomed heavily over us, exacerbated by the recent hike in our cottage rent, a decision made by the slick, sharkskin-suited bankers from the Black Rookie Corporation who had taken over our mortgage.



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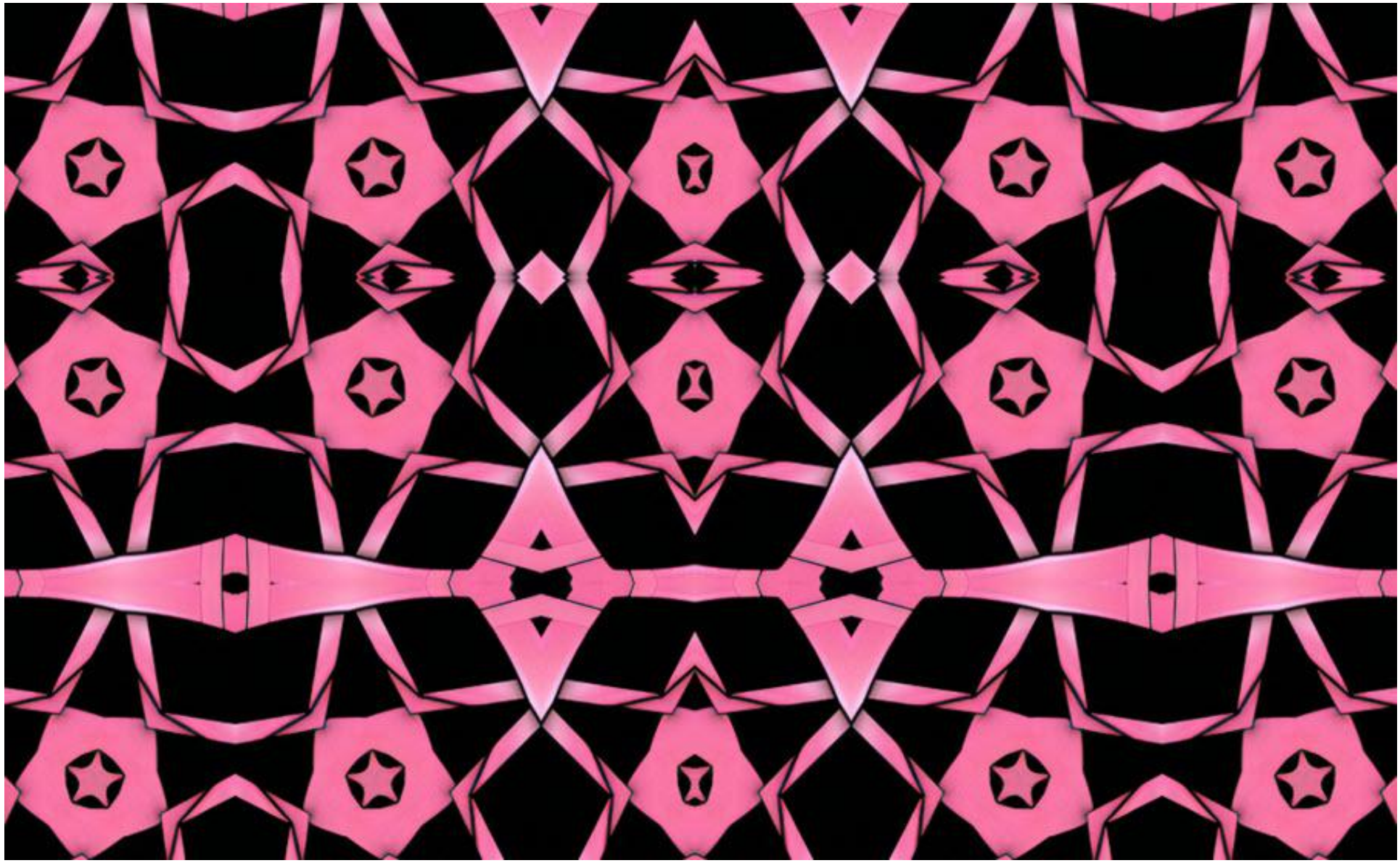
They had tripled our monthly payments, leaving us scrambling to make ends meet.
Amidst this financial turmoil, we found ourselves racing to the local supermarket, desperately clutching our last open charge card, hoping to secure a meal for the evening.
Once back home, we would gather around the electric heater, its warmth a small comfort against the chill of our worries, and indulge in daydreams of simpler times spent by the ocean's edge with our children—two blissful weeks of sun, sand, and laughter that felt like a distant memory now, overshadowed by the stark reality of our current situation.
The idea of an impending apocalypse seems utterly absurd, especially when we consider the rationality of our government. There's no reason for us to panic, as our leaders appear to be



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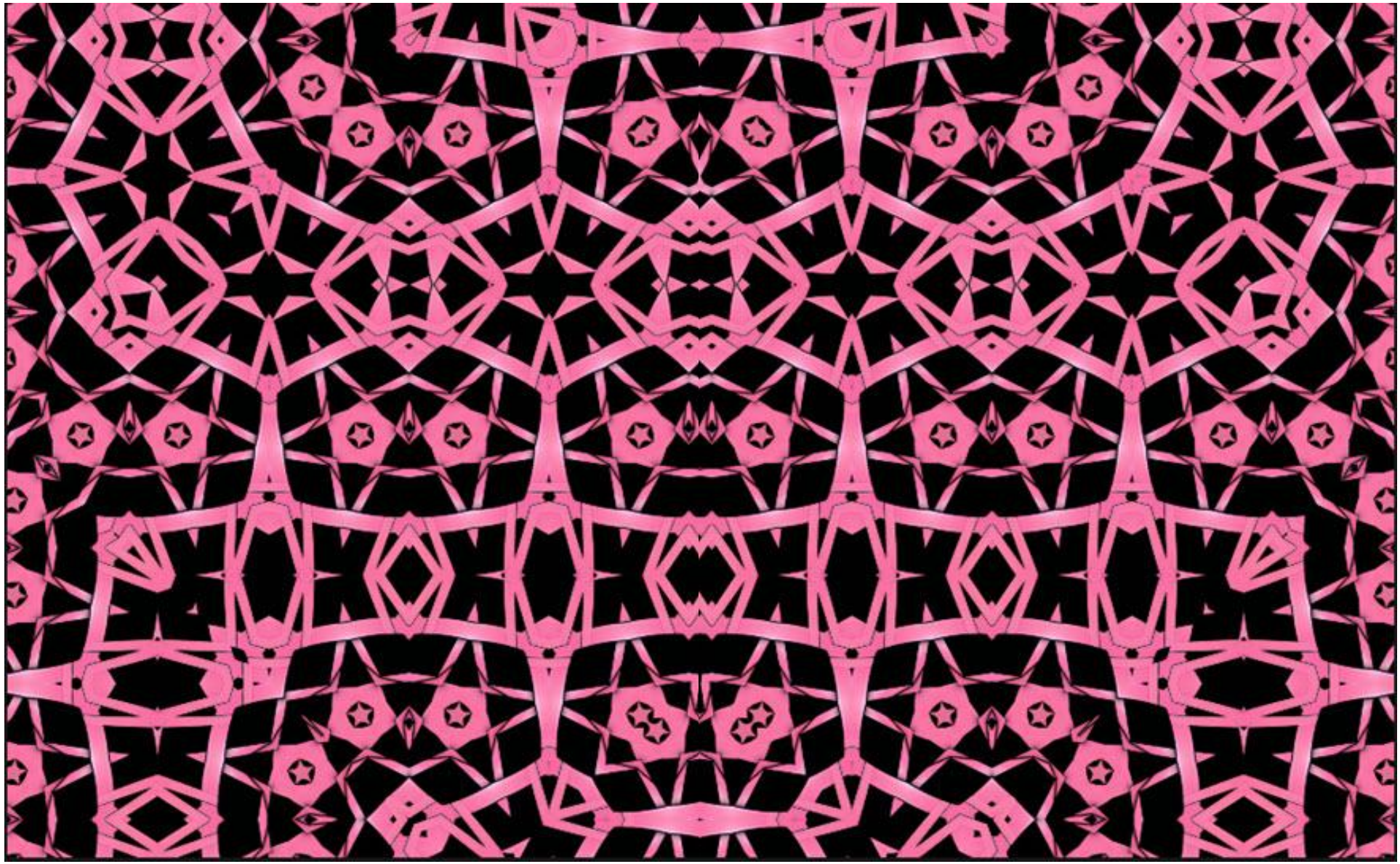
grounded in reality, fully aware of the limitations we face.
It's clear that if I understand the financial constraints we're under, they certainly do too.
The notion of funding extravagant projects like spaceships to Mars is far-fetched when our country is grappling with budgetary issues. Instead of succumbing to fear-mongering about the end of the world, we should focus on the tangible challenges at hand, recognizing that our resources are better spent addressing immediate concerns rather than chasing after distant dreams that are simply out of reach.
Last Sunday, Brother Paul from the Liberty Mission shared some insightful thoughts with us, urging us not to be swayed by what his generation referred to as the "Yellow Journalist Doom's Day Scammers."



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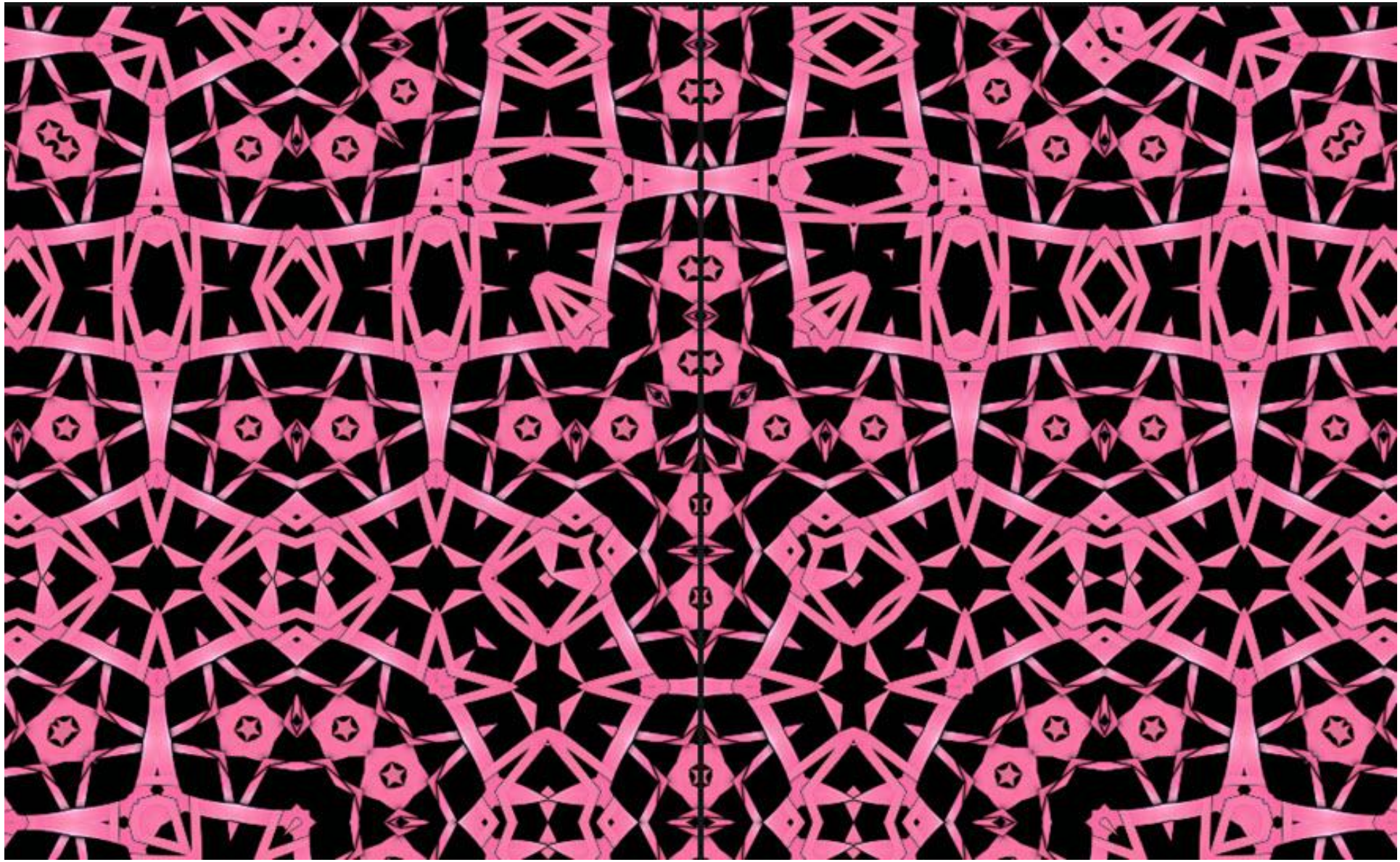
This term encapsulates those who distort the truth, often driven by ulterior motives rather than genuine concern for public safety.

He pointed out that these individuals frequently receive generous compensation from the avaricious merchants of the prepper industry—those with flashy smiles, capped teeth, and a penchant for cigar smoke—who are eager to profit from our fears. They peddle everything from Meals Ready-to-Eat (MREs) to an array of survival gear, all designed for our makeshift bomb shelters and repurposed swimming pools.

Brother Paul's message was clear: we should remain vigilant and discerning, recognizing that not all information is created equal, especially when it comes to those looking to capitalize on our anxieties.

His conclusions were beyond question, given his esteemed



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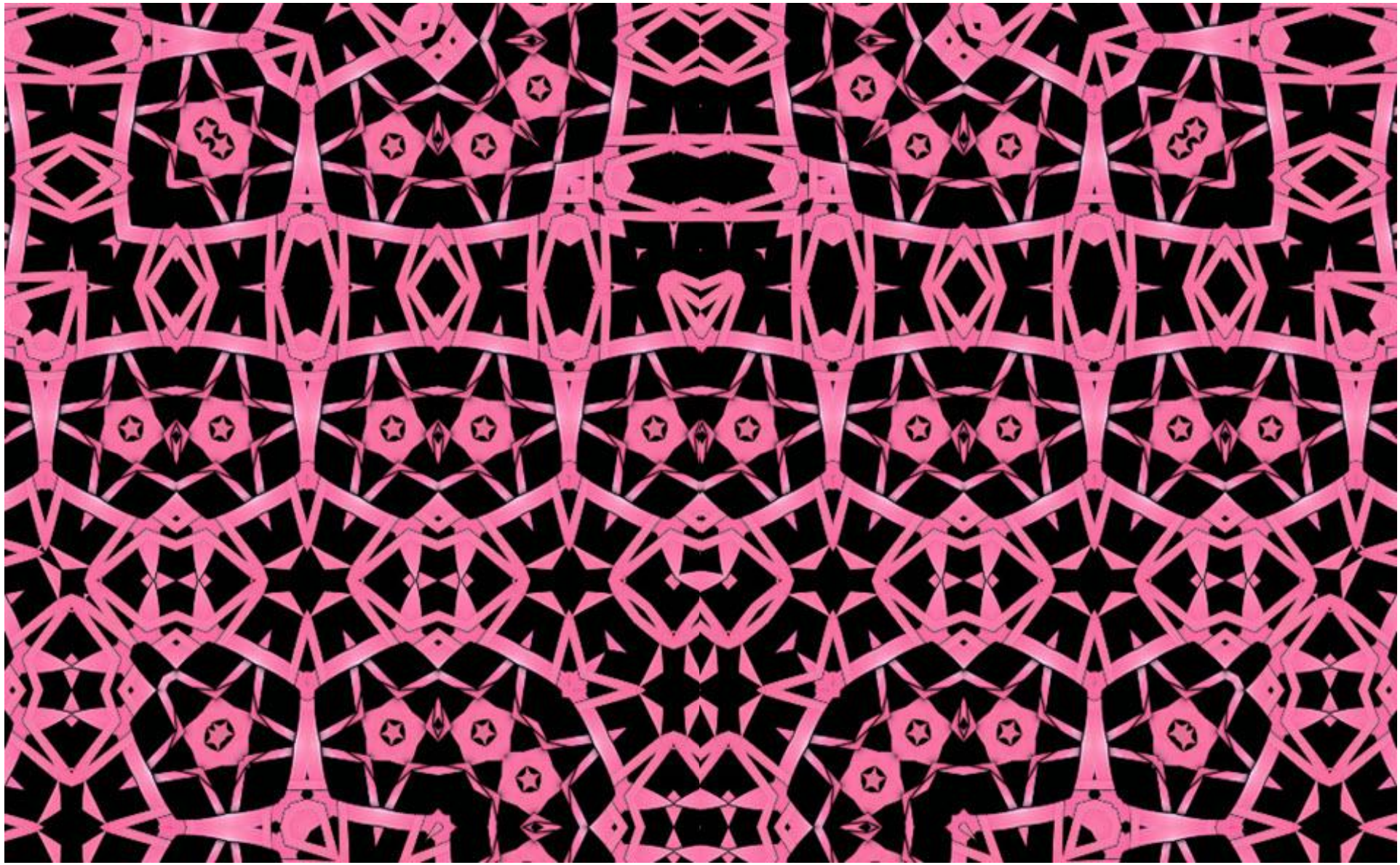
background as a scholar from a prestigious university.
He had chosen to abandon the comforts of his family's wealth and the allure of a high-ranking position to dedicate his life to serving the impoverished and the marginalized.
In our own struggles with poverty, I often felt the weight of our circumstances, and while I recognized the depth of our needs, I steadfastly refused to succumb to despair.
I held onto the belief that brighter days lay ahead, a conviction that fueled my resilience and hope for a better future.
I found myself increasingly frustrated by the incessant barrage of alarmist videos proclaiming, "A storm is approaching! Gather your neighbors and retreat to the hills!"
The sheer variety of these dire warnings felt overwhelming, and I often considered flagging many of them out of sheer irritation.



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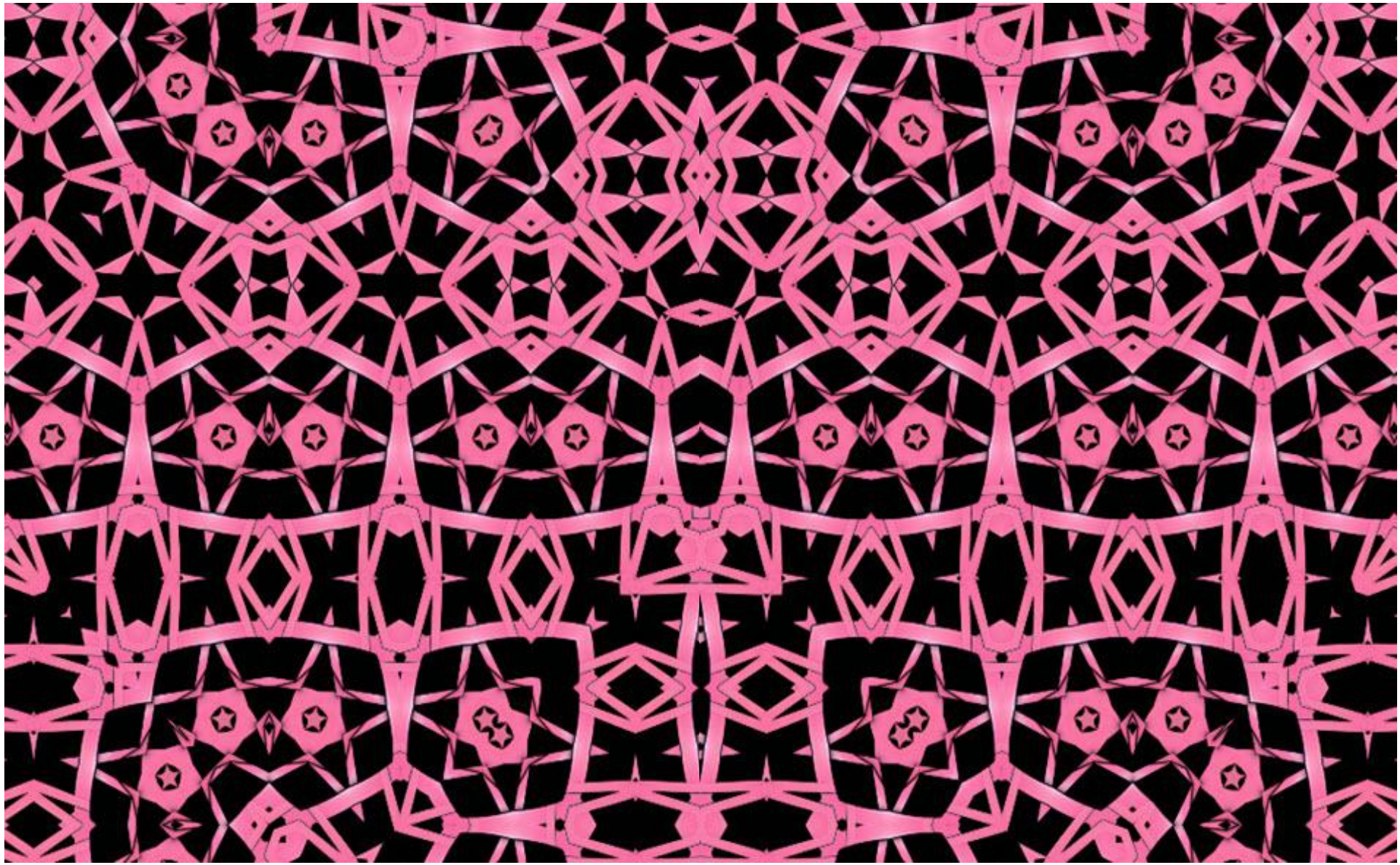
It seemed as though every corner of social media was inundated with these dramatic calls to action, each one more sensational than the last.

The repetitive nature of these messages not only dulled their impact but also sparked a sense of resentment within me.

I longed for a more measured approach to sharing information, one that didn't rely on fearmongering to capture attention.

From a young age, I have been inundated with apocalyptic predictions that have ranged from the absurd to the downright ludicrous.

My emotions and financial stability have been put through the wringer by a parade of charismatic preachers who peddled the idea of the Rapture, offering what they claimed were premium seats for the event.



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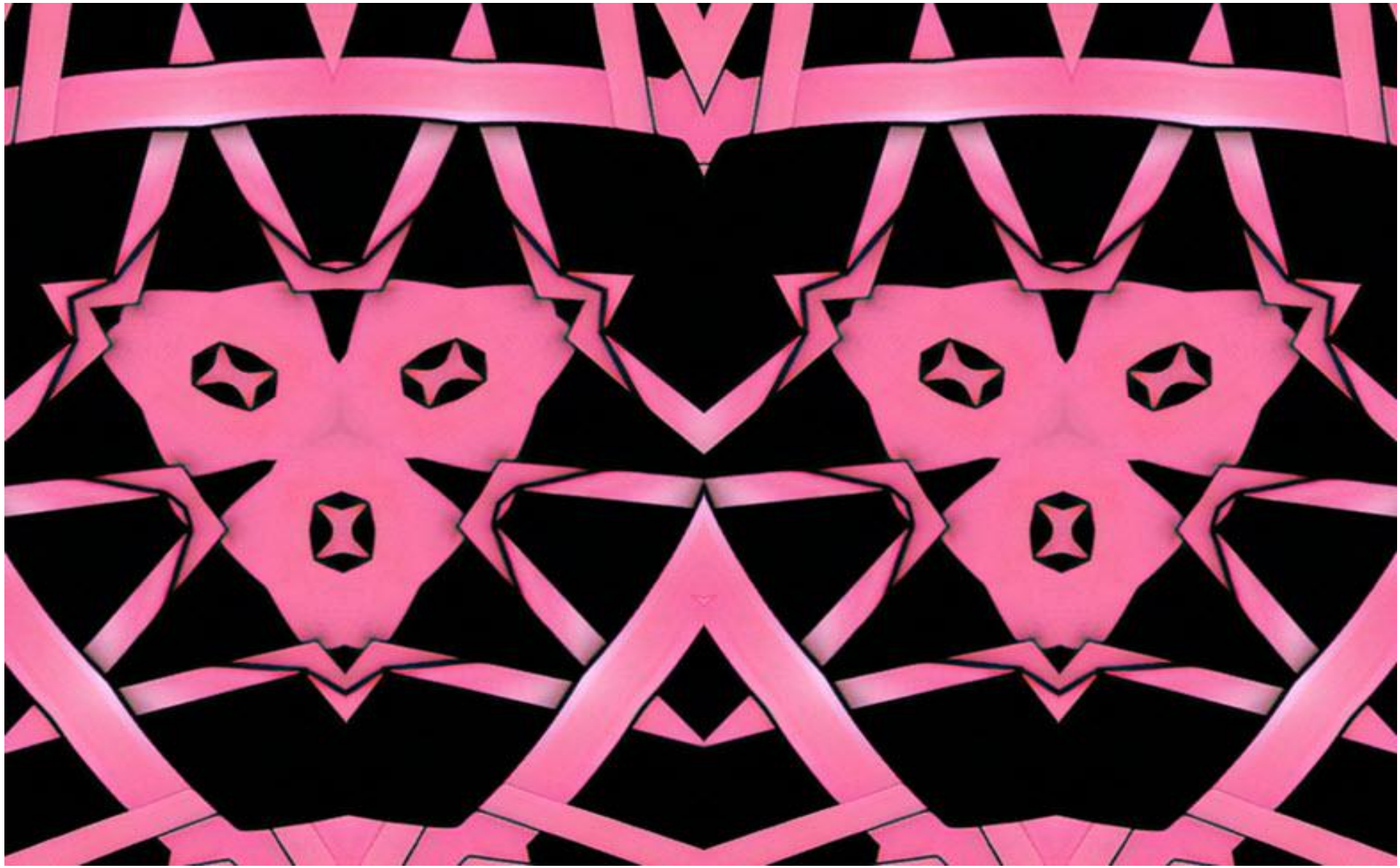
I've witnessed the frenzy surrounding Y2K, where the world was supposed to come crashing down due to a mere glitch in computer programming.
Then there was Albert BeGore's slick scheme involving carbon credits, which seemed more like a marketing ploy than a genuine environmental initiative.
And let's not forget the persistent rumors of California slipping into the ocean, or the infamous Mayan calendar predictions that stirred up a frenzy of fear and speculation.
Each of these doomsday scenarios has left a mark, shaping my skepticism and prompting me to question the motives behind such sensational claims.
The disappointment surrounding the Mayan prophecy struck me deeply, particularly because I had placed significant trust in their



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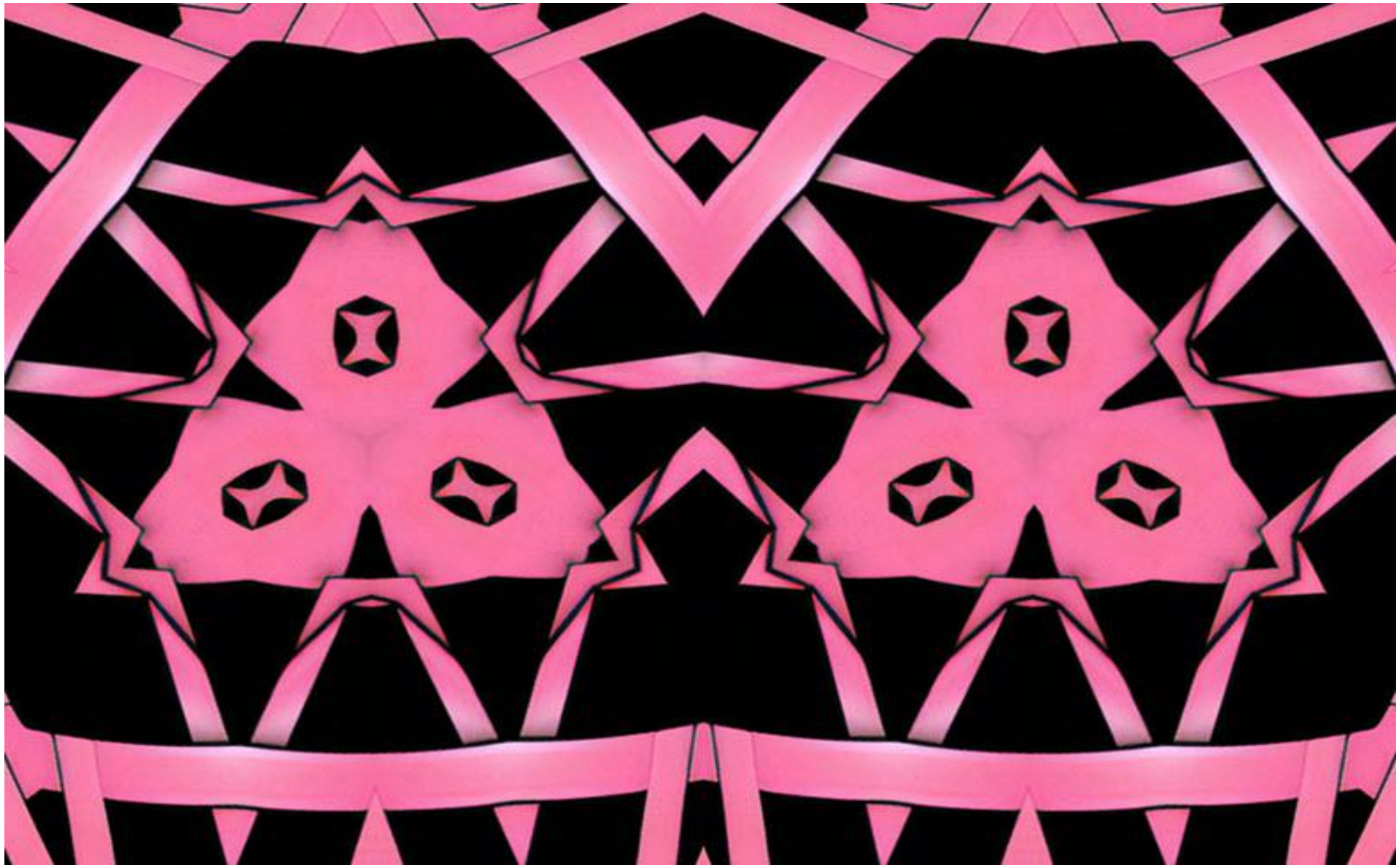
predictive abilities.

From a young age, I had been counting down the days, eagerly anticipating the moment when the world was supposedly destined to end.

This belief shaped my financial decisions, leading me to forget saving for retirement; after all, what was the point of planning for a future that I thought would never come?

The idea of an impending apocalypse seemed to render traditional concerns about financial security irrelevant, as I was convinced that the end of days would arrive before I ever needed to worry about such matters.

The realization that I had invested so much faith in a prediction that ultimately proved false left me grappling with a sense of loss—not just for the anticipated cataclysm, but for the years



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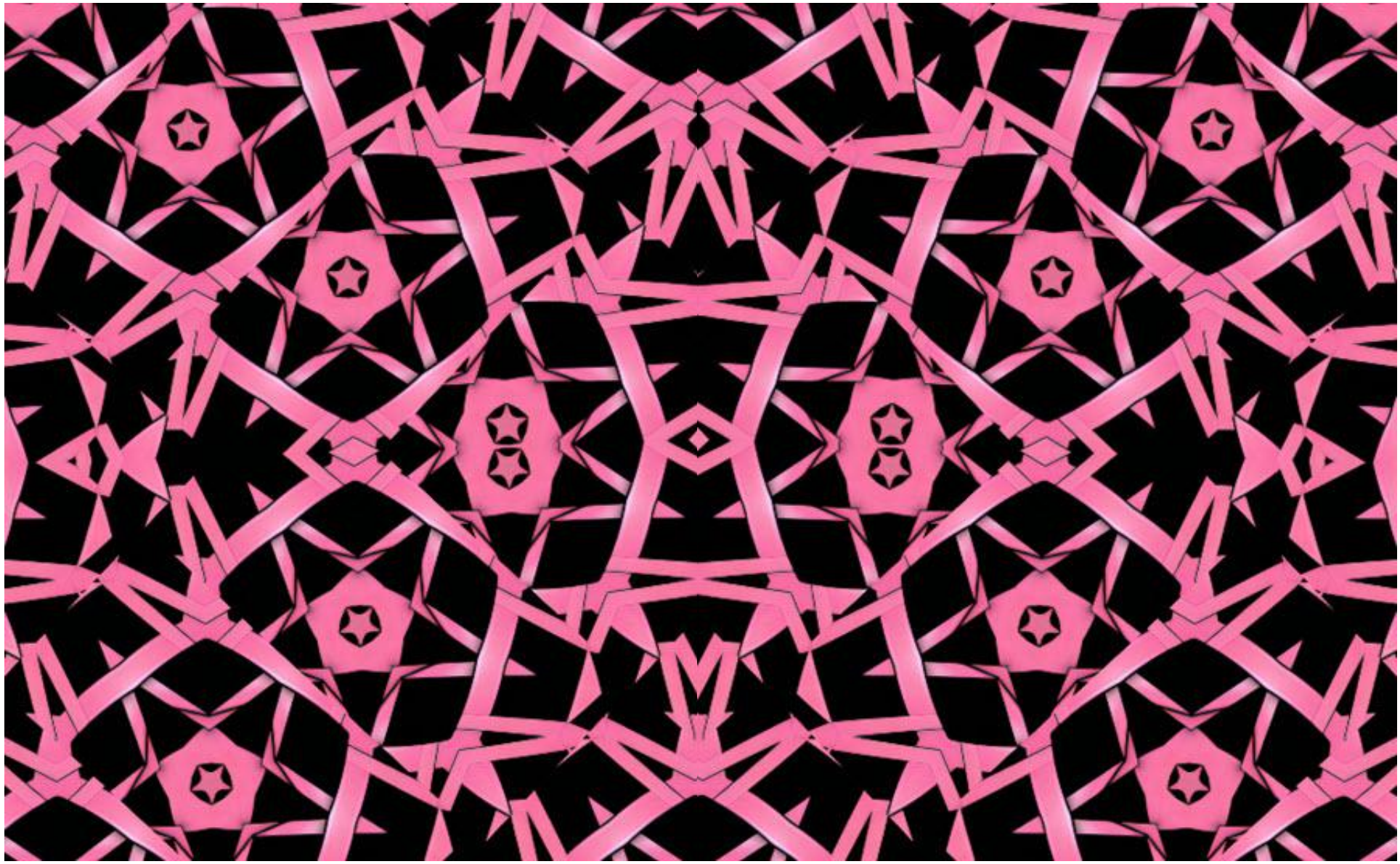
I had spent living in its shadow, unprepared for the reality of a future that continued to unfold.

Then came February 18th, 2026.

On February 18th, 2026, a day that would soon be etched in the memories of many, the world awoke without a palpable sense of anticipation. The air was not thick with excitement as almost no one prepared for events that promised to reshape their lives and communities.

News outlets weren't buzzed with updates, likewise, social media platforms weren't overflowed with discussions and speculations about the significance of this date.

In cities across the globe, individuals gathered in homes, cafes, and public squares, without a shared curiosity about what the day would bring.



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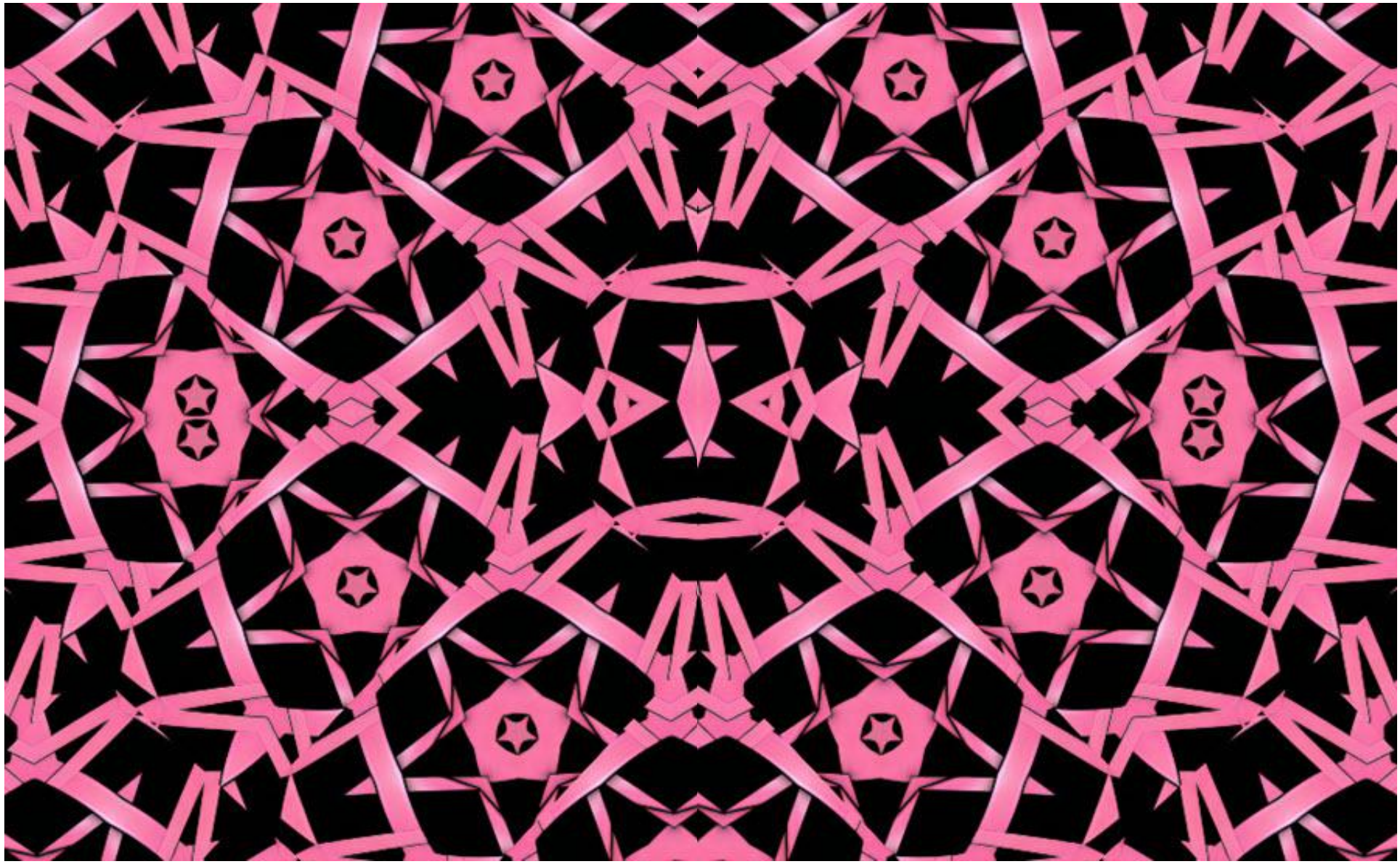
As the sun rose, casting a warm glow over the landscape, it became clear that February 18th was not just another day on the calendar; it was a moment poised to usher in change, some say, sparking hope and ignite dreams in the hearts of the few who had heeded the warnings and fled inland from the coasts and higher ground.

As dawn broke that morning, I made my way to the hillside shrine, where the air was crisp and filled with the scent of dew-kissed grass.

I greeted the elderly monk who tended to the shrine with a warm nod, appreciating the serenity of the moment. Suddenly, a sharp crack echoed through the air, reverberating like thunder across the sky.

In retrospect, the sound was unlike anything I had ever



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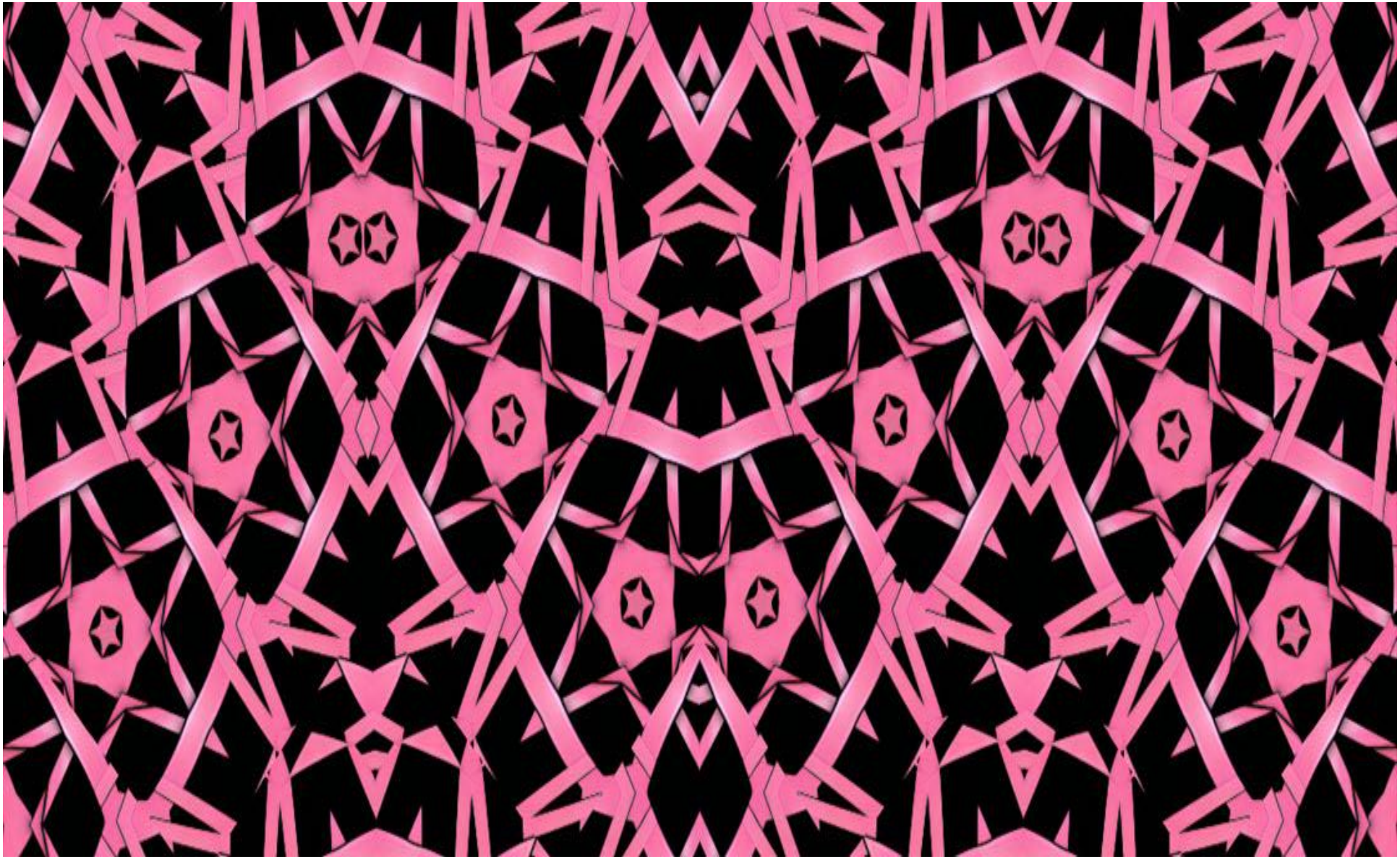
encountered—more intense than the thunderous crash of my late Aunt Kate's chair as it plummeted from the third floor of my Uncle Albert's home to the basement below. Aunt Kate, a woman of considerable stature, had always been a force of nature, and that day, her chair's dramatic fall had left an indelible mark on my memory.

The crack I heard that morning, however, was a different kind of omen, one that hinted at something far more significant unfolding in the world around me.

I frequently find myself approached by younger individuals who are curious about my thoughts during pivotal moments in my life. In response, I candidly share that the only phrase that resonated with me at that time was an old adage from the late, legendary MAGA King.



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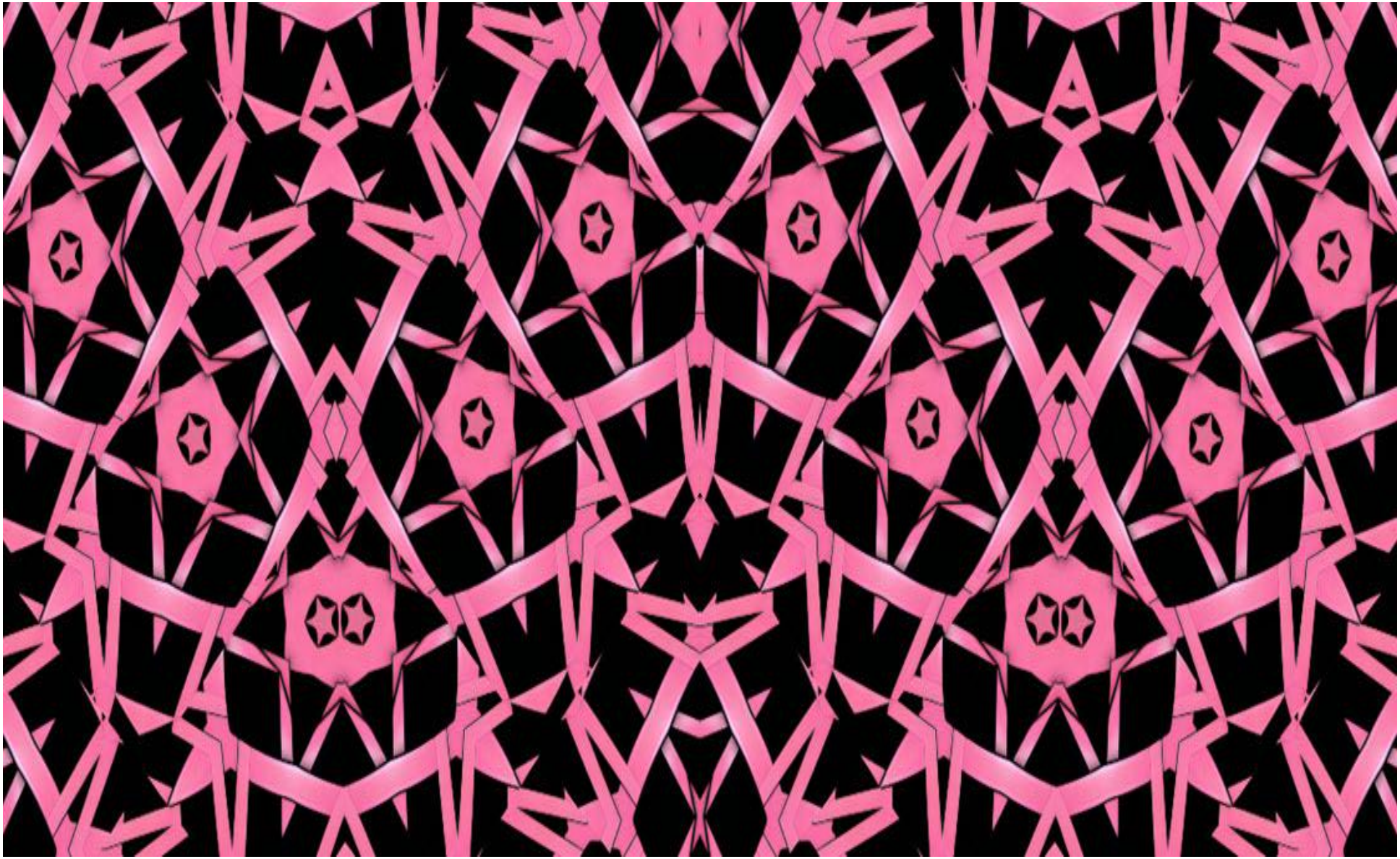
He once famously remarked that one should never engage in a fight unless absolutely necessary, but when the moment arrives, one must fight with the ferocity of the third monkey boarding Noah's Ark, especially when the rain begins to pour.
Reflecting on that moment, it truly felt as though the storm had arrived prematurely, and I had neglected to secure the doors and windows of my metaphorical cottage, leaving me exposed to the elements of chaos and uncertainty.

- Emil, 2042



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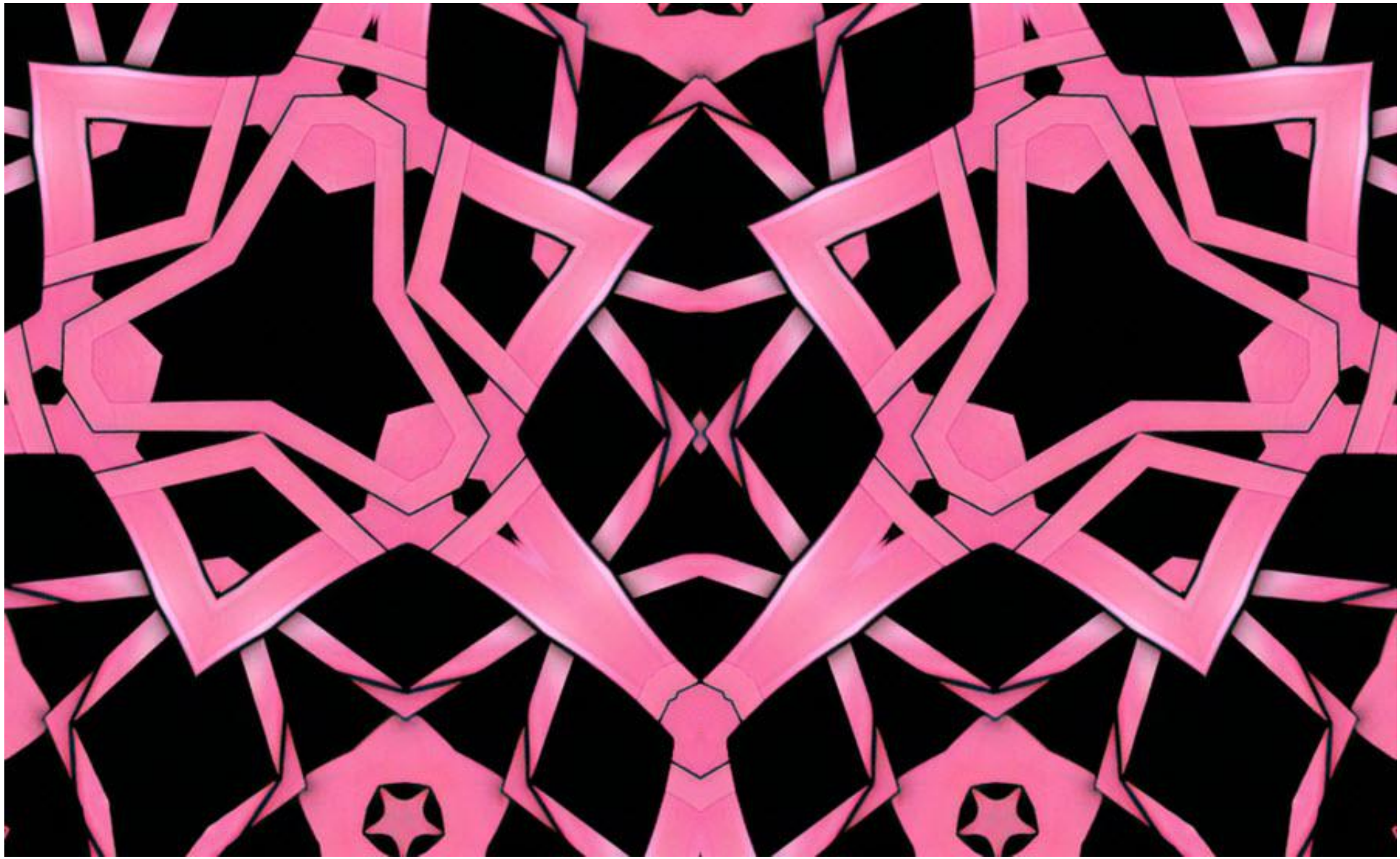

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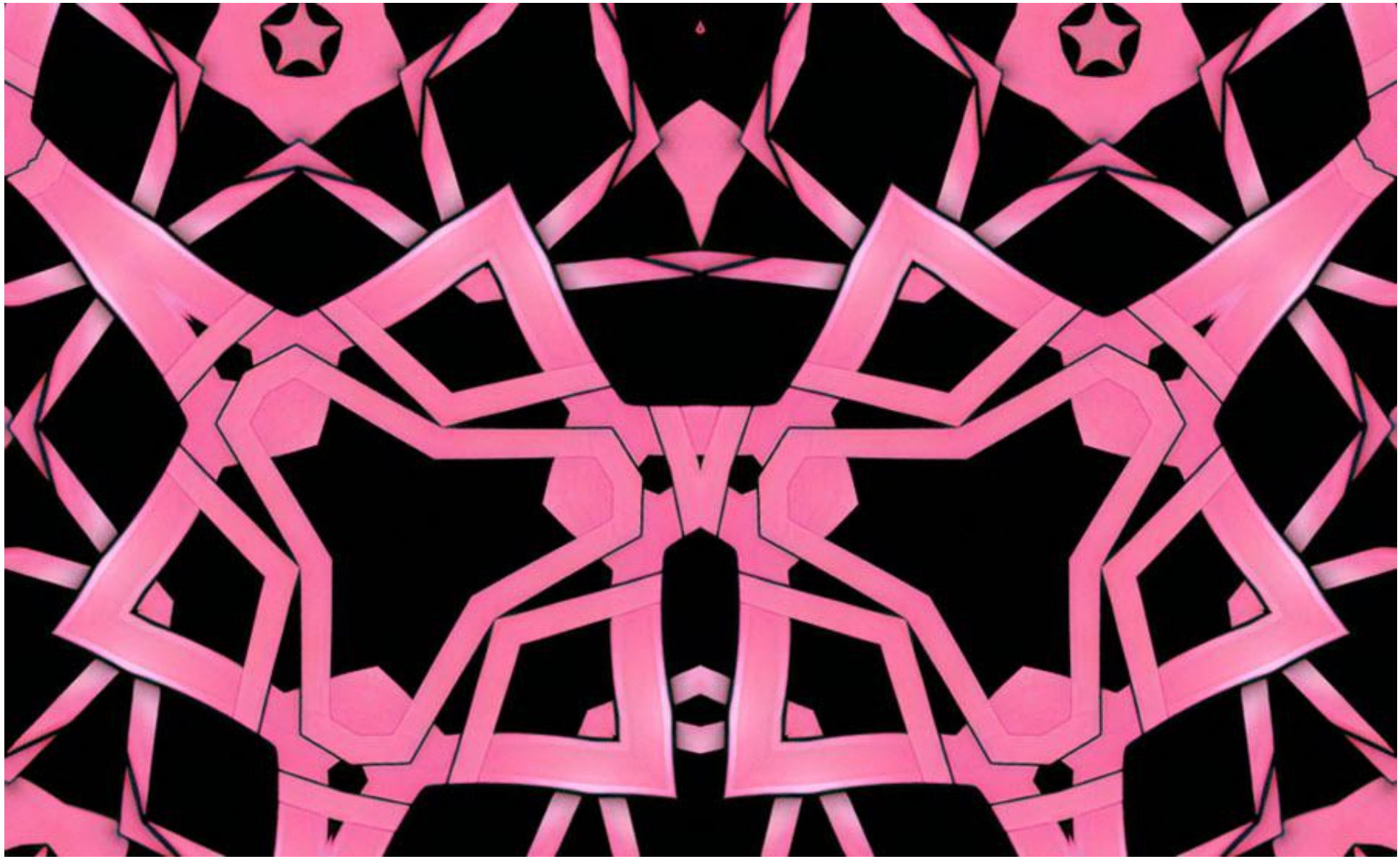

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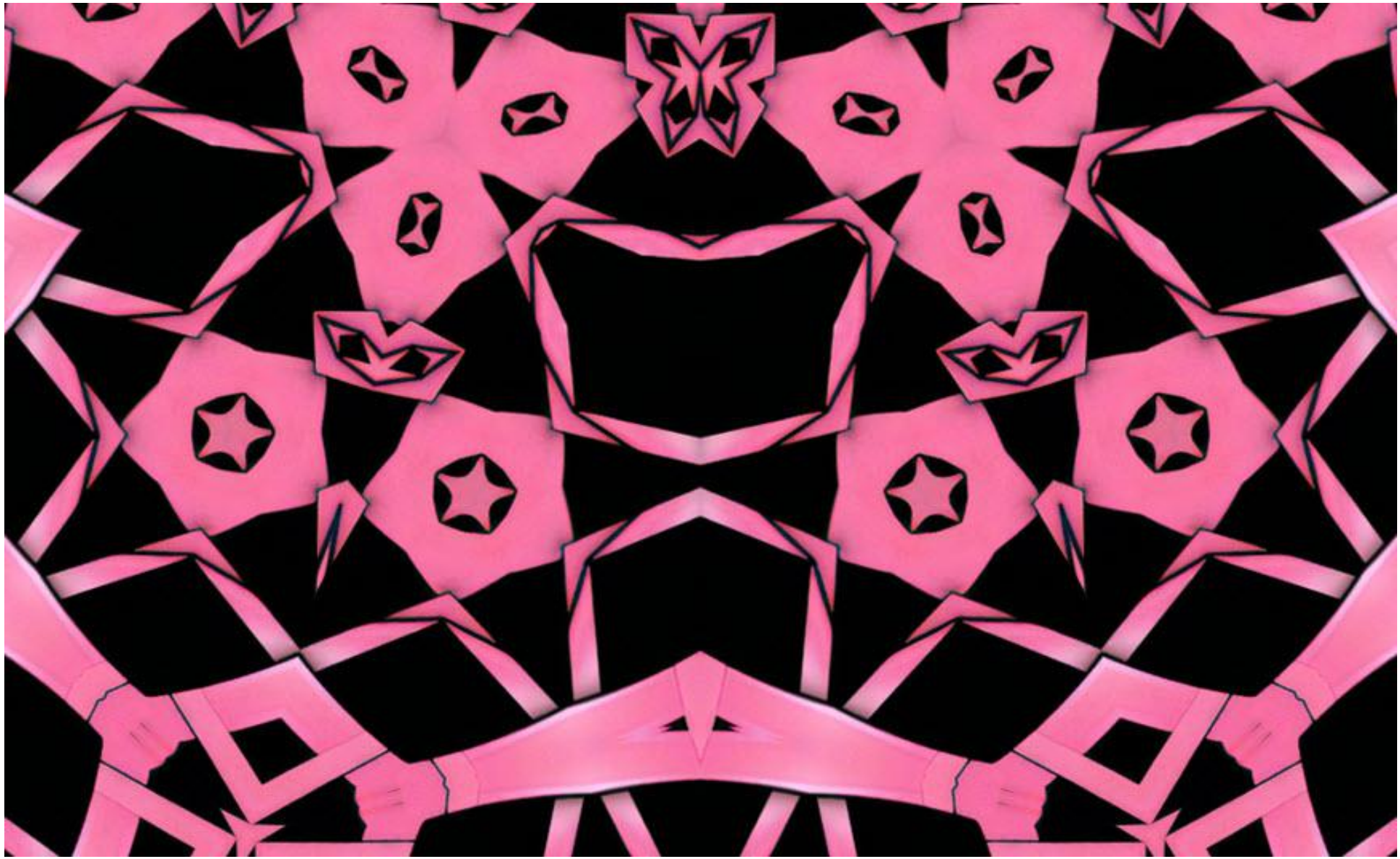

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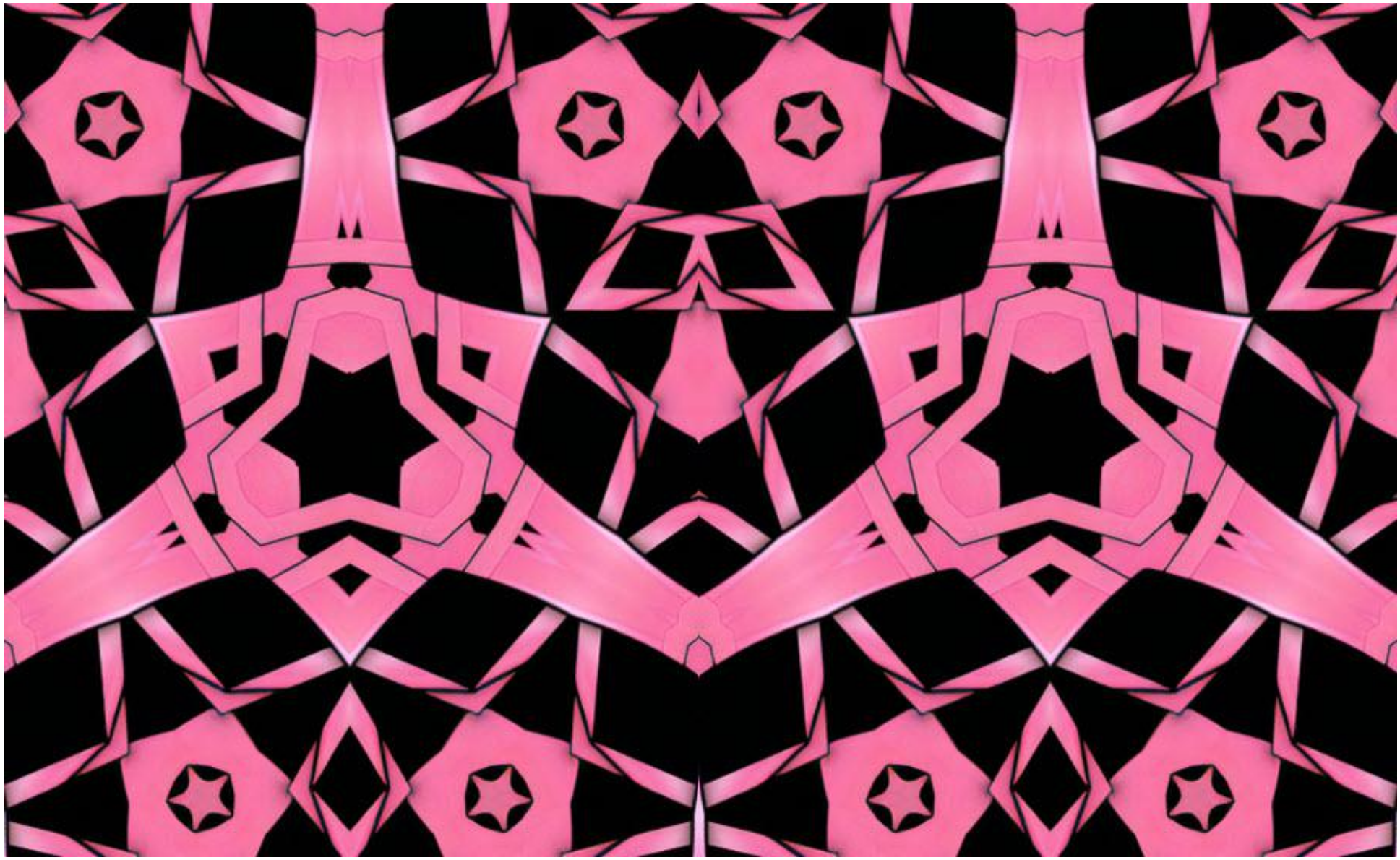

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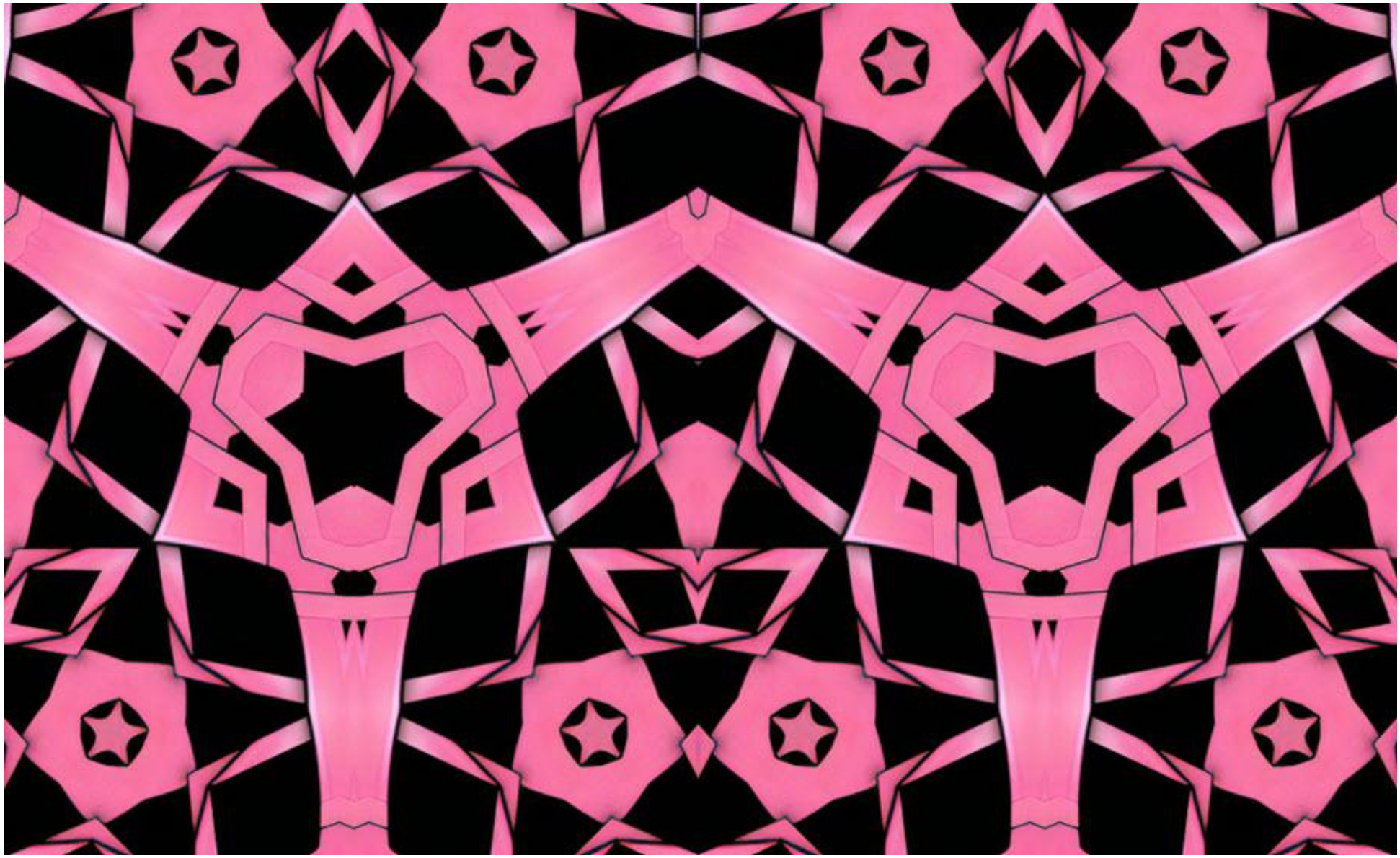

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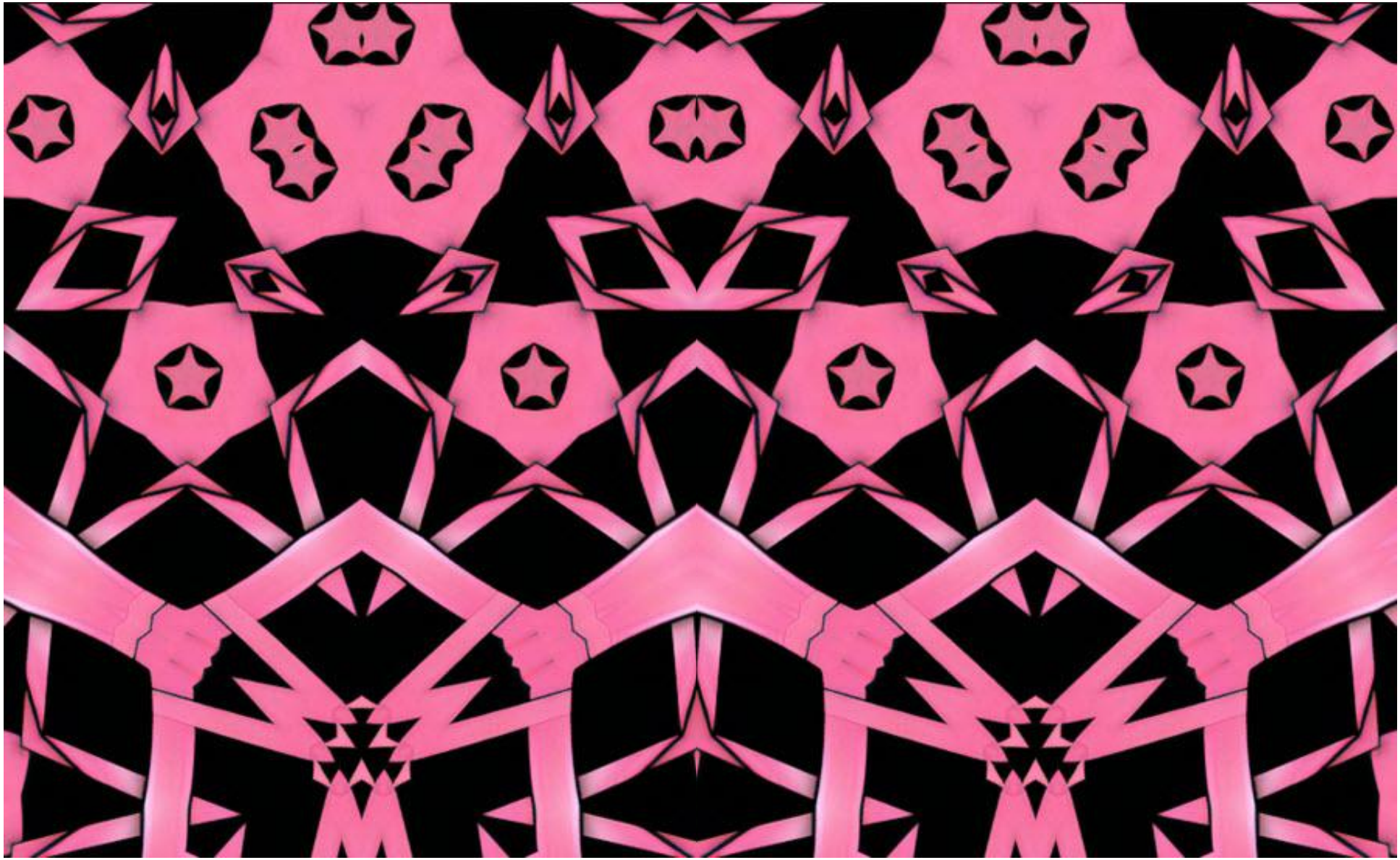

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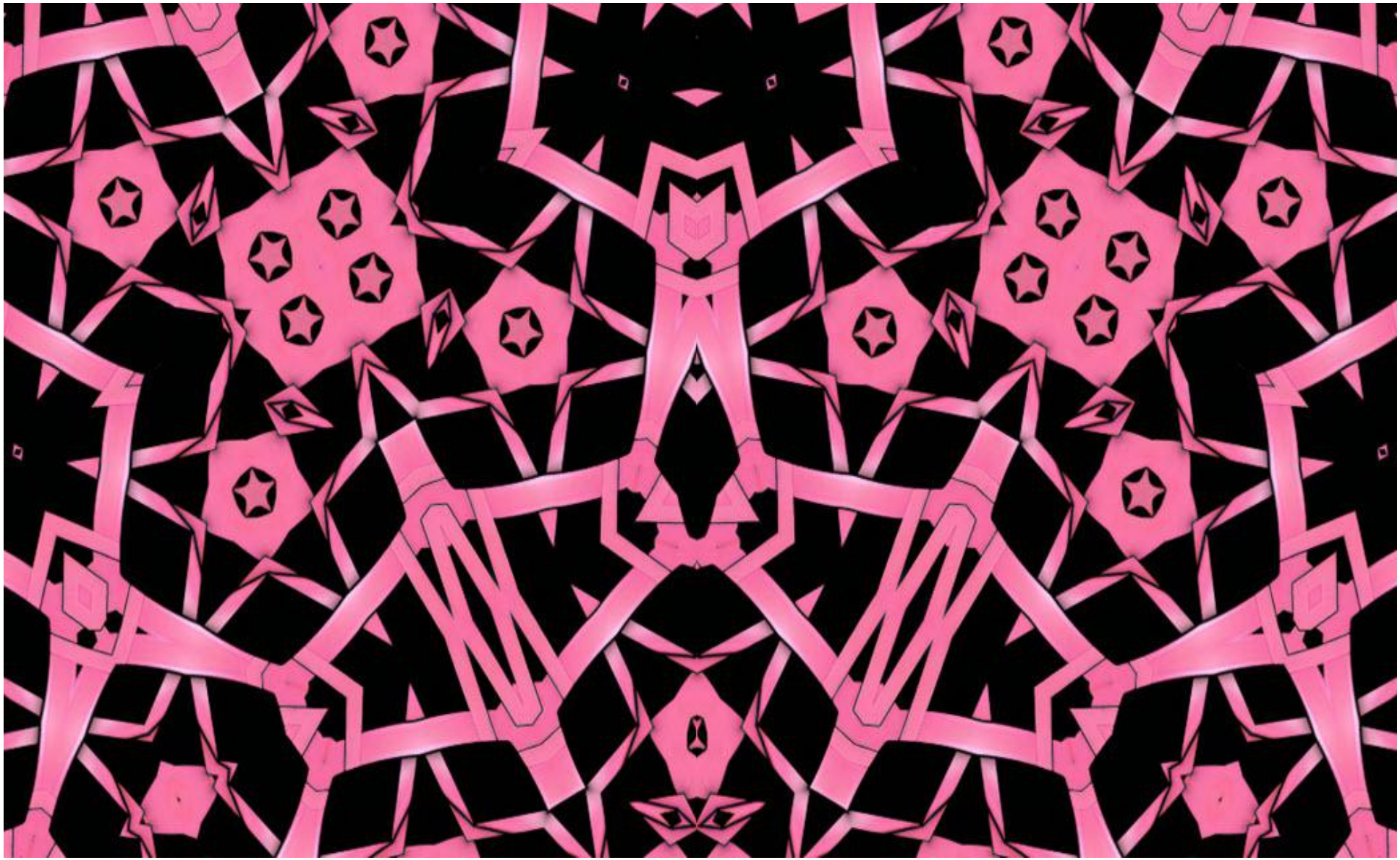

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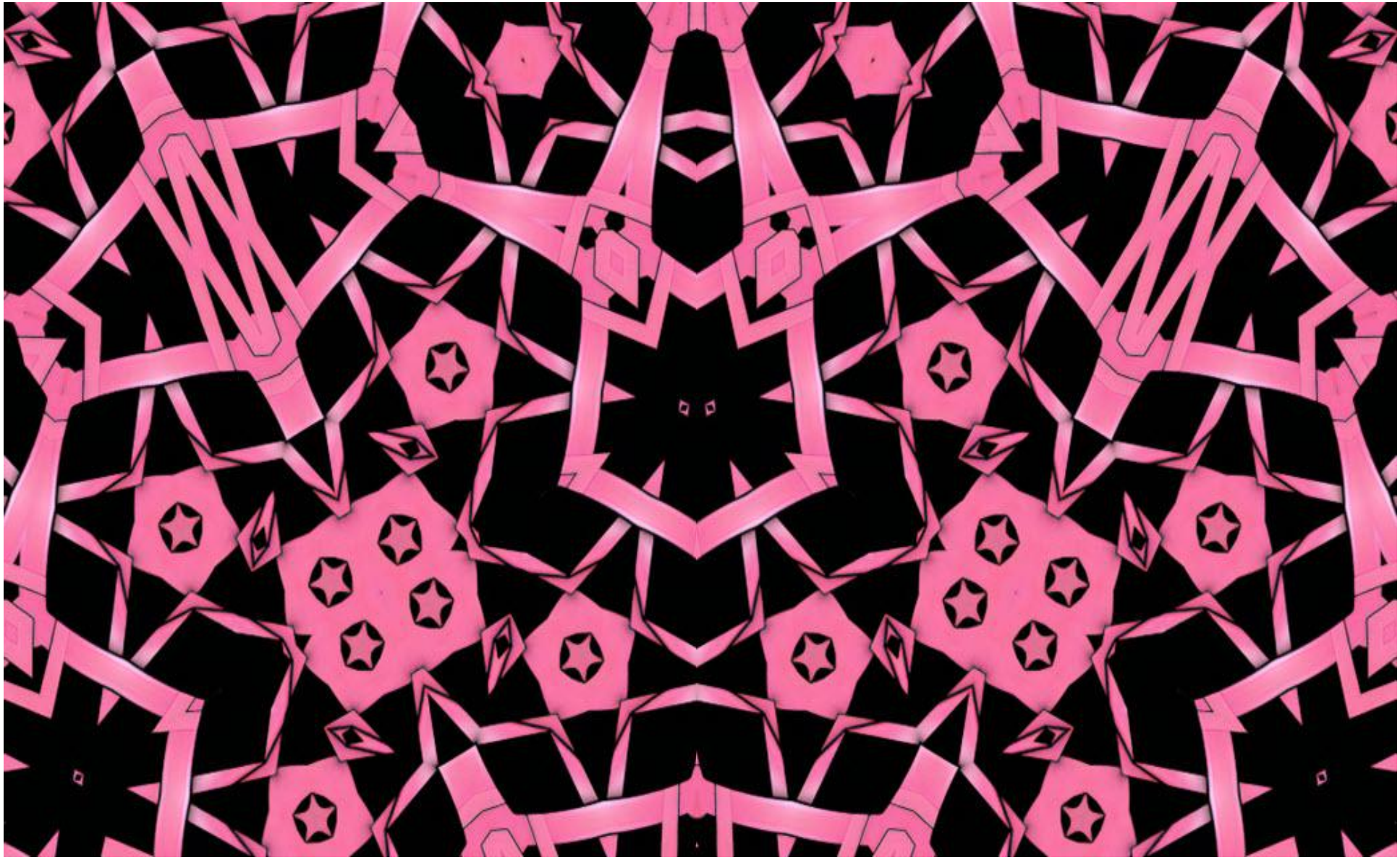

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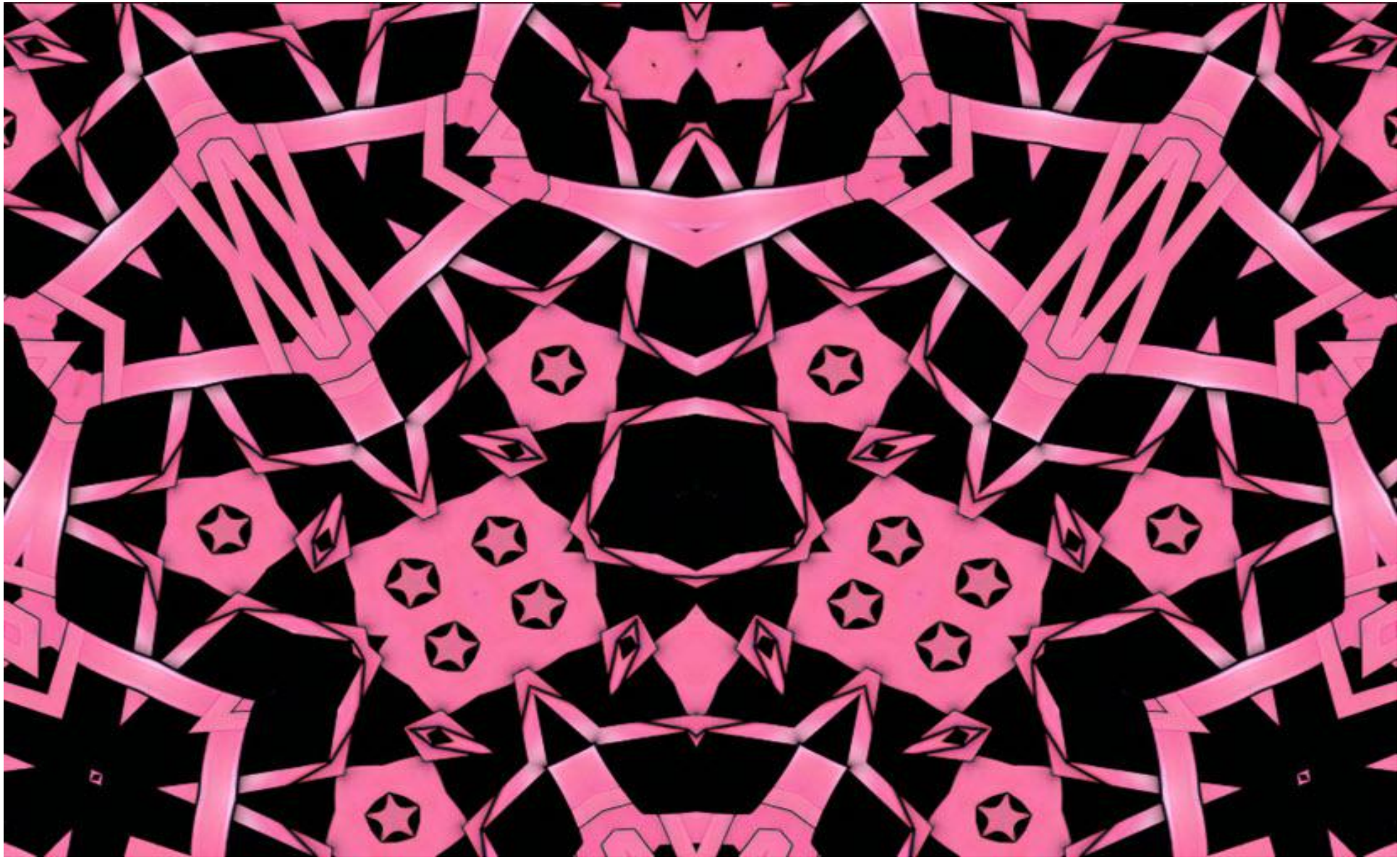

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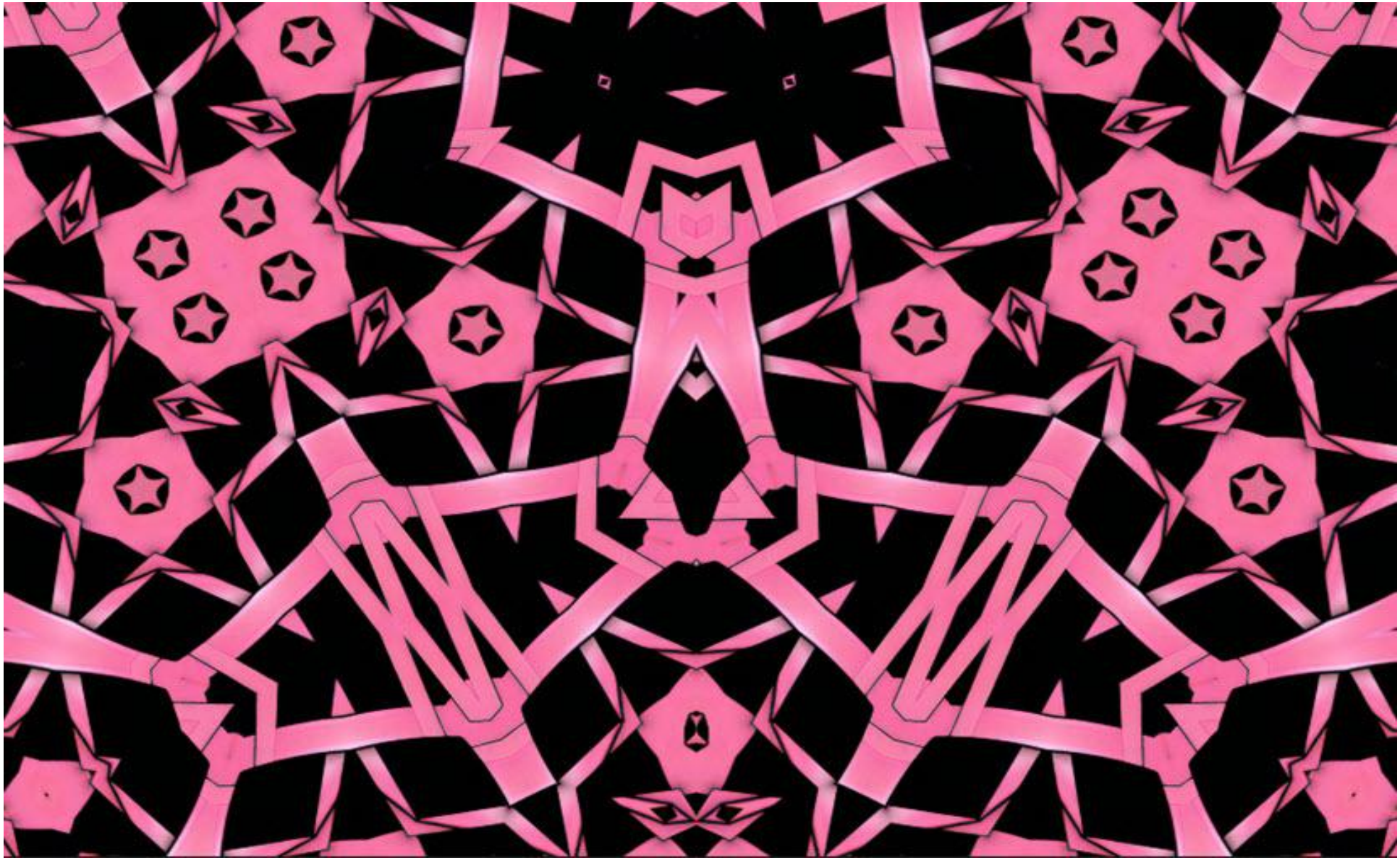

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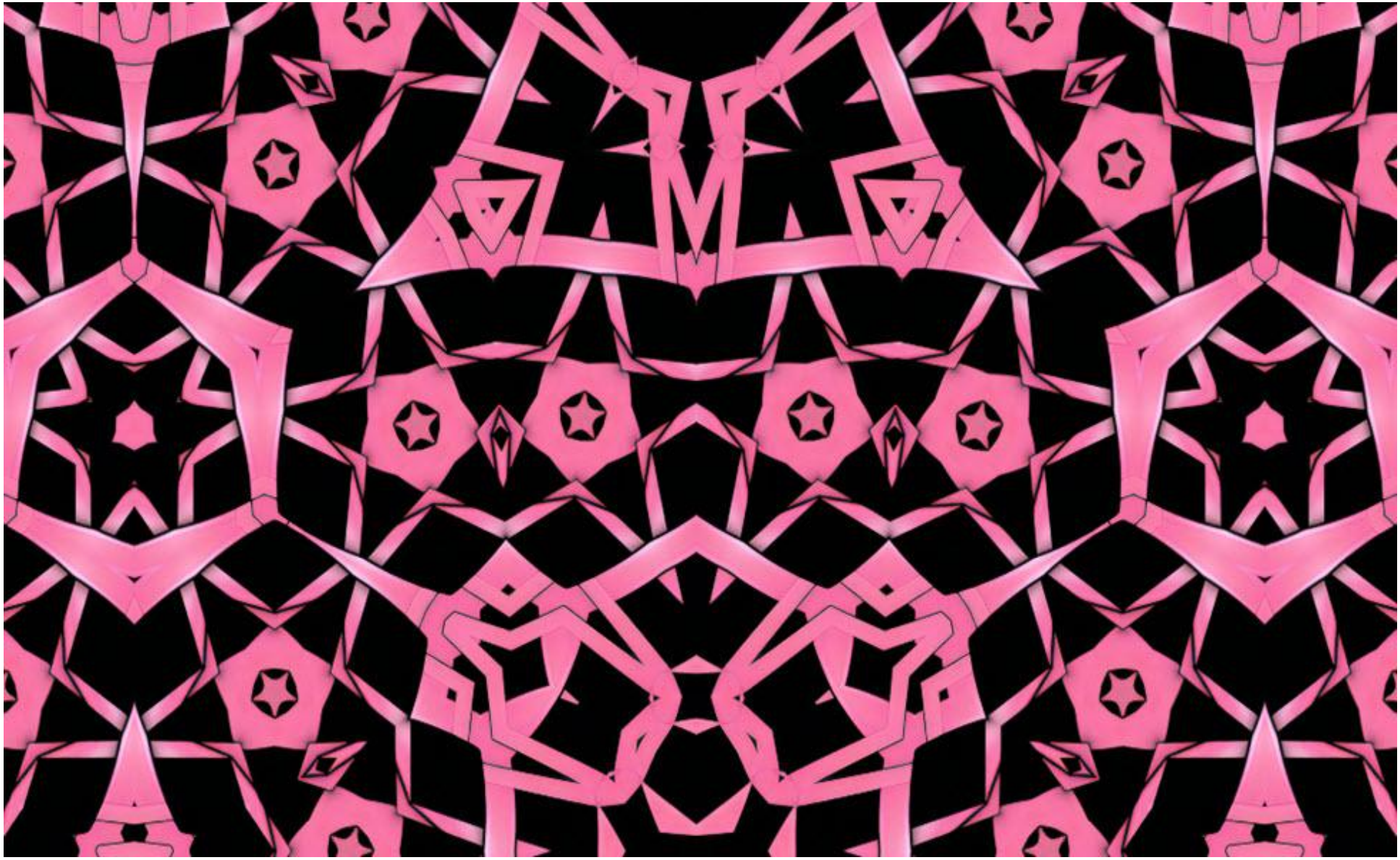

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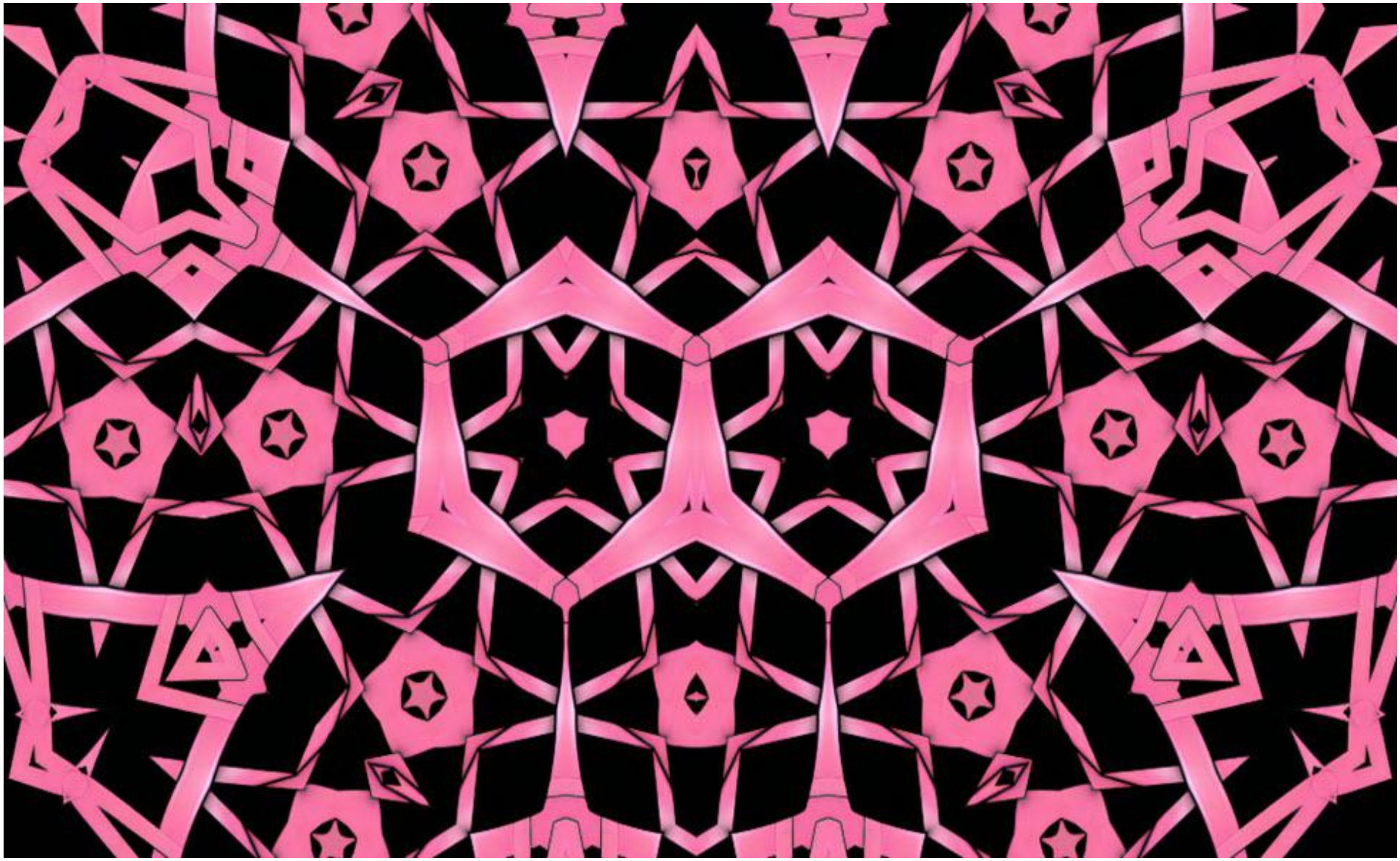

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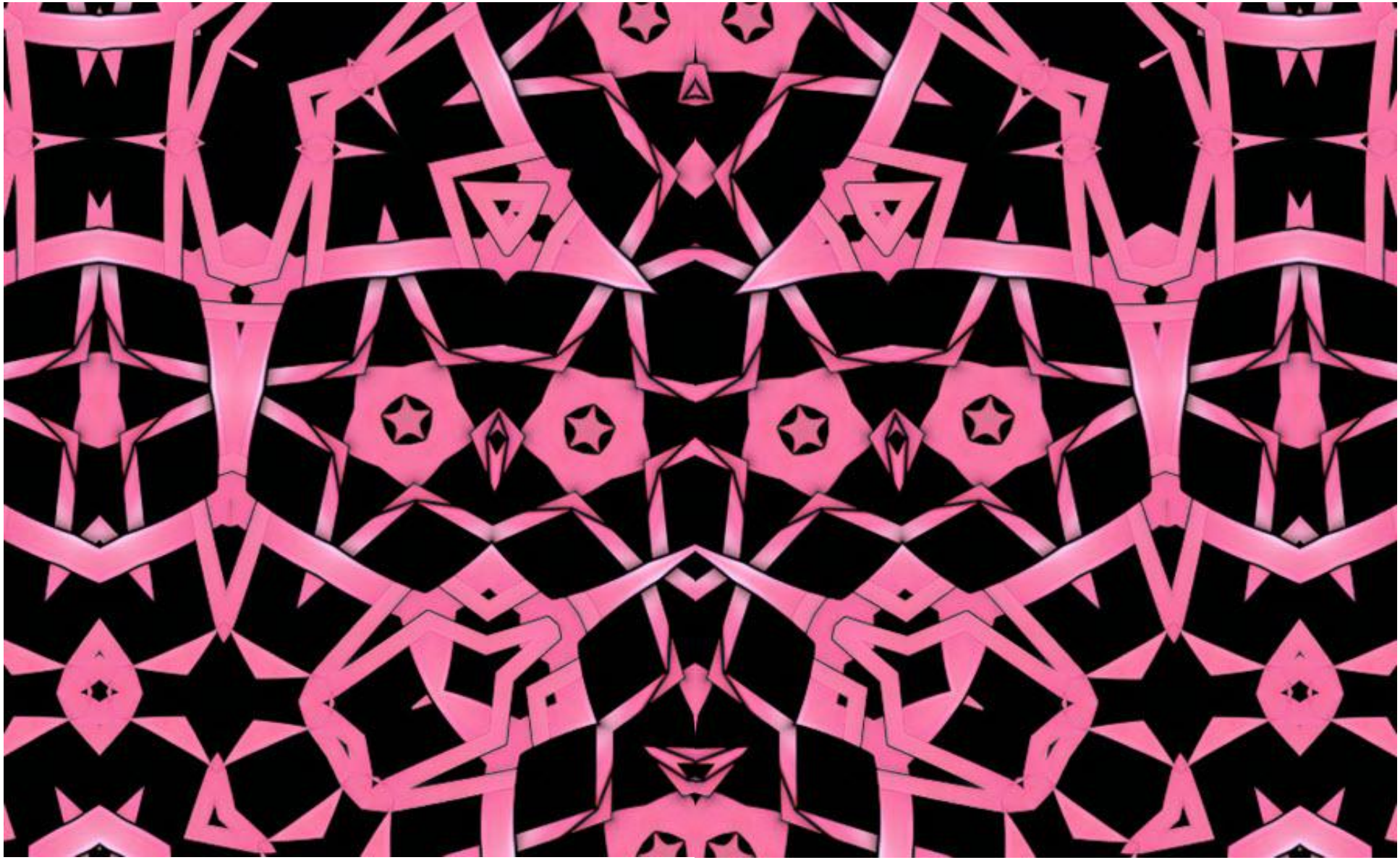

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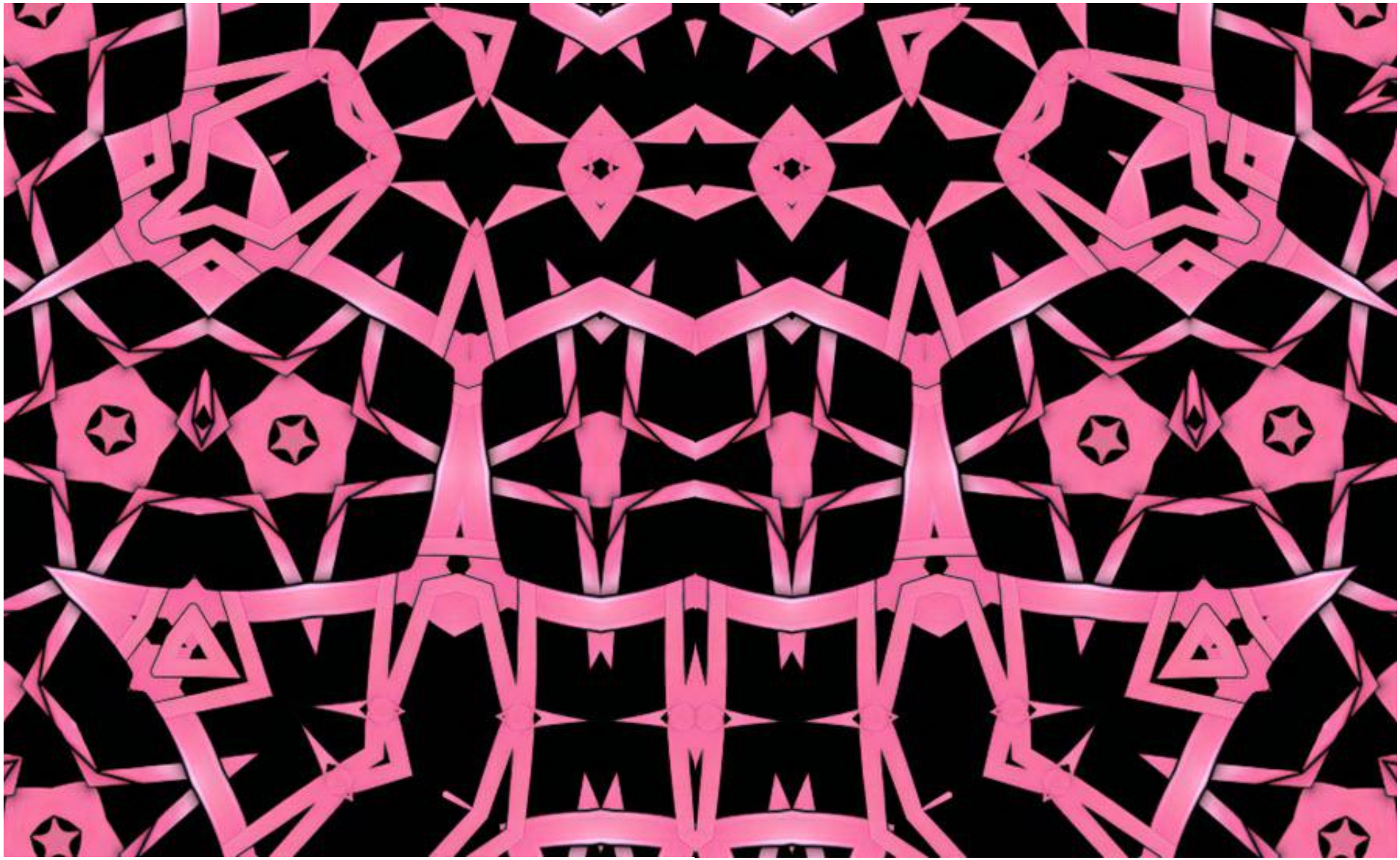

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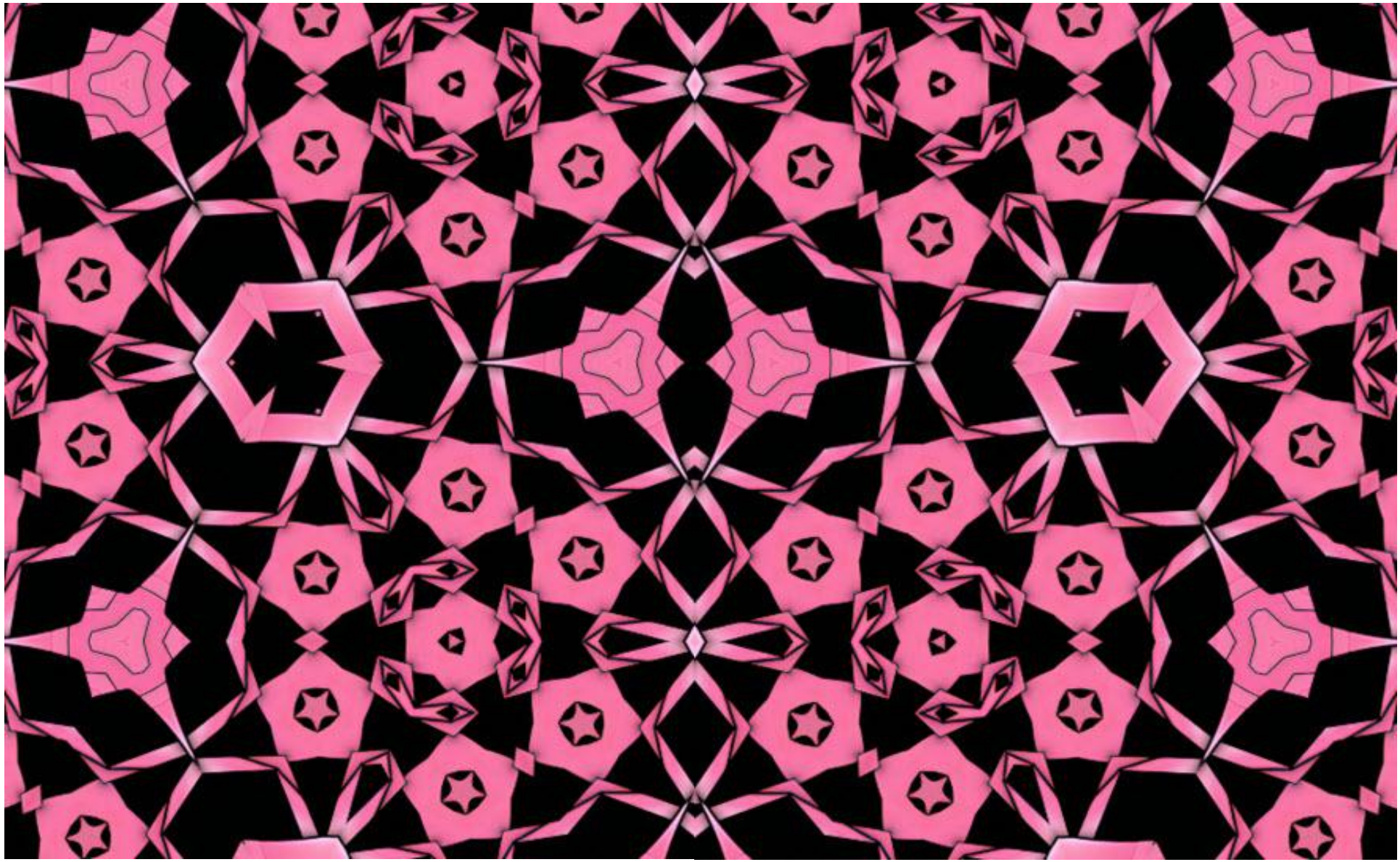

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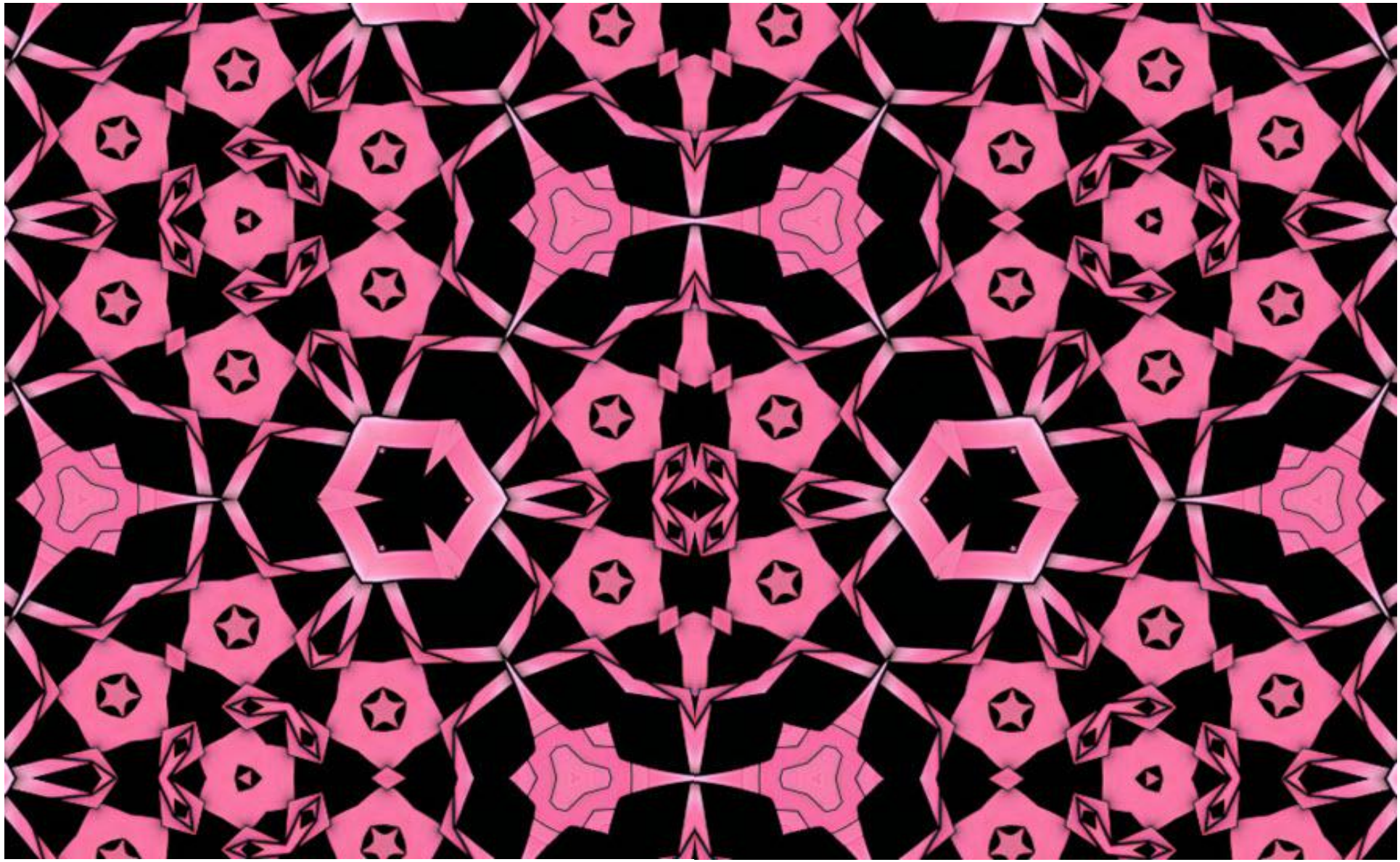

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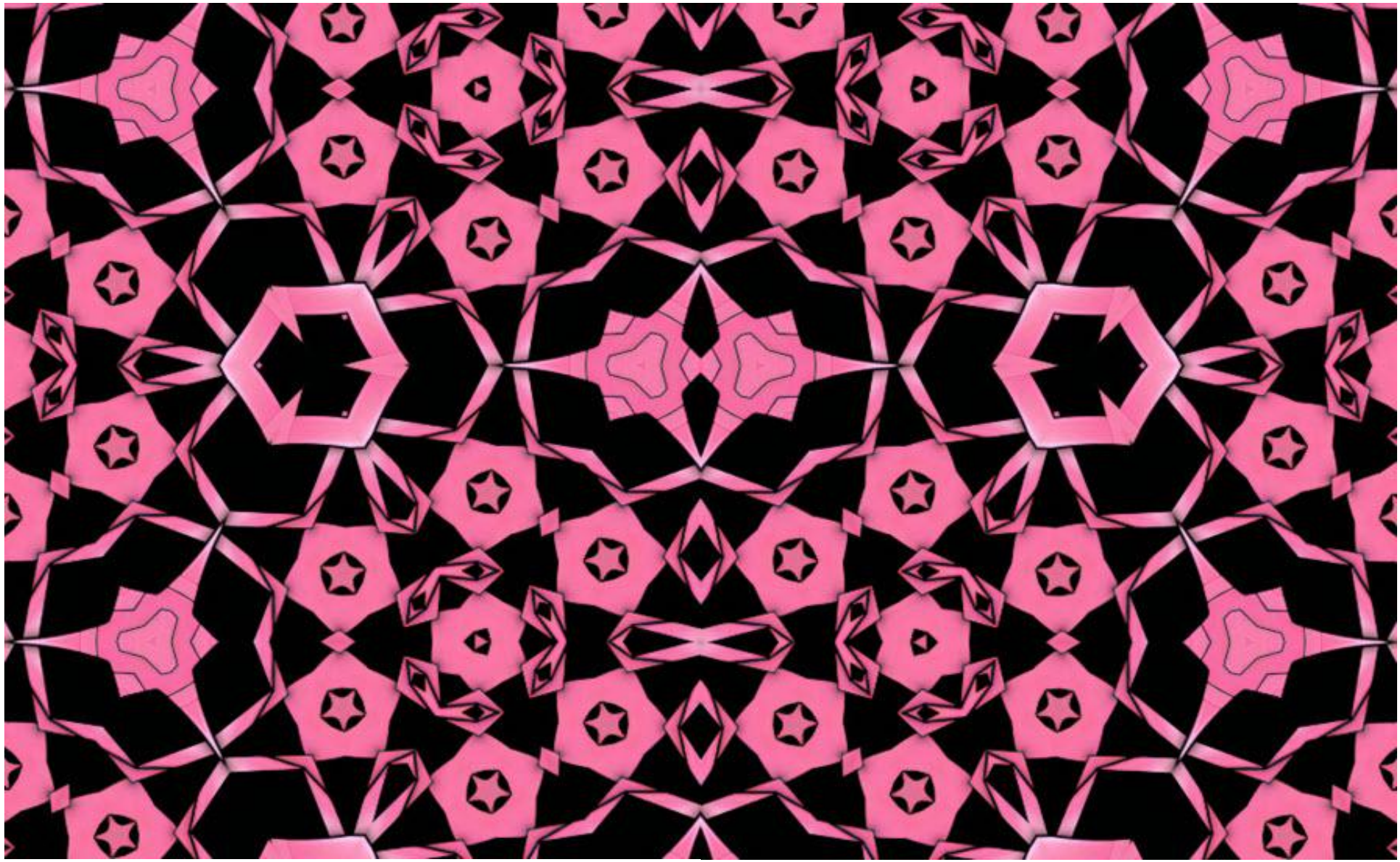

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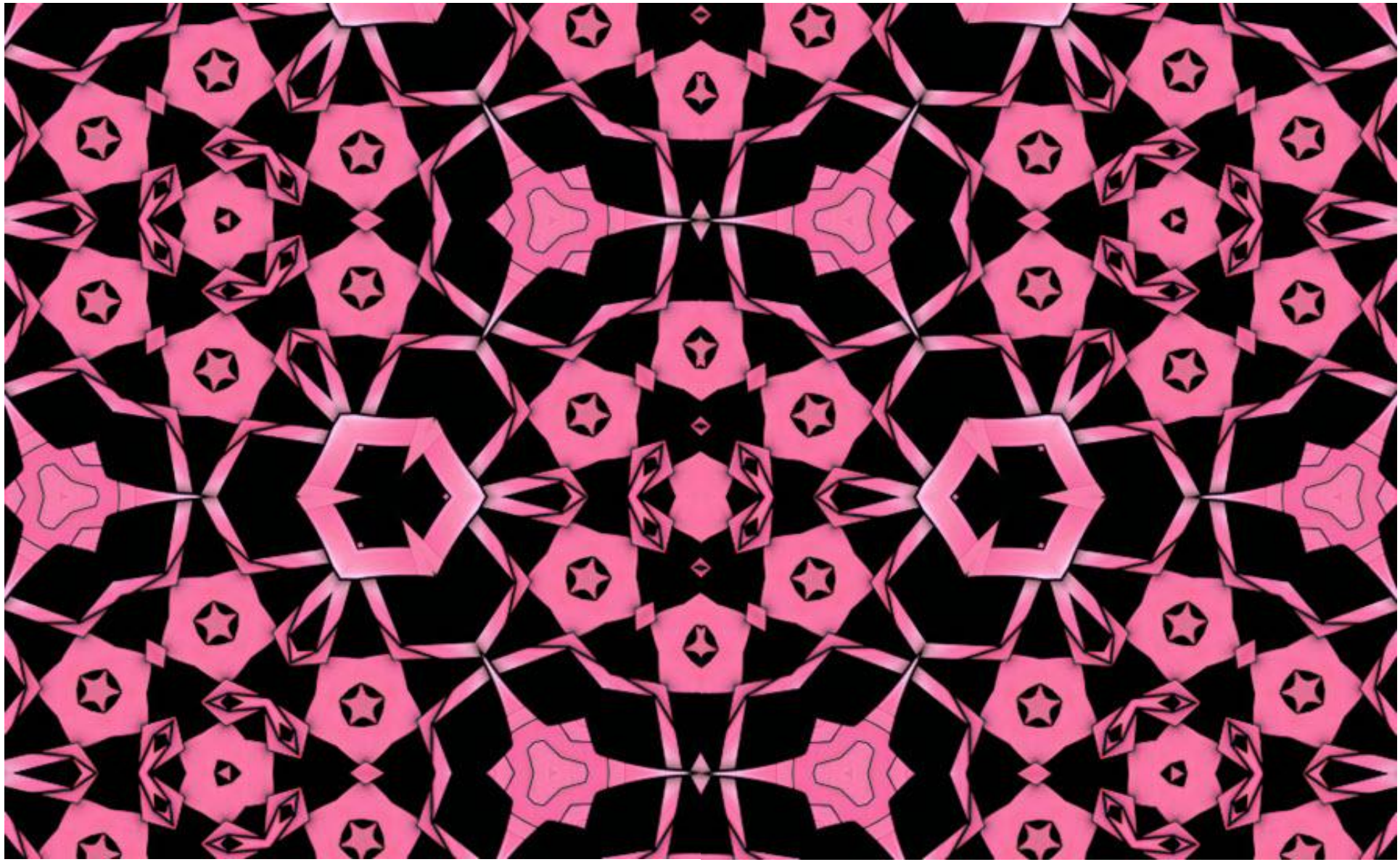

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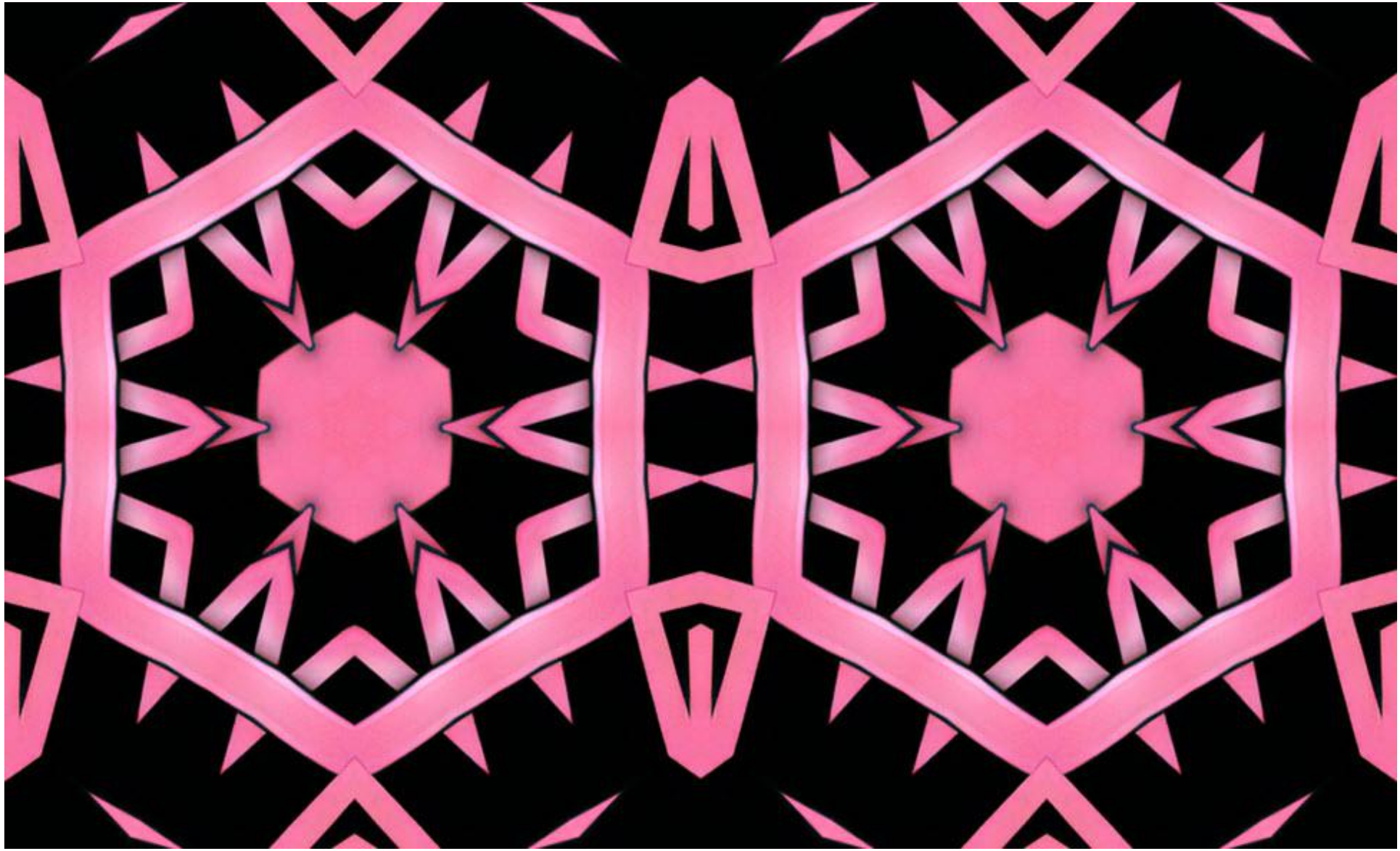

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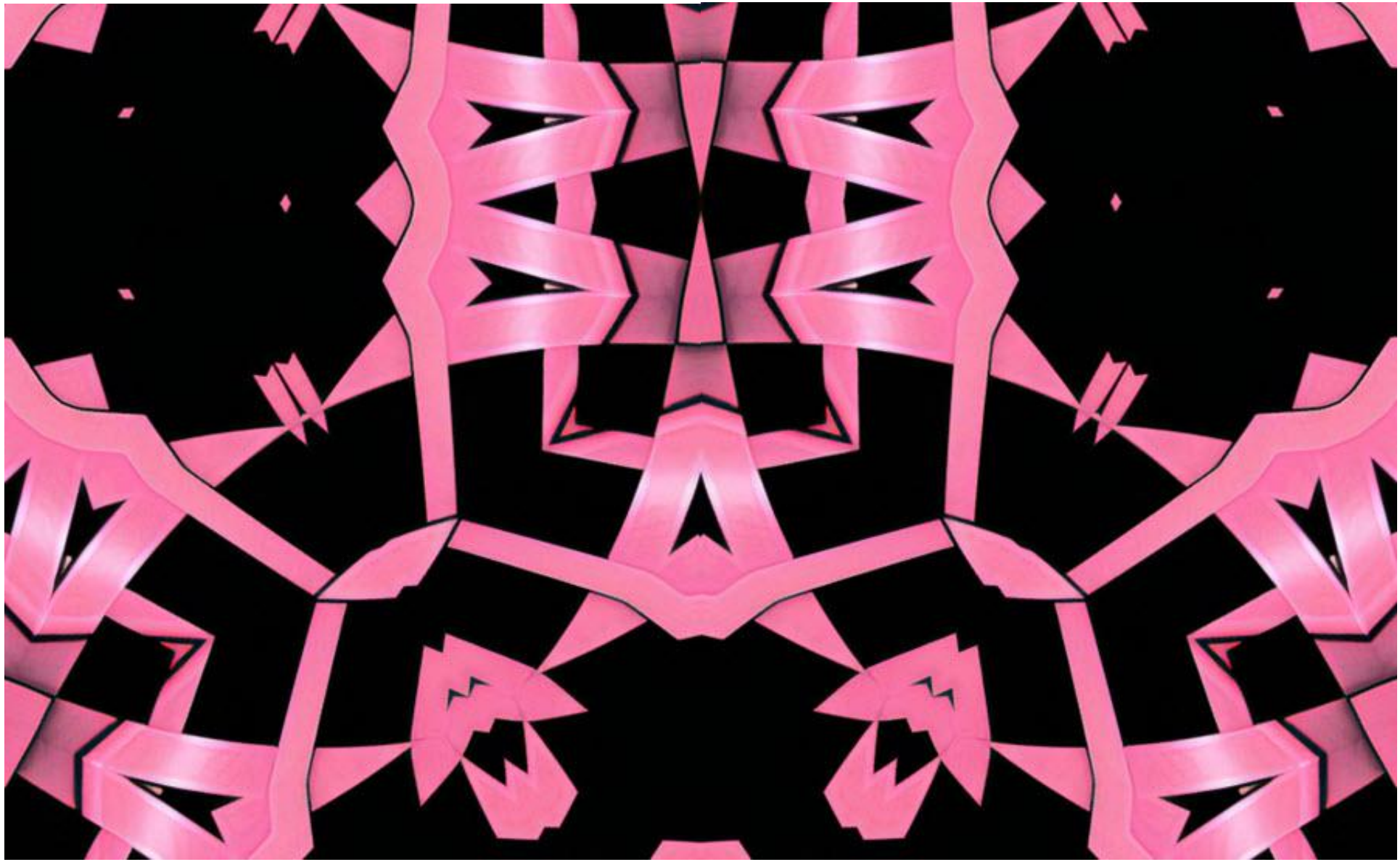

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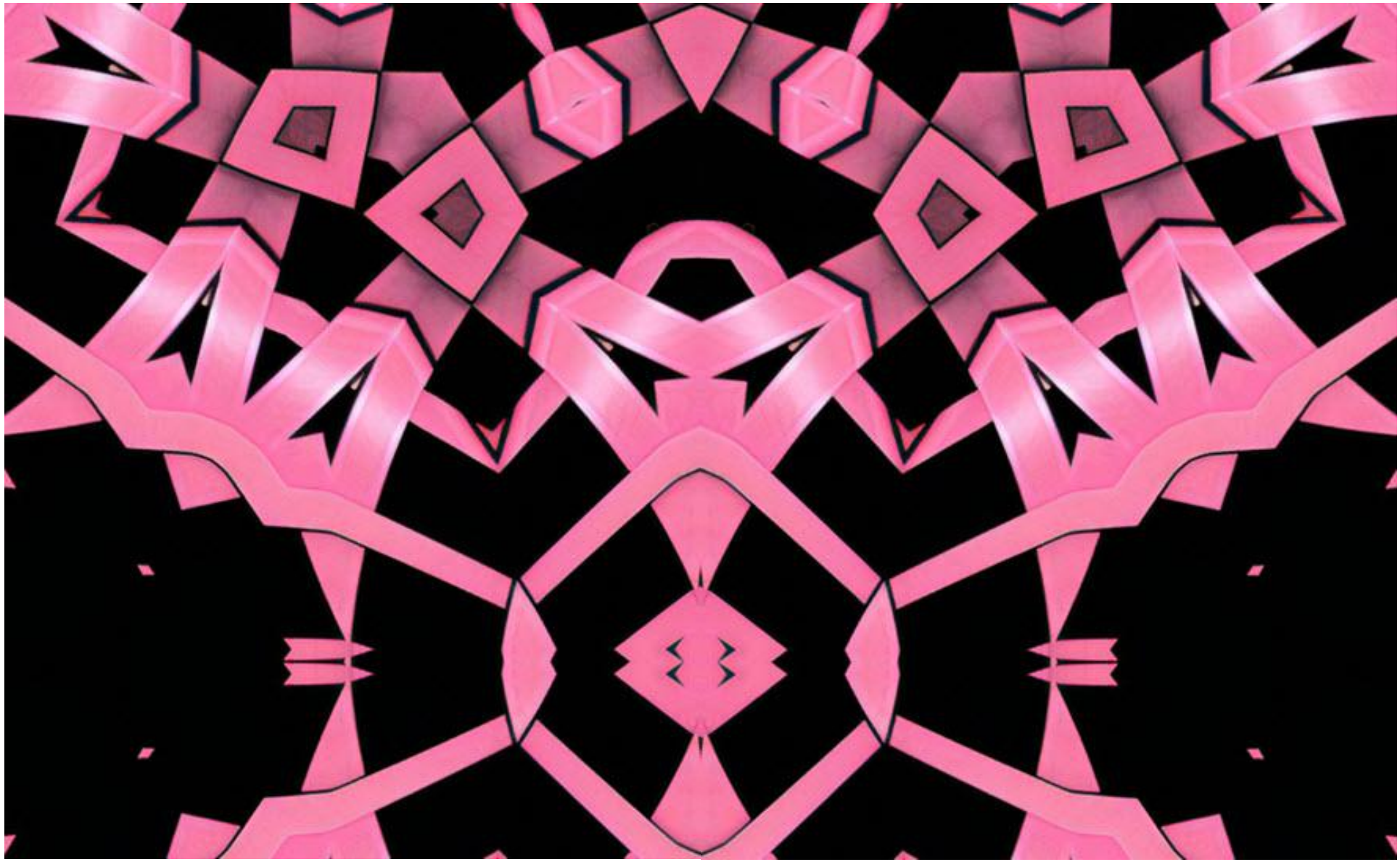

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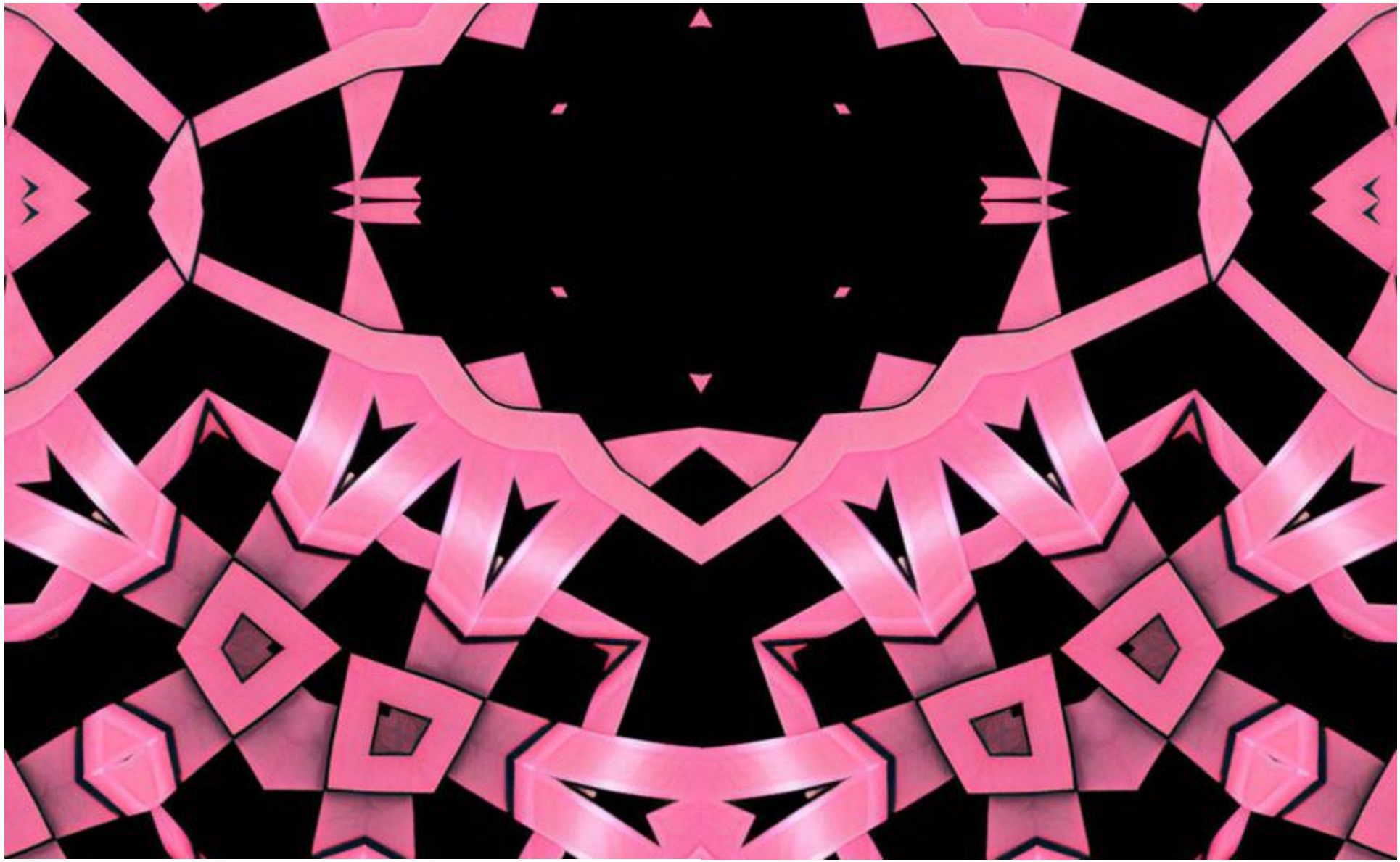

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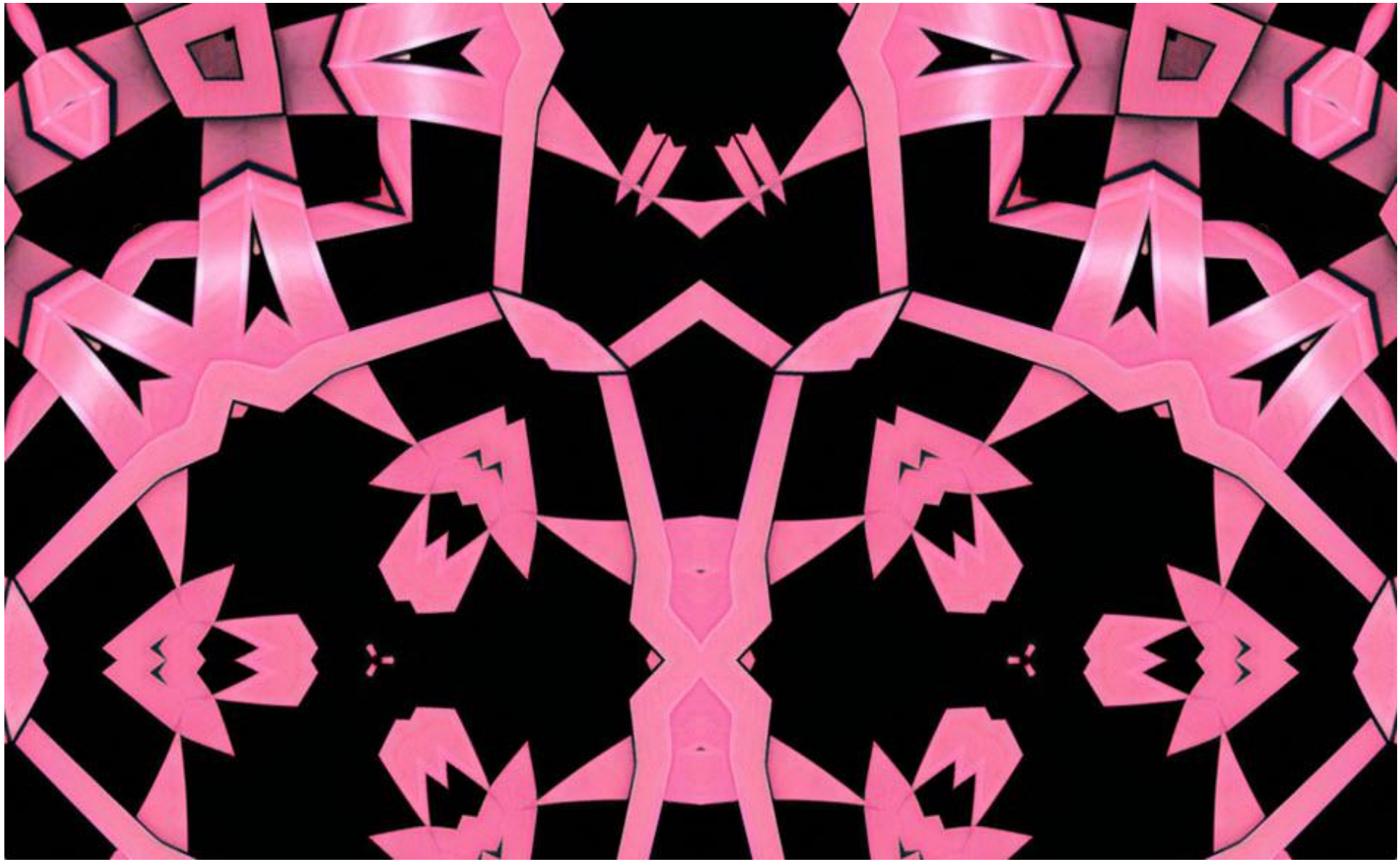

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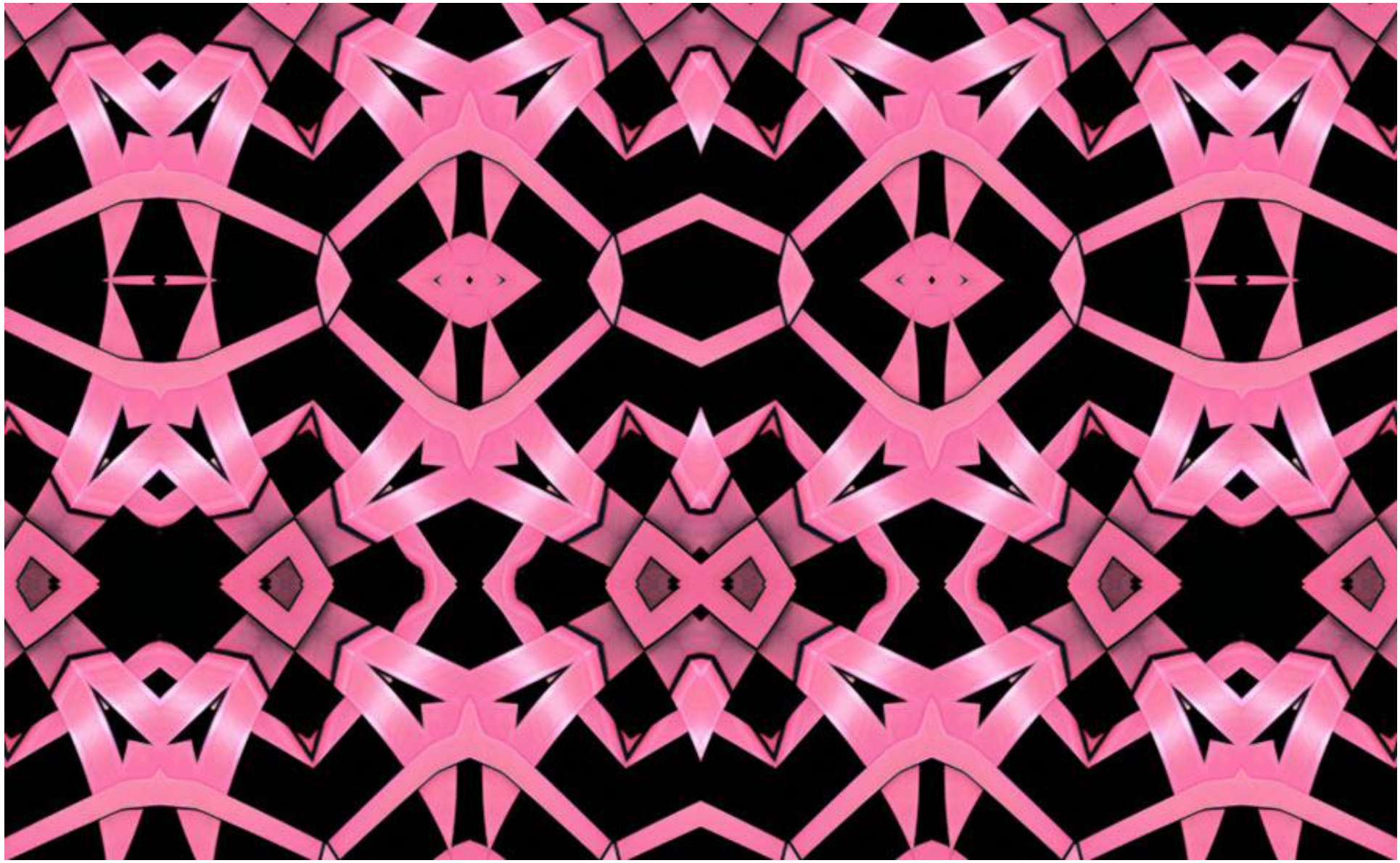

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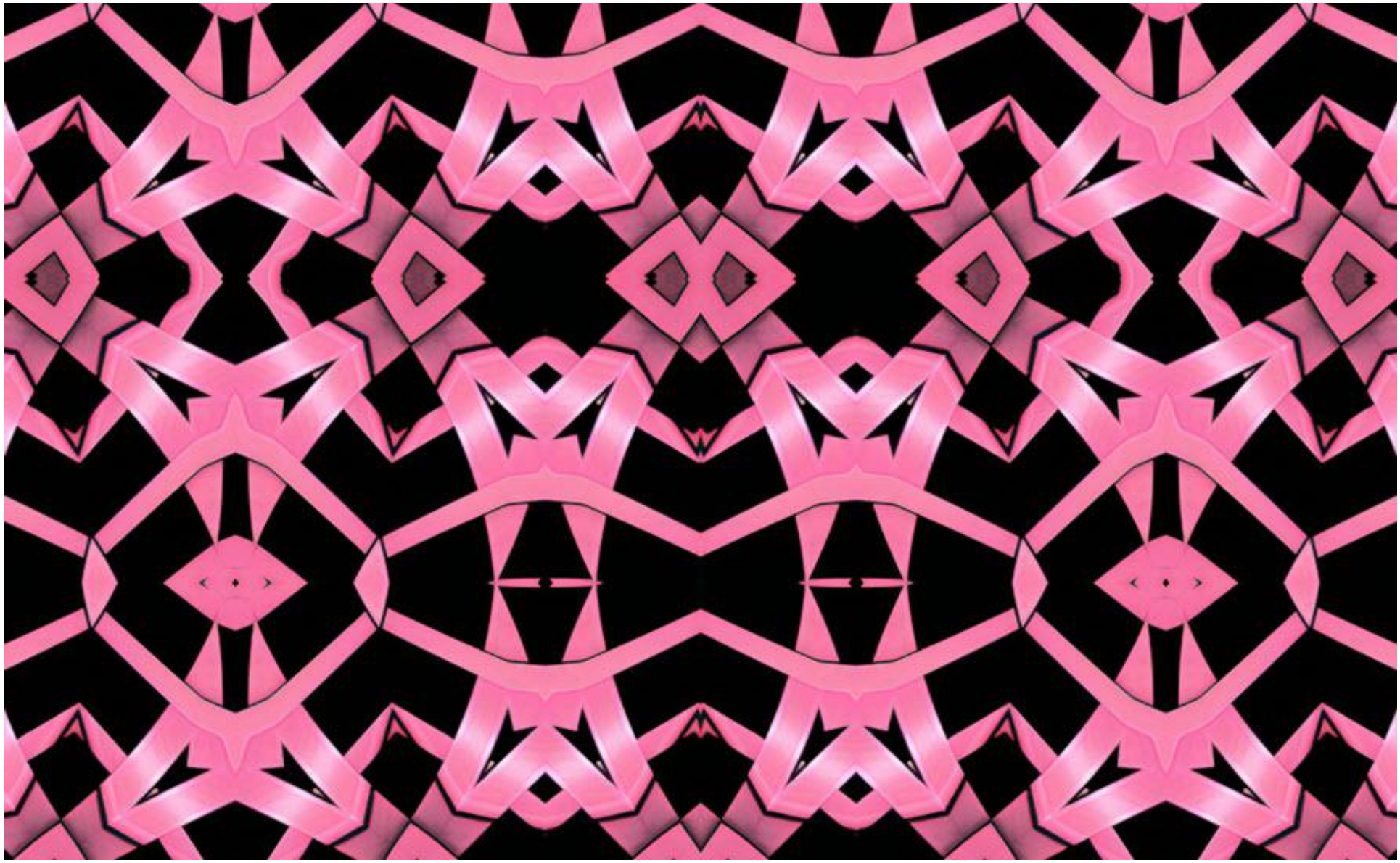

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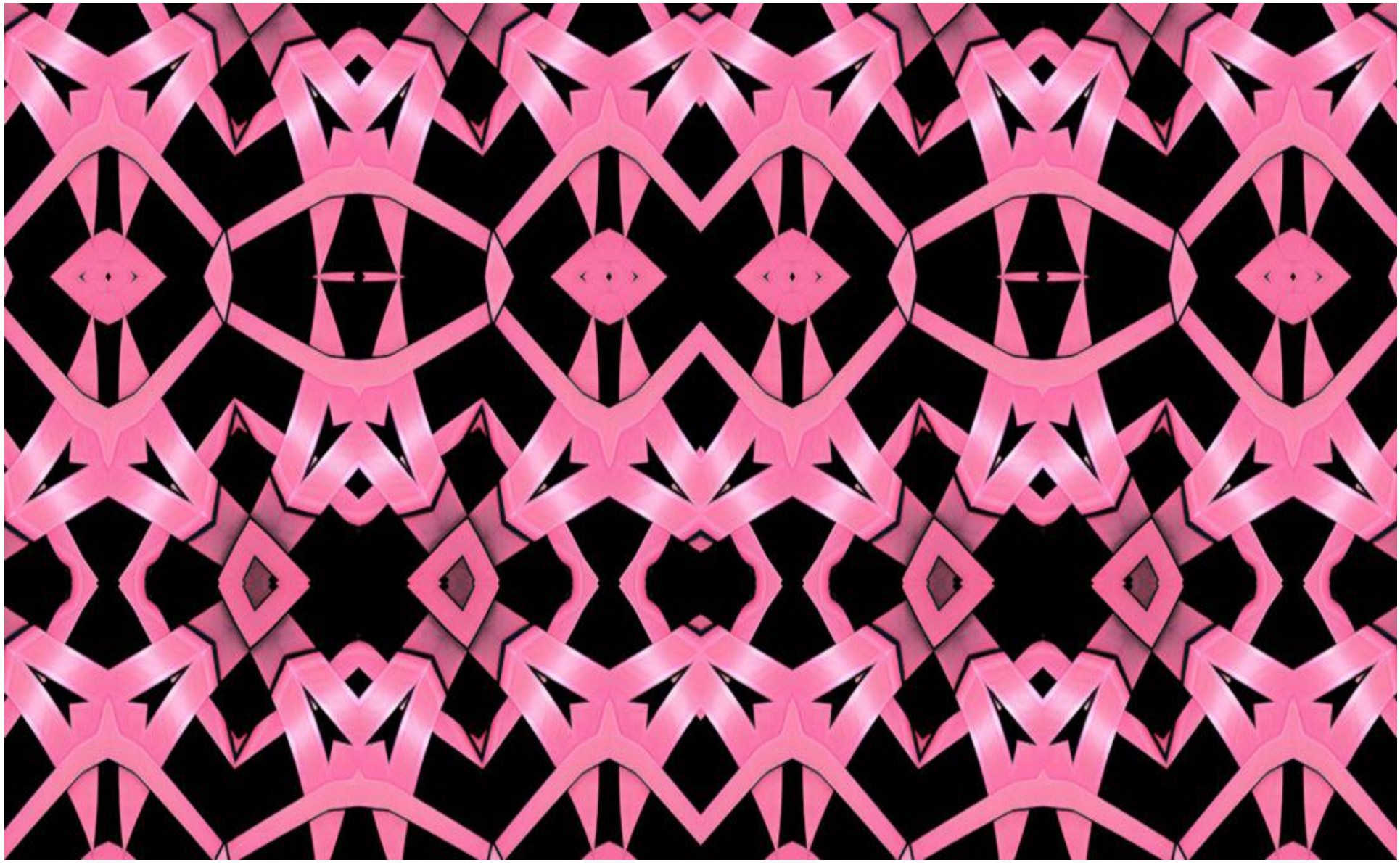

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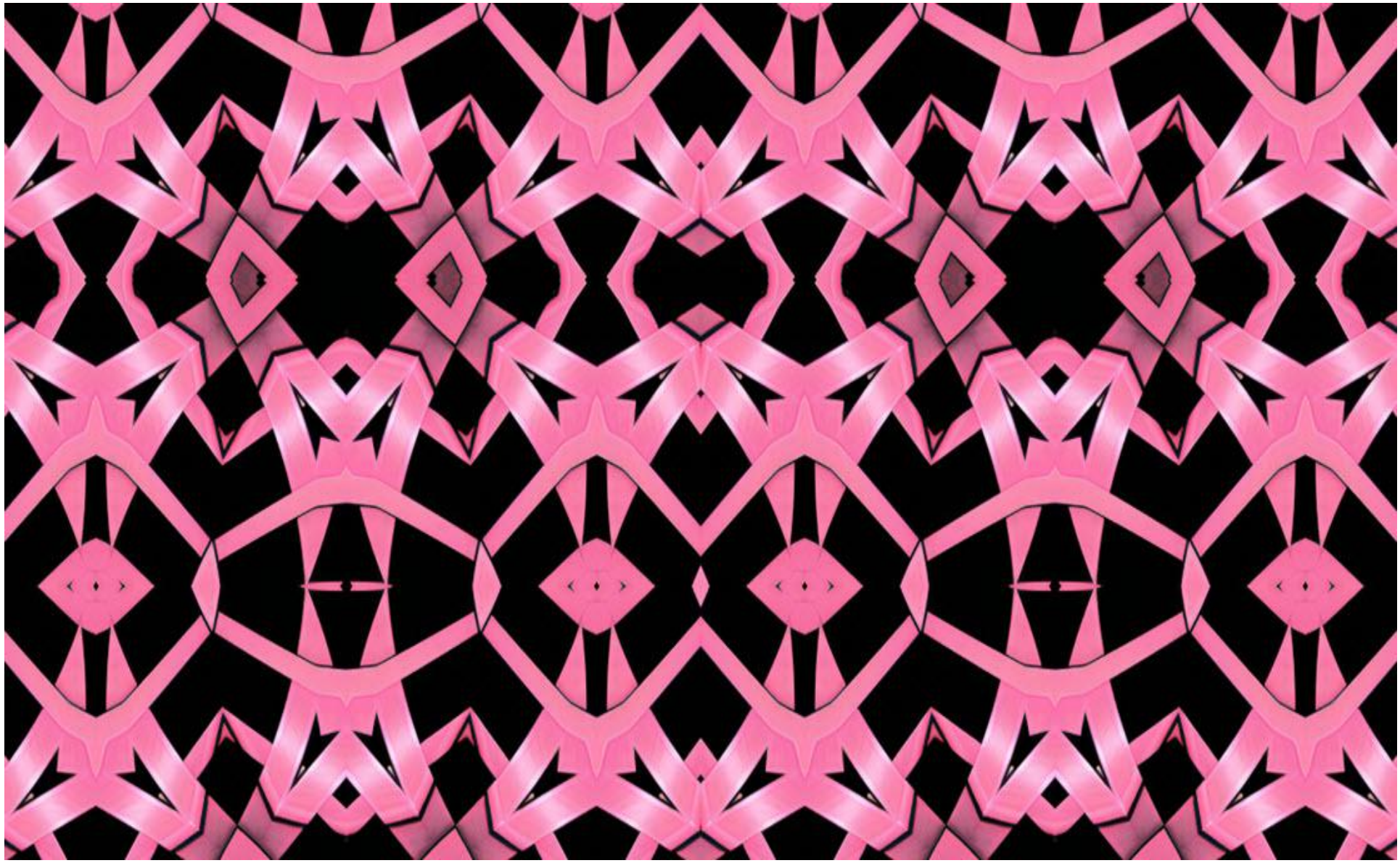

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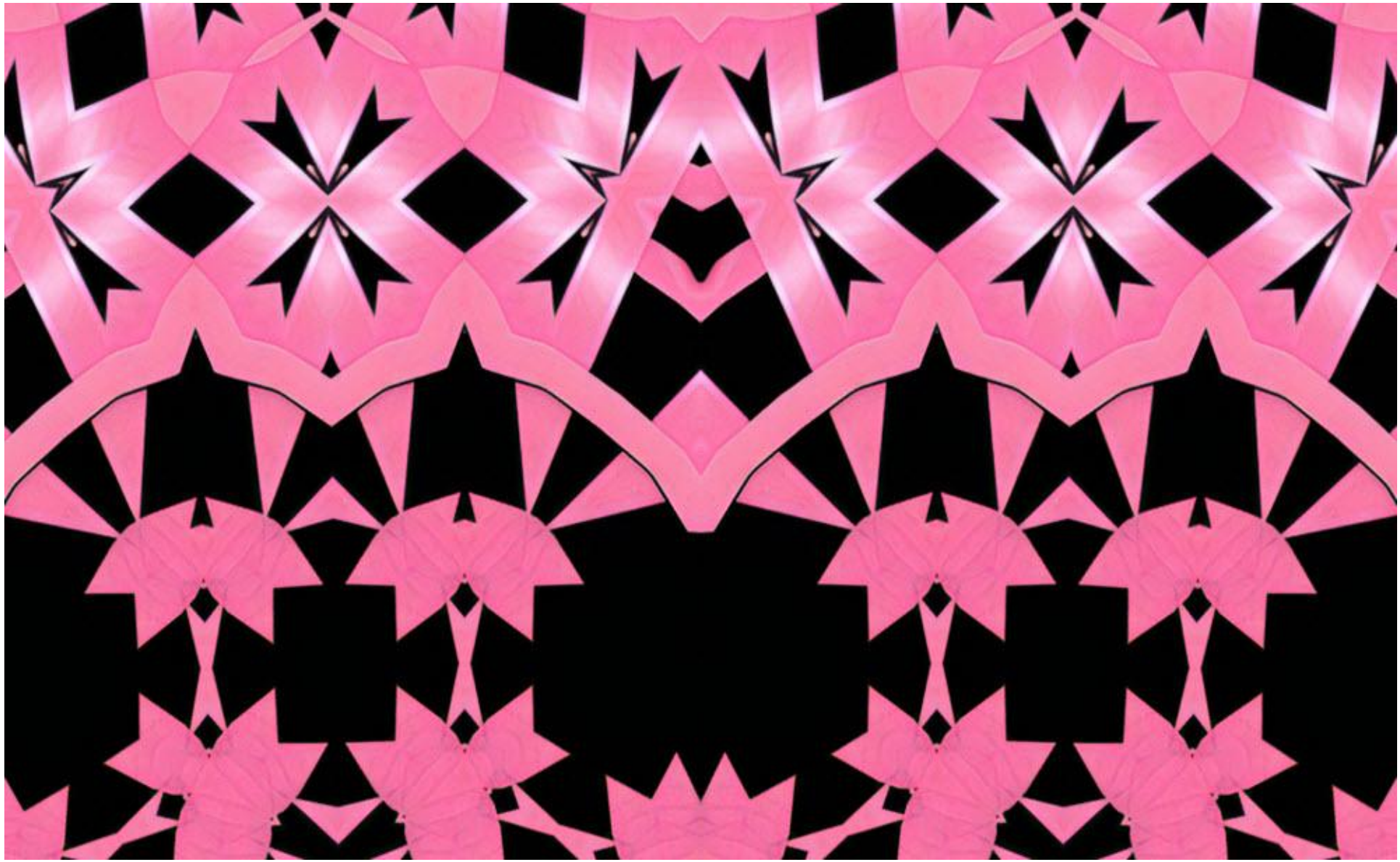

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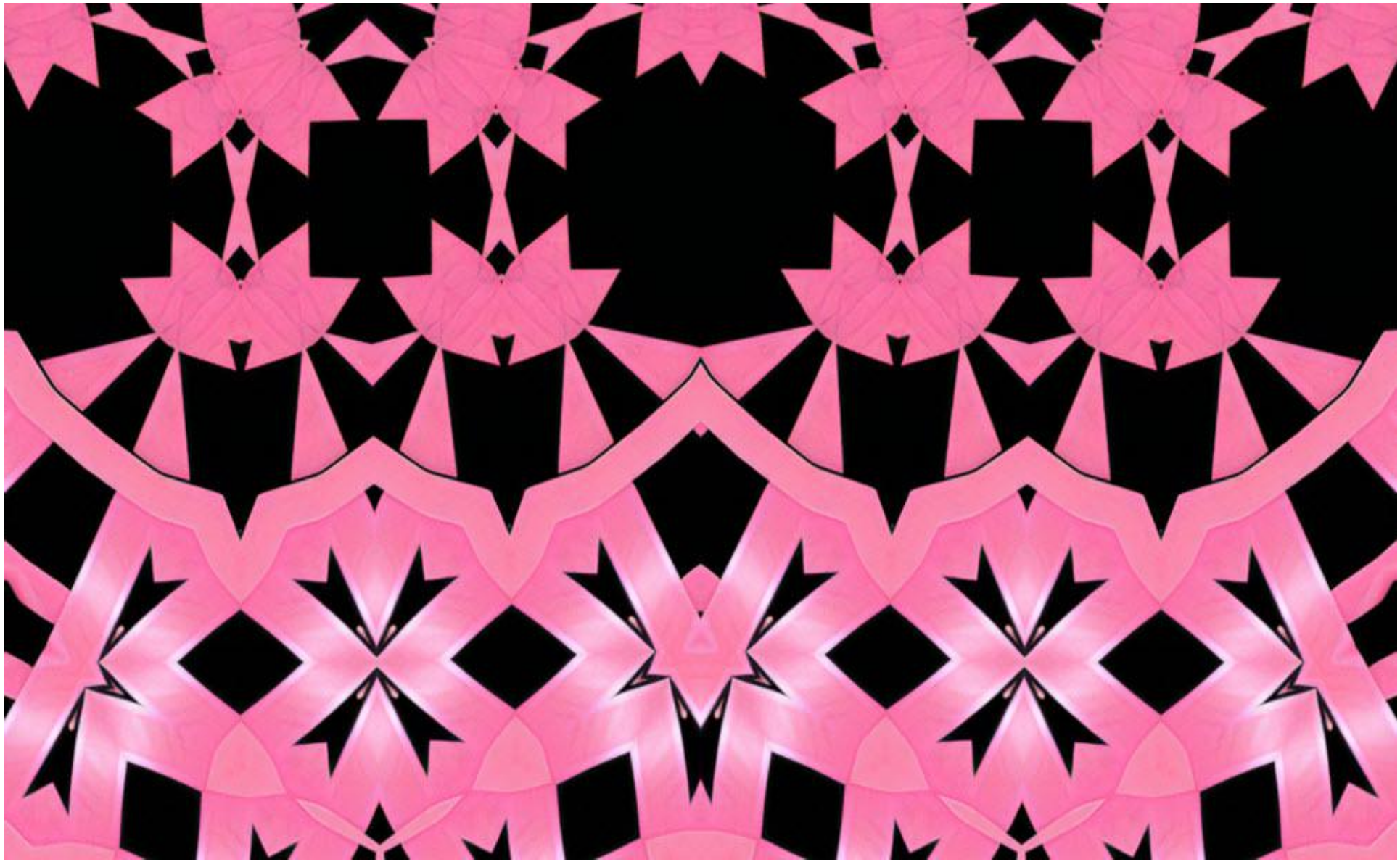

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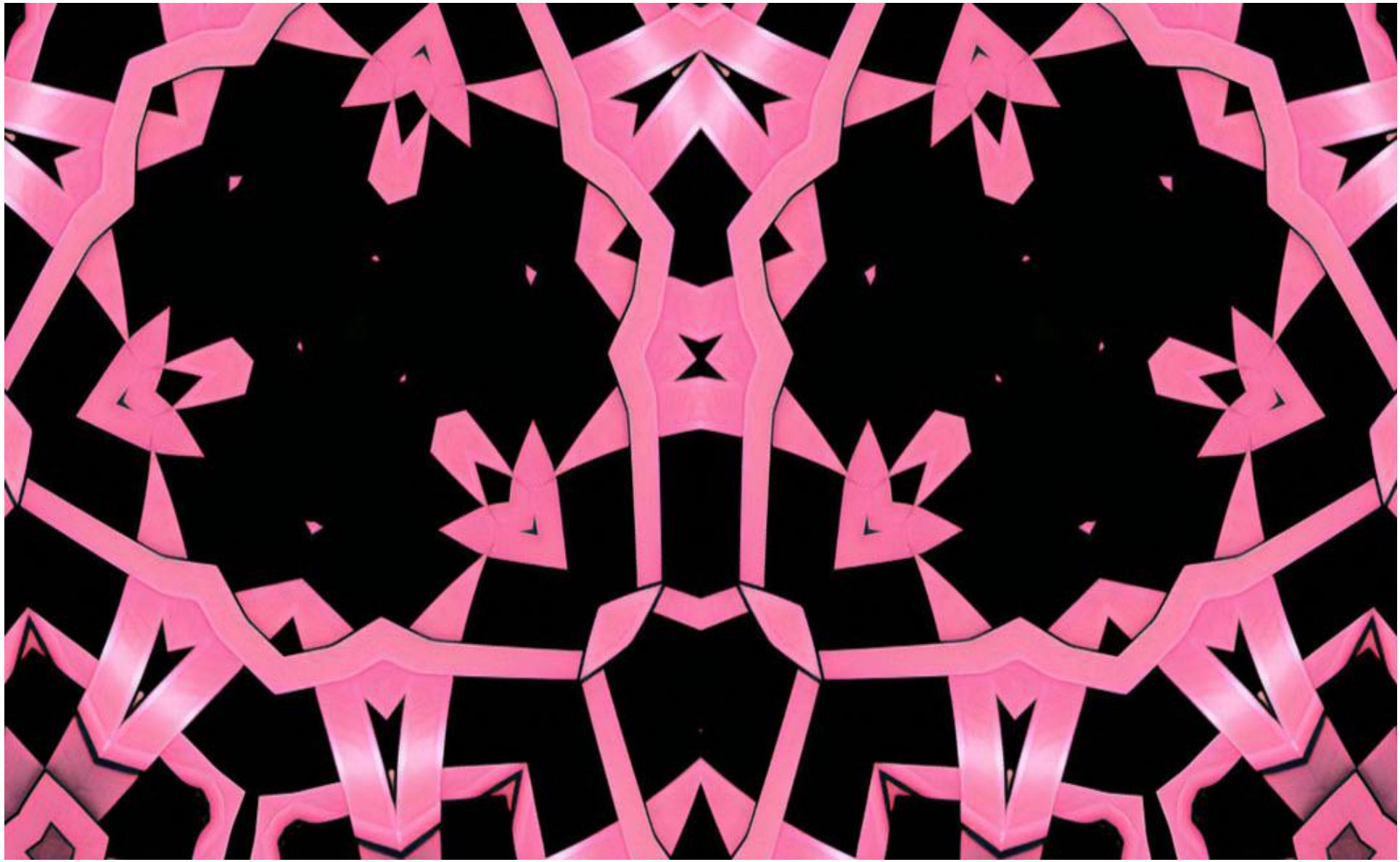

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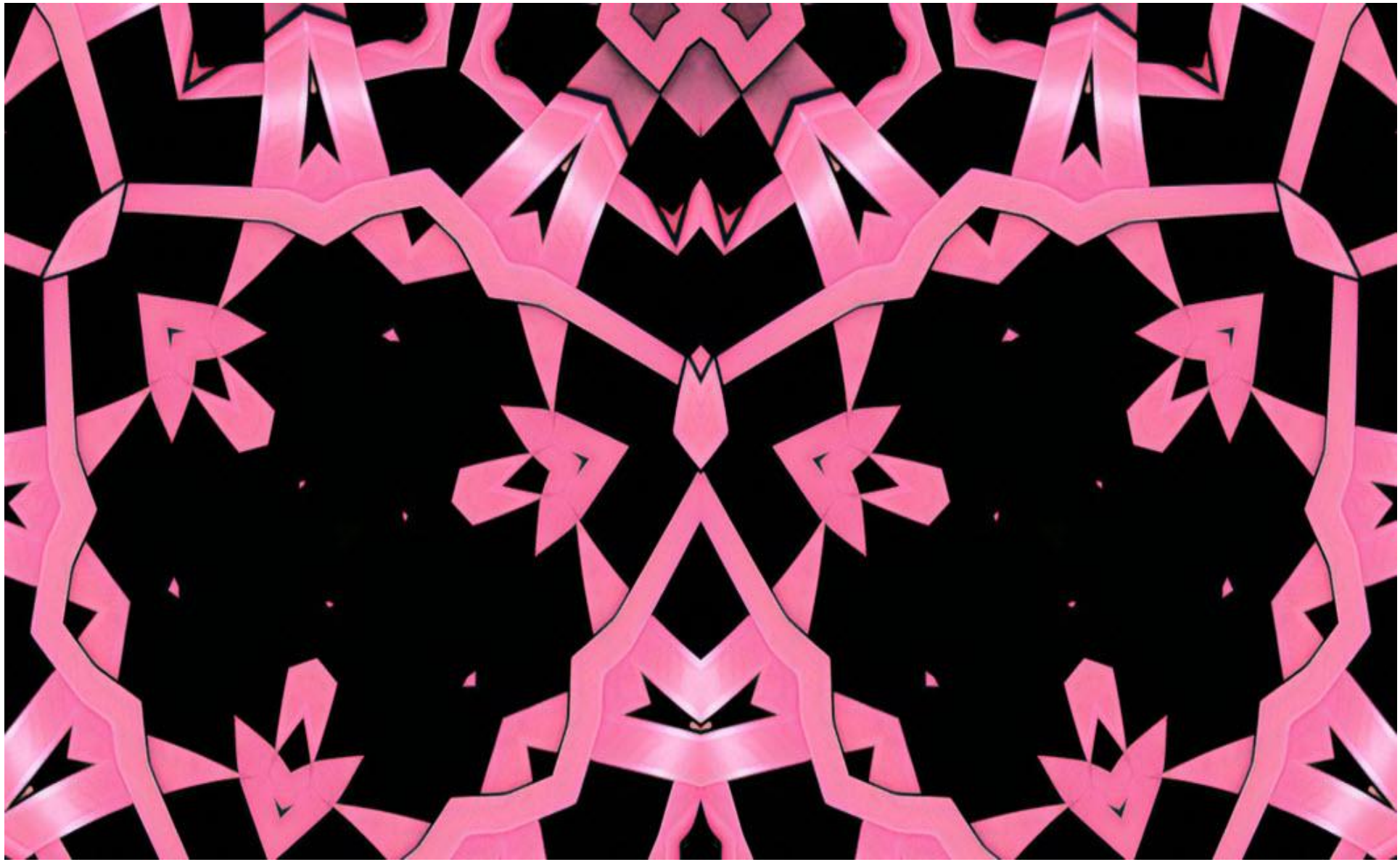

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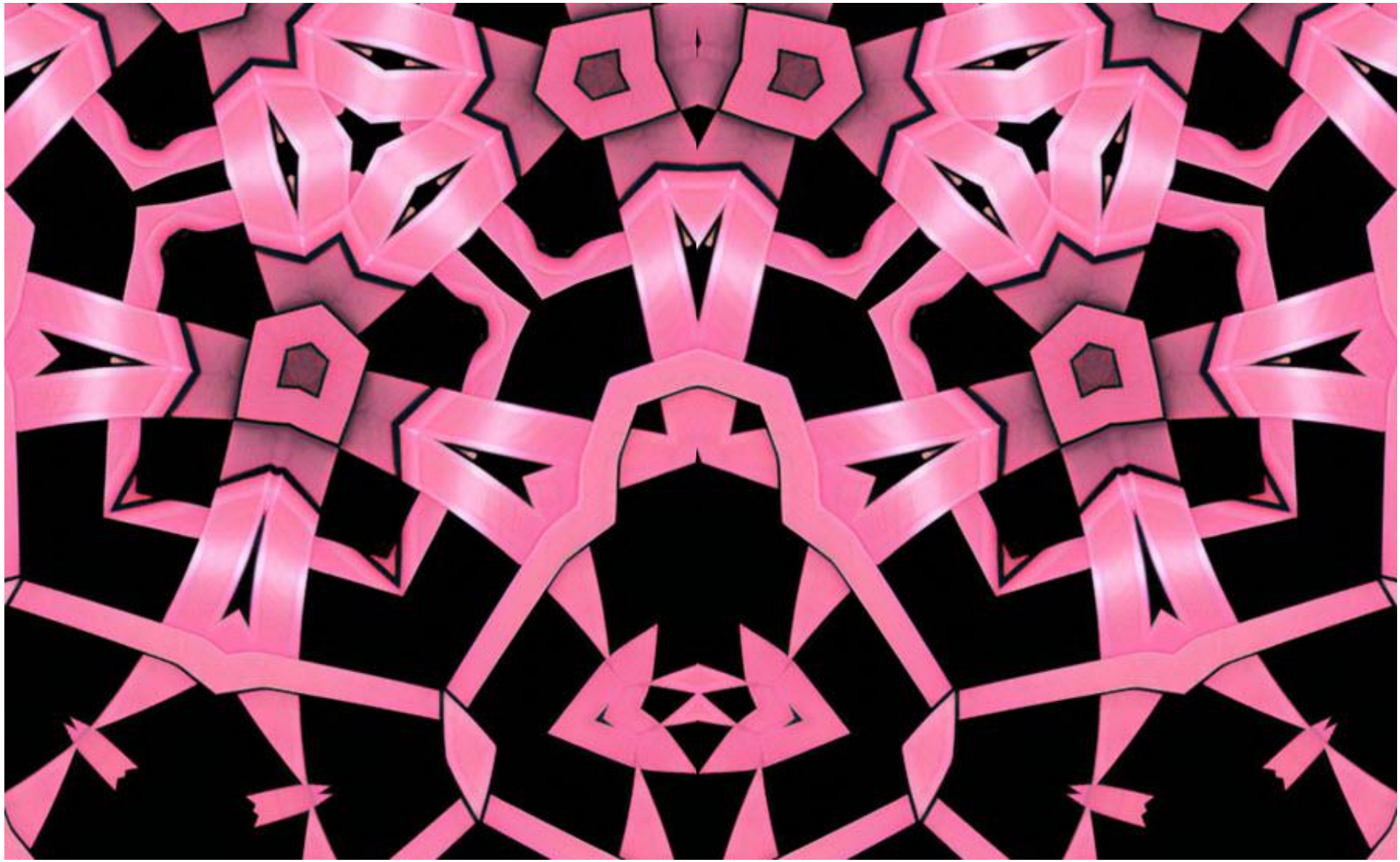

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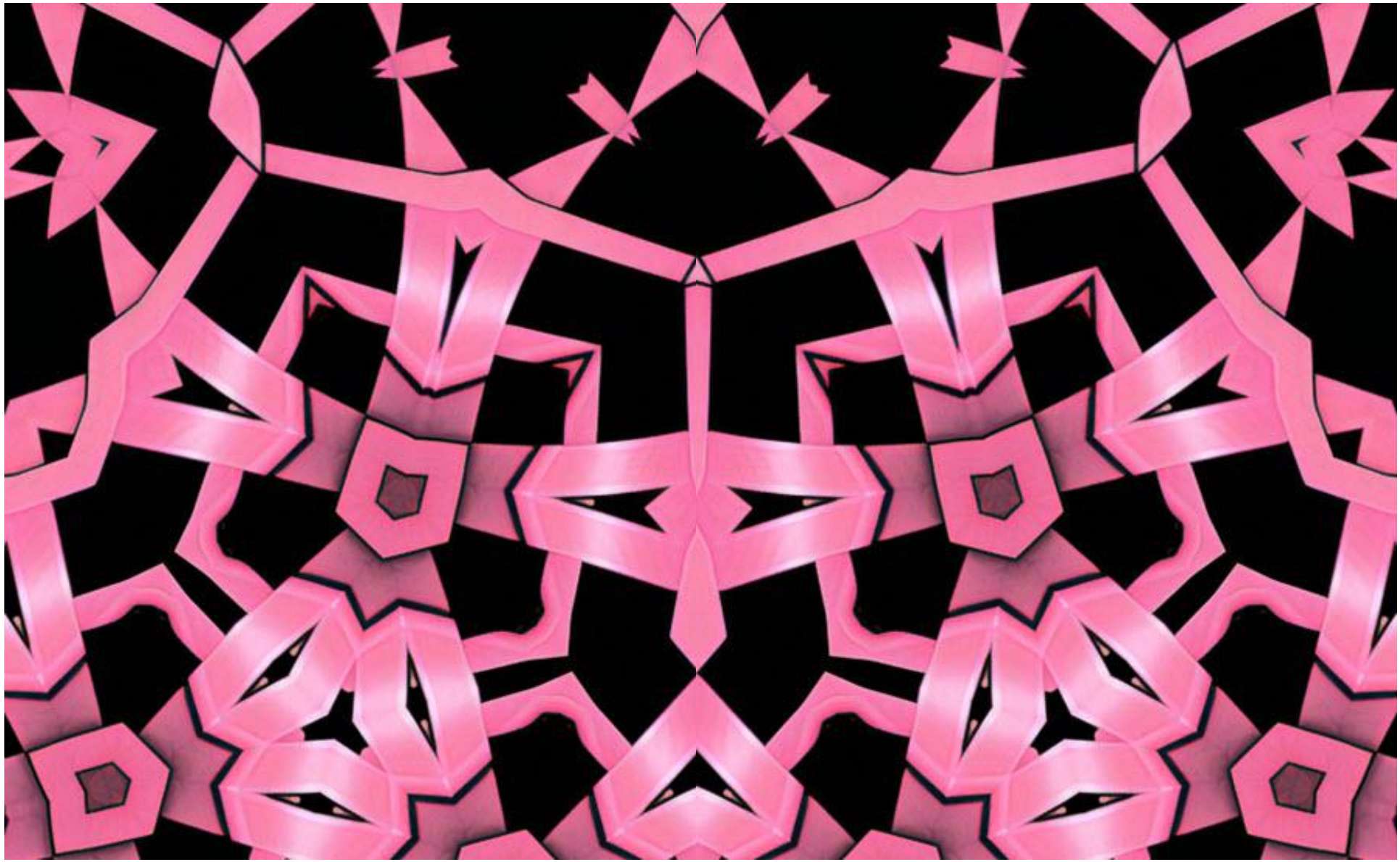

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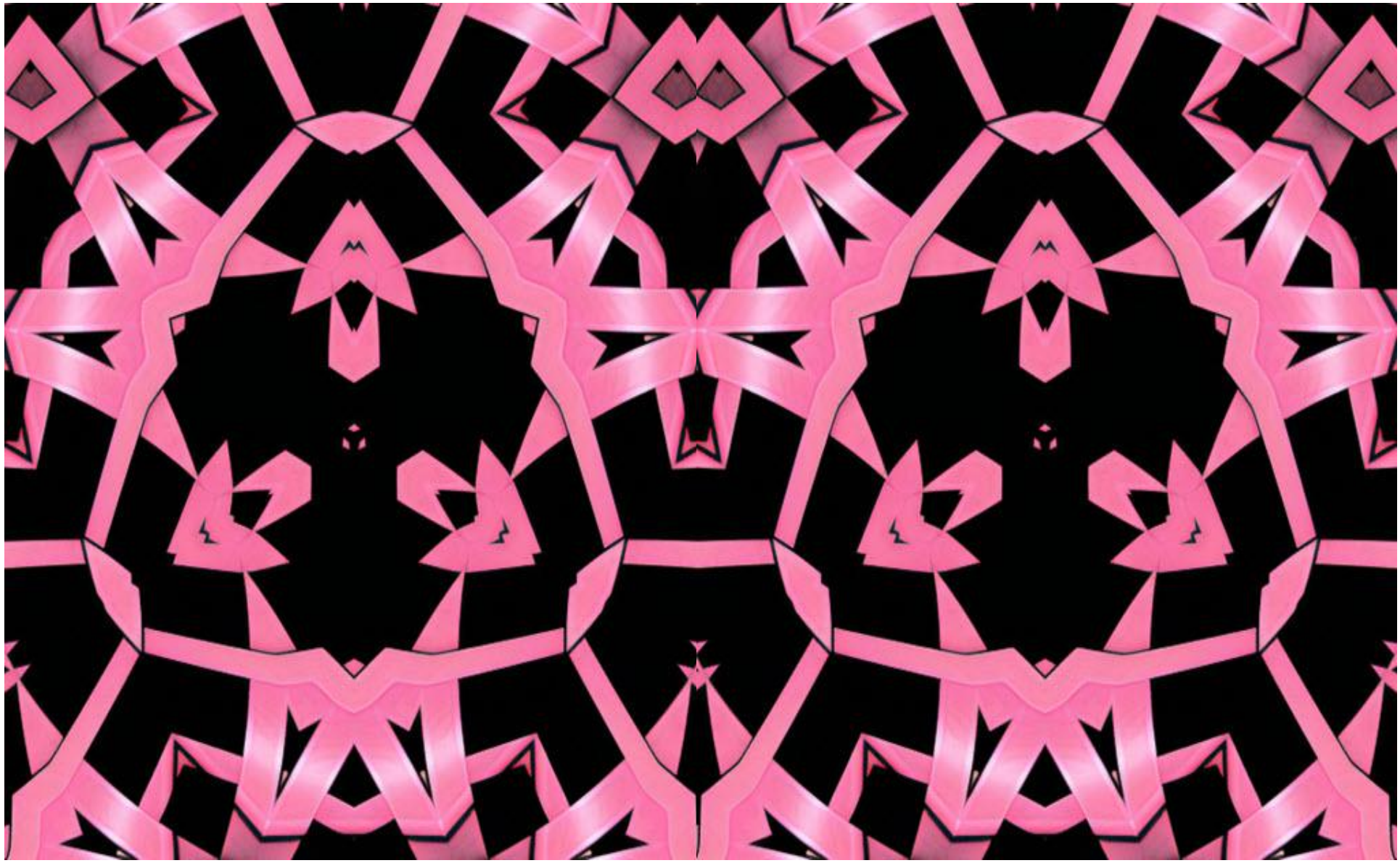

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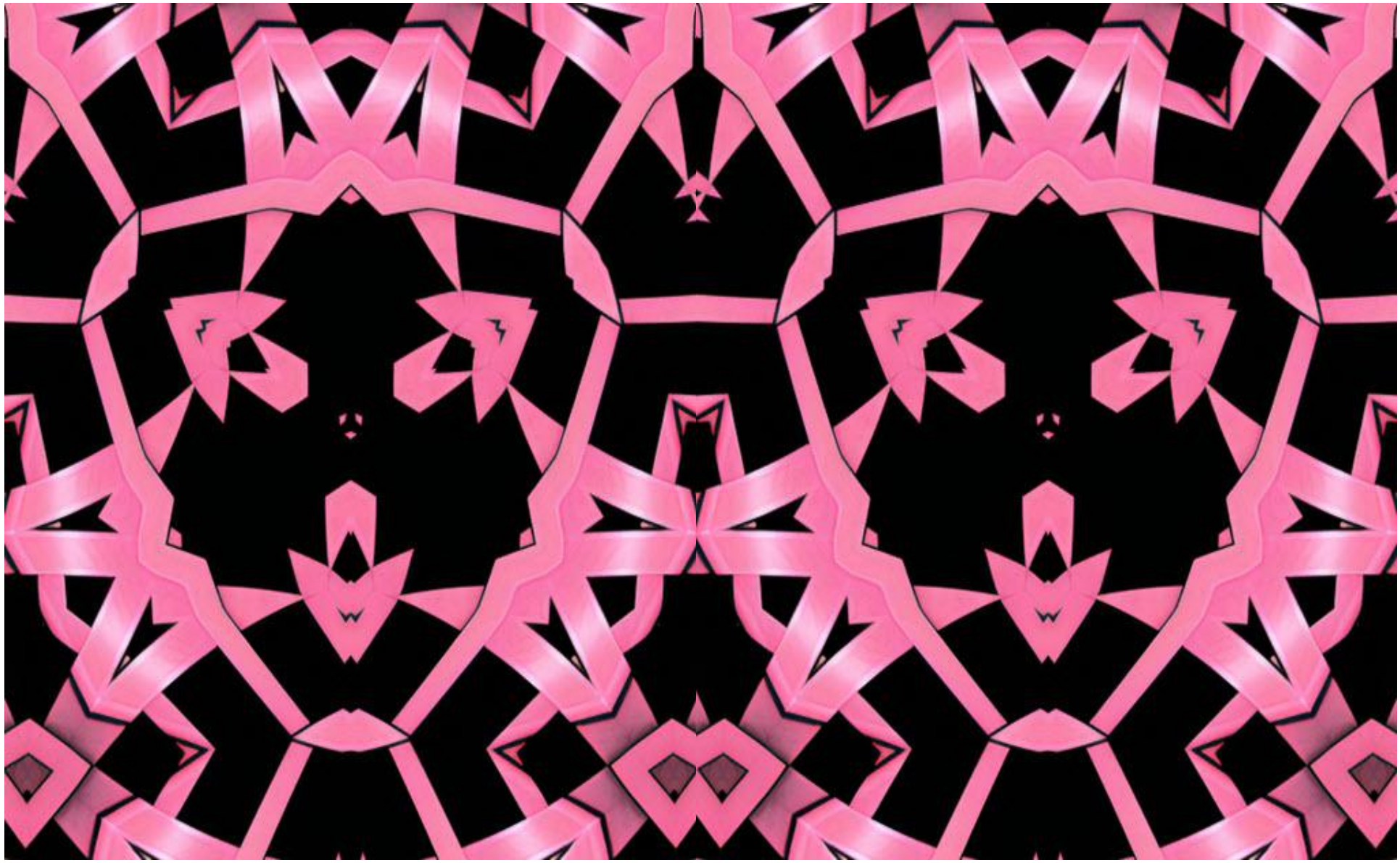

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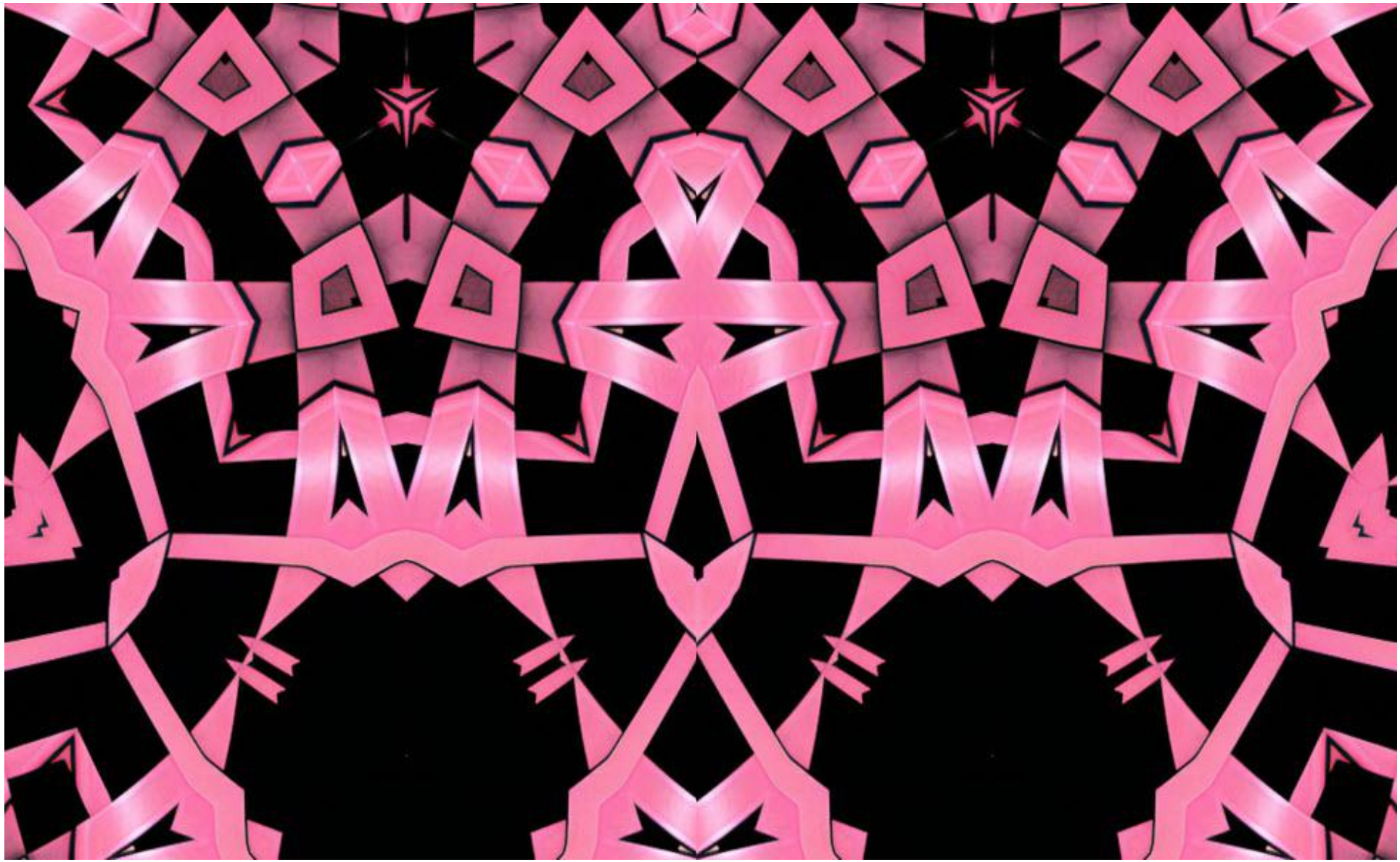

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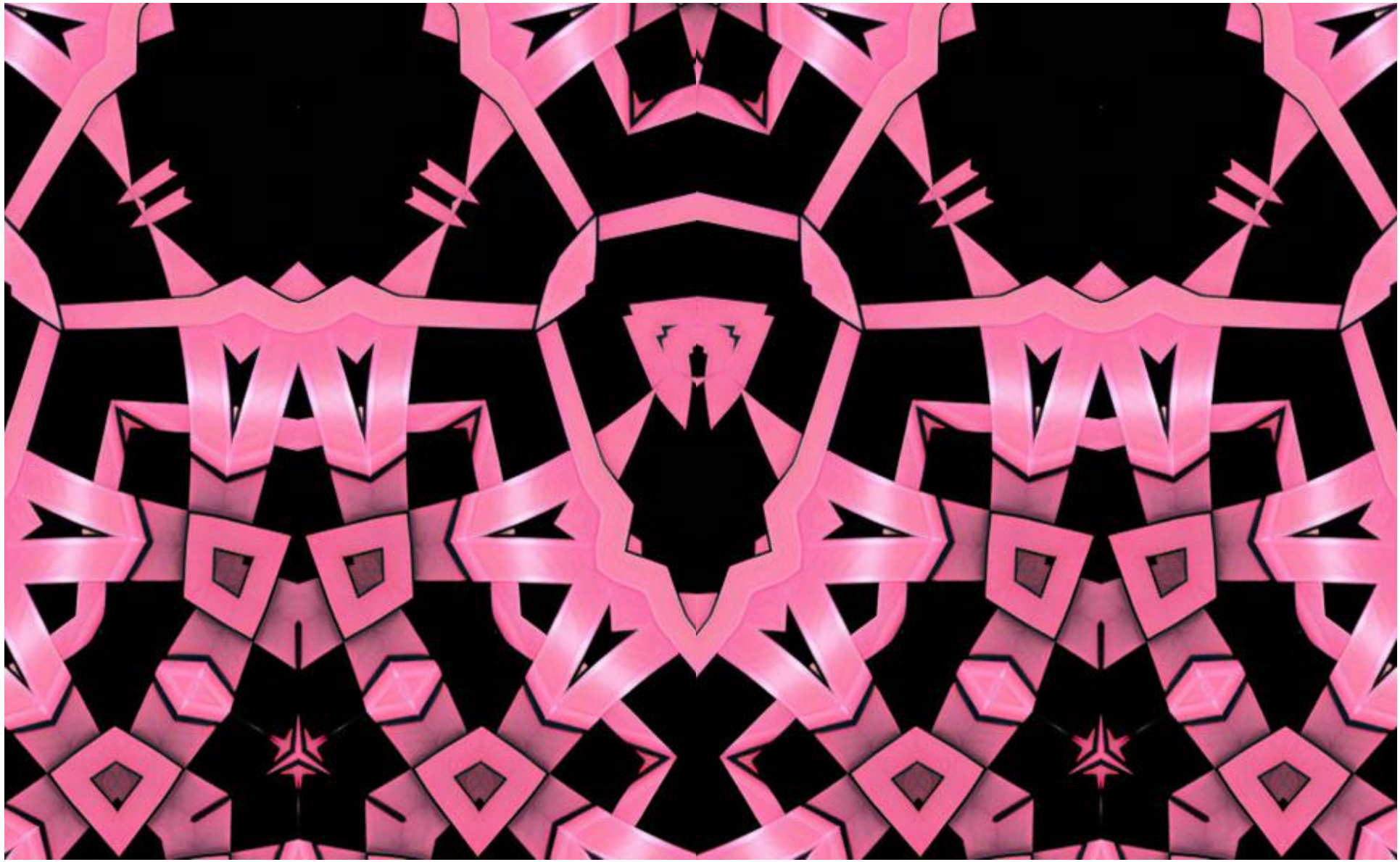

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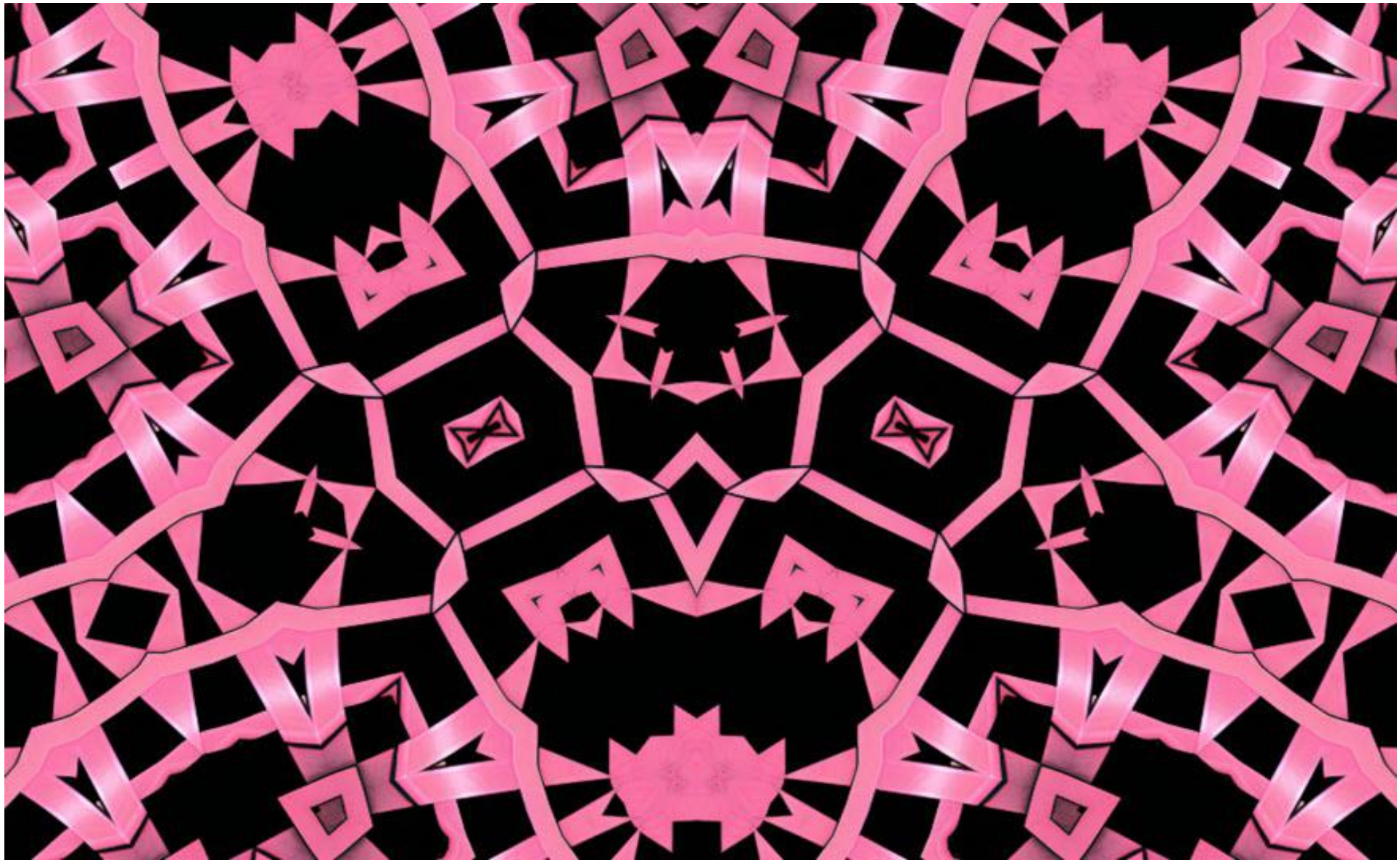

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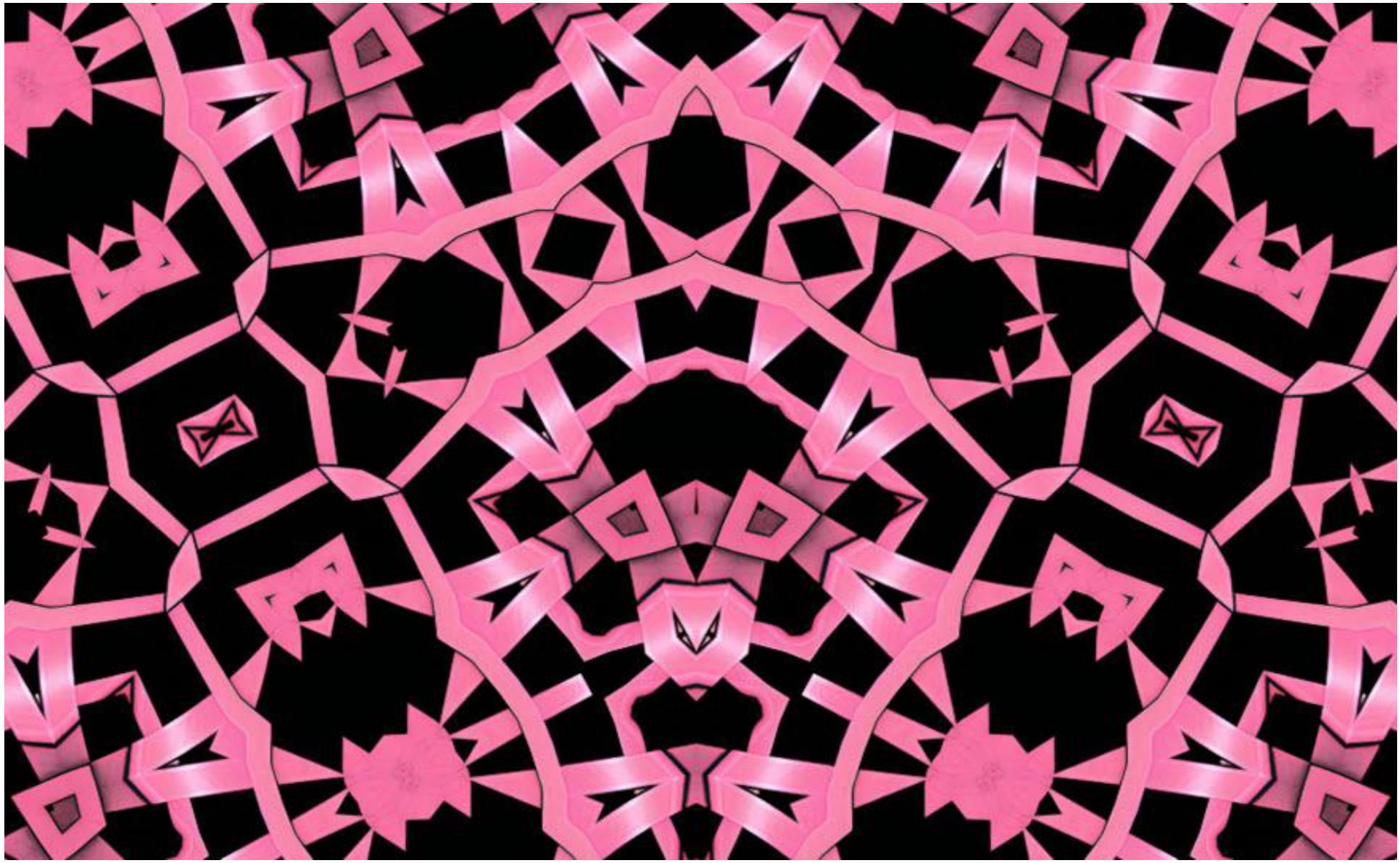

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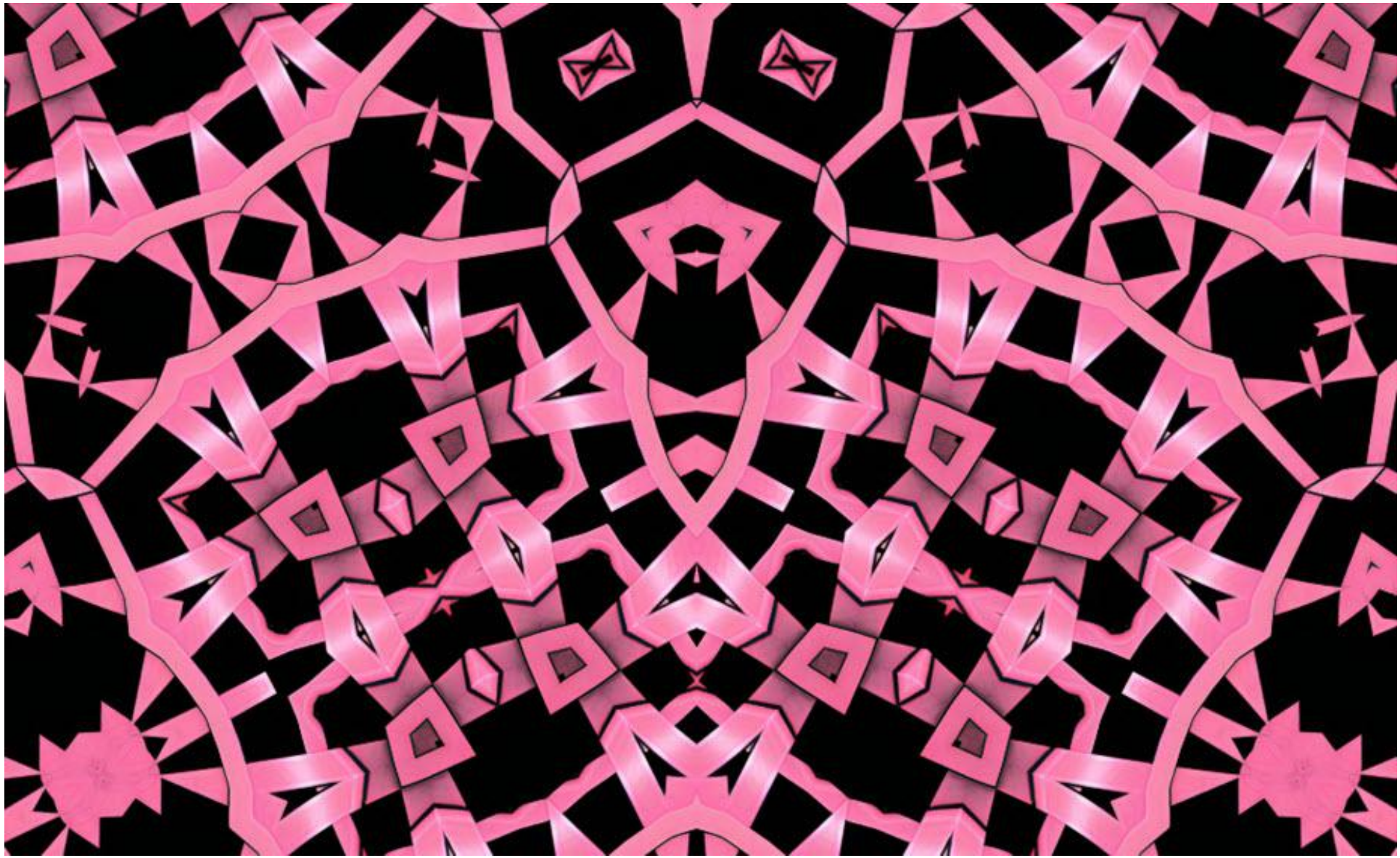

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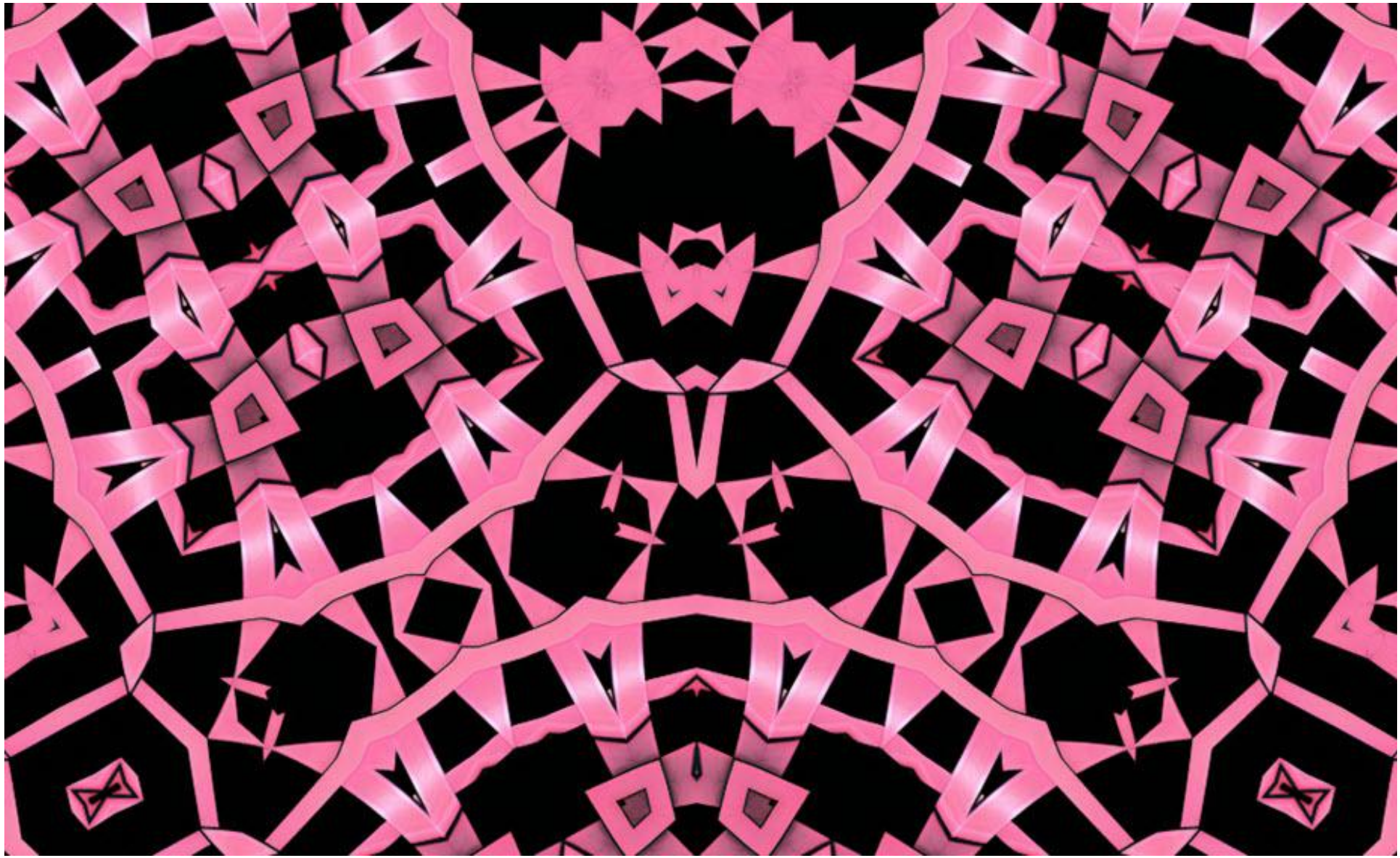

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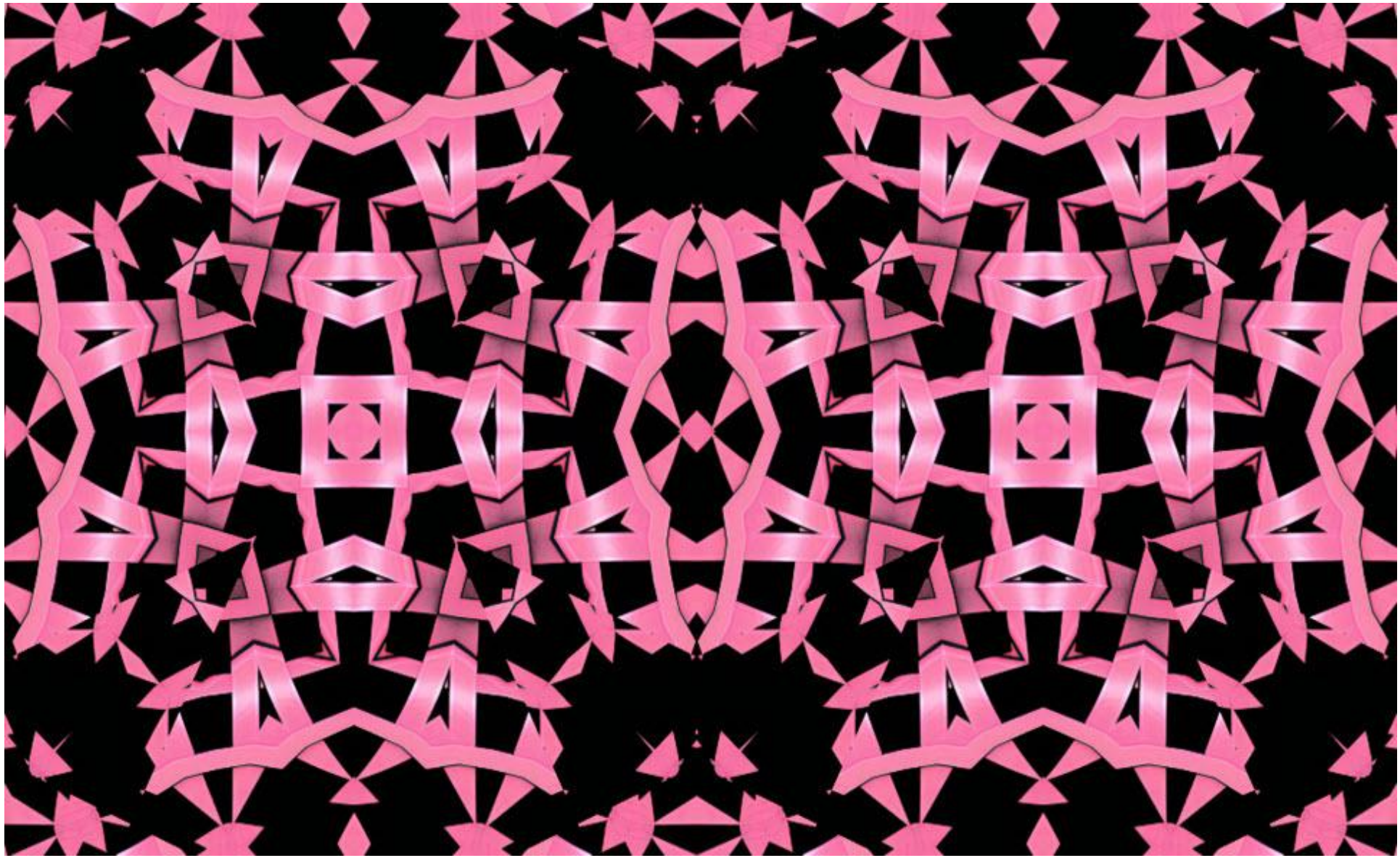

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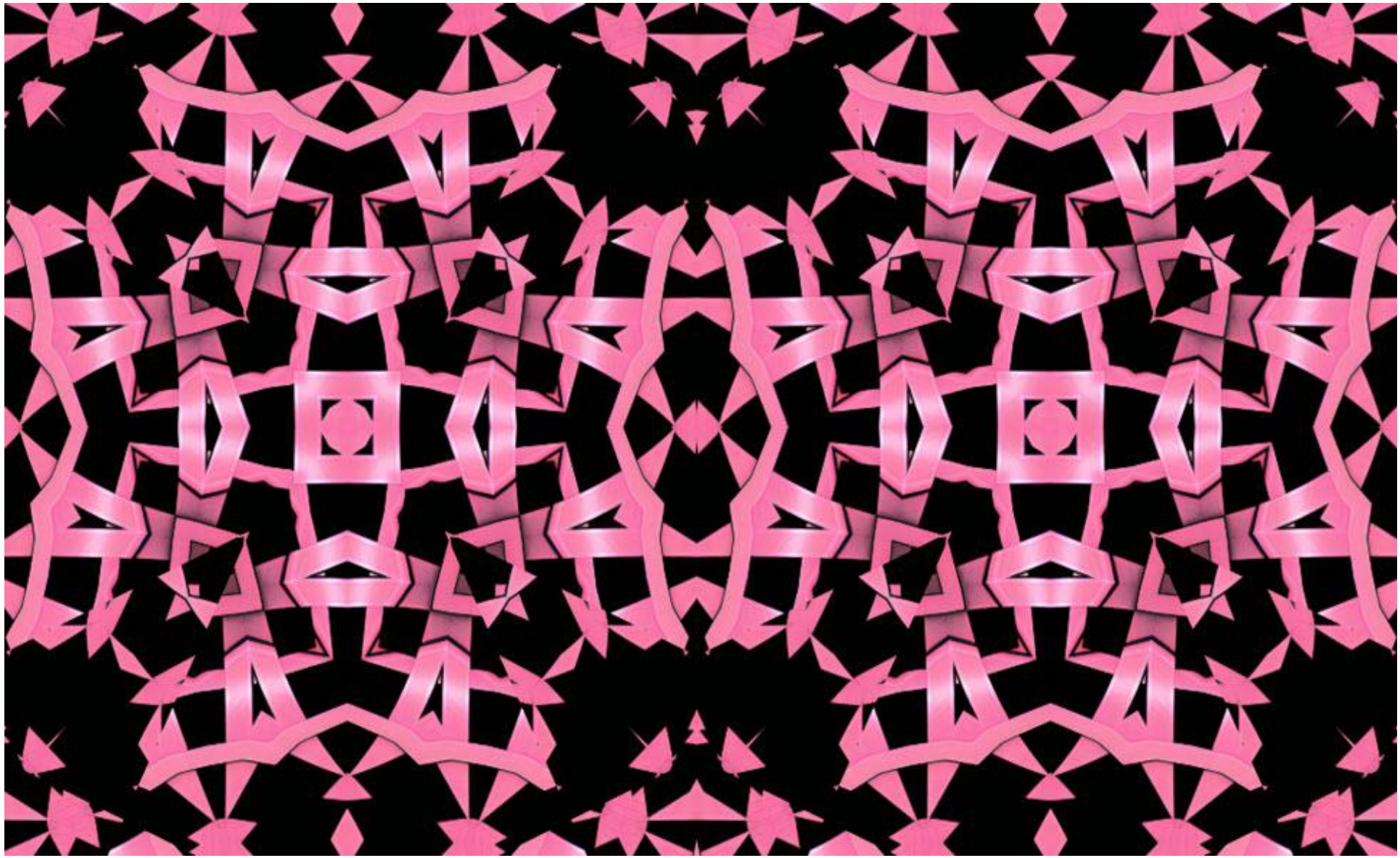

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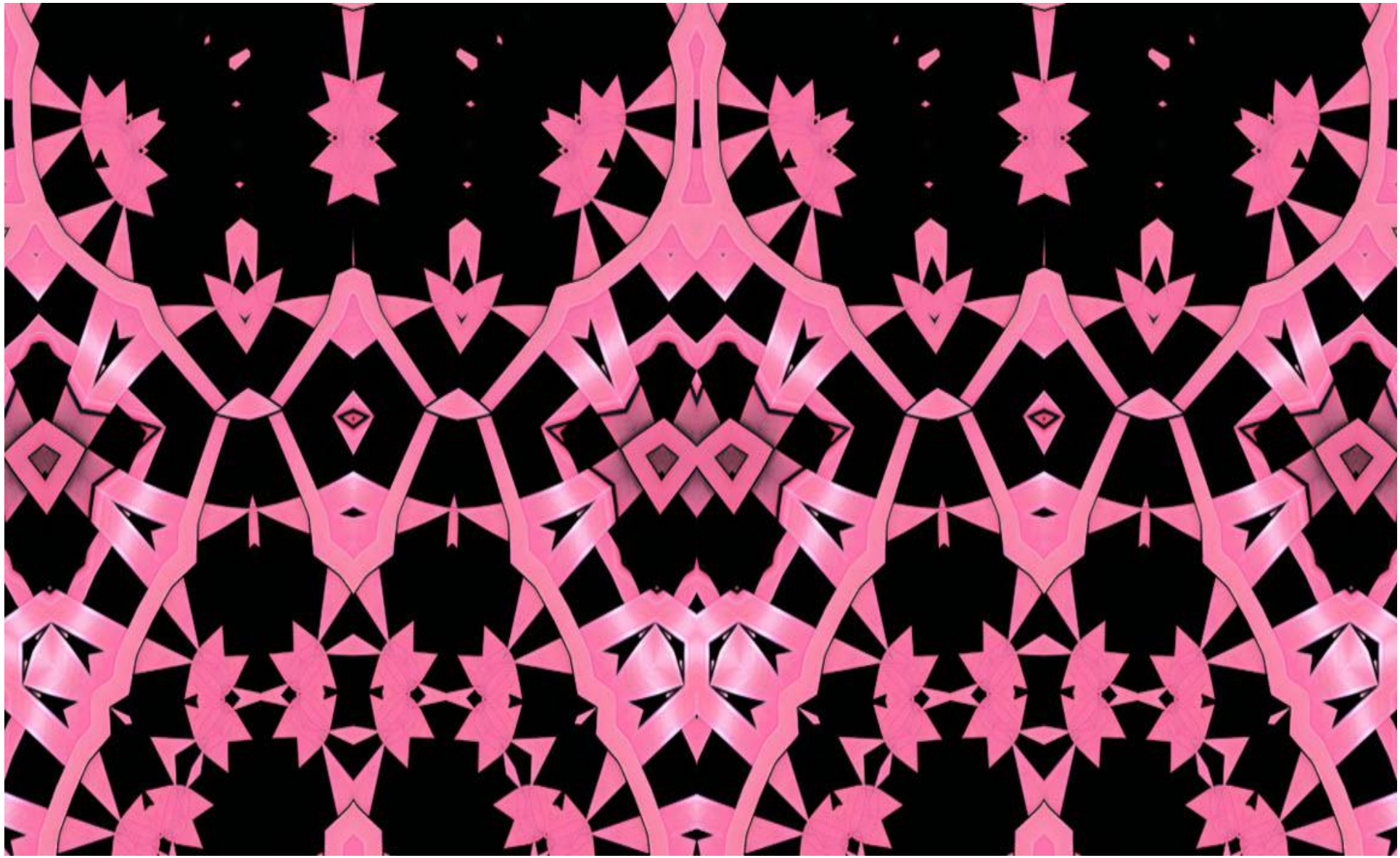

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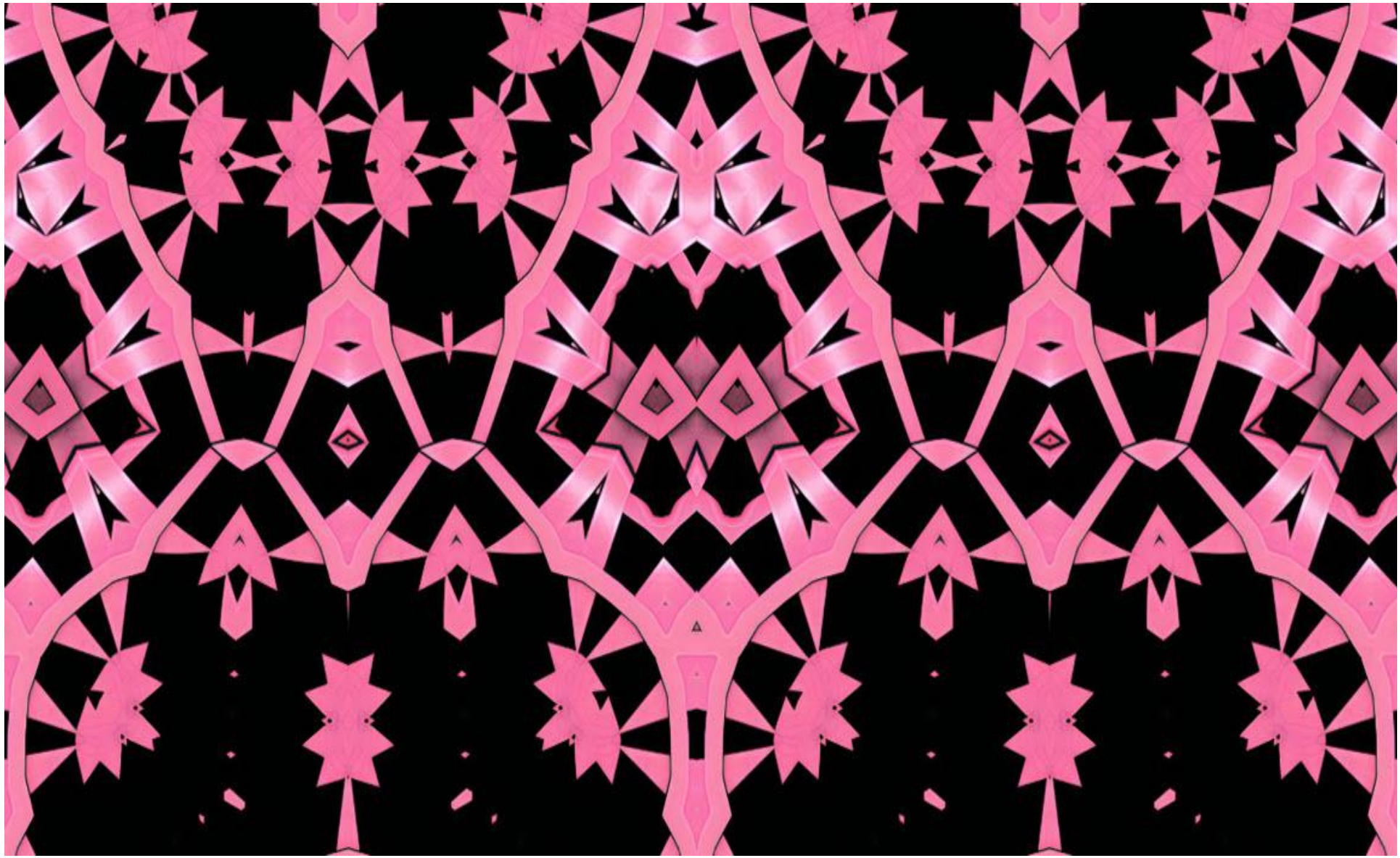

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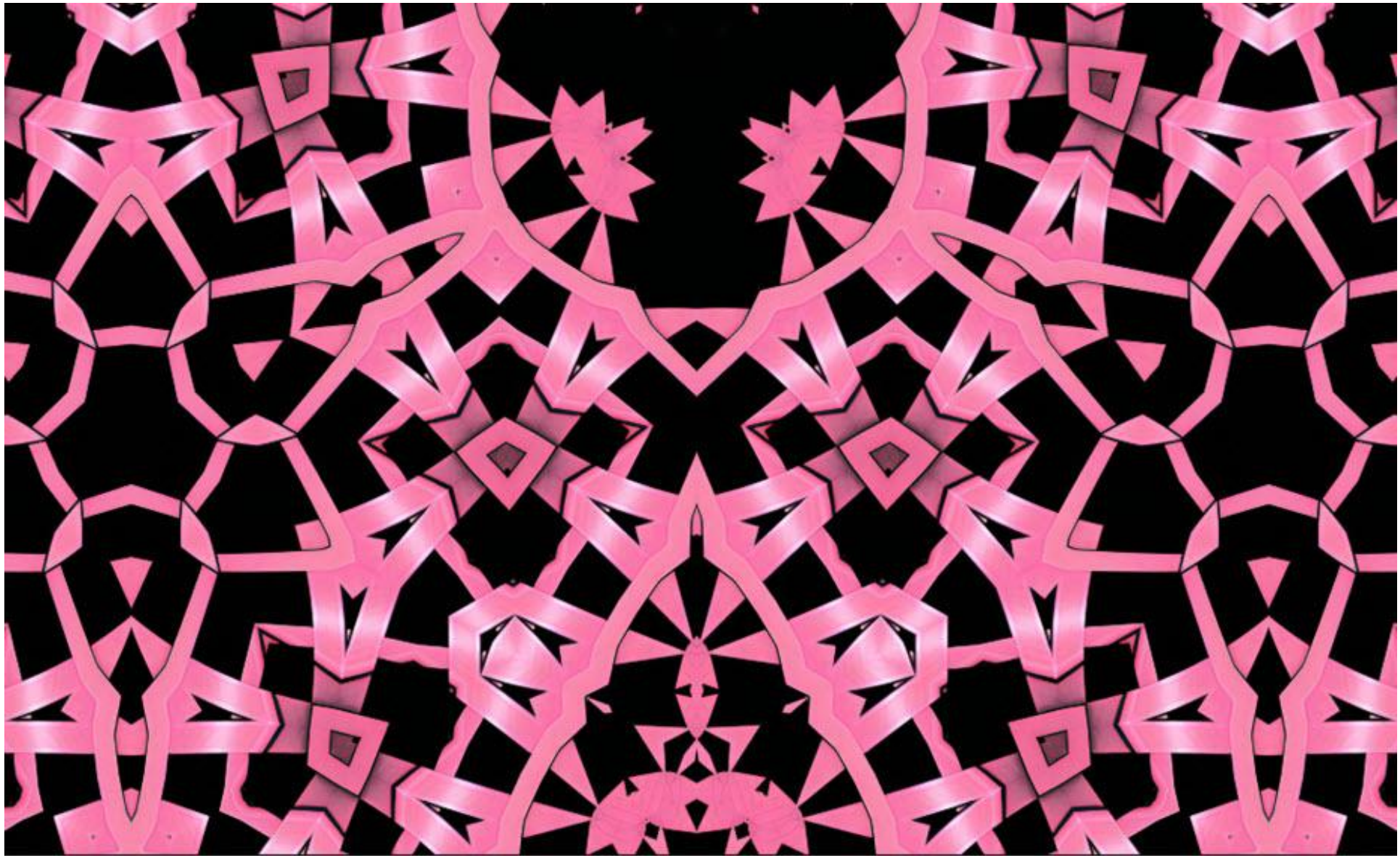

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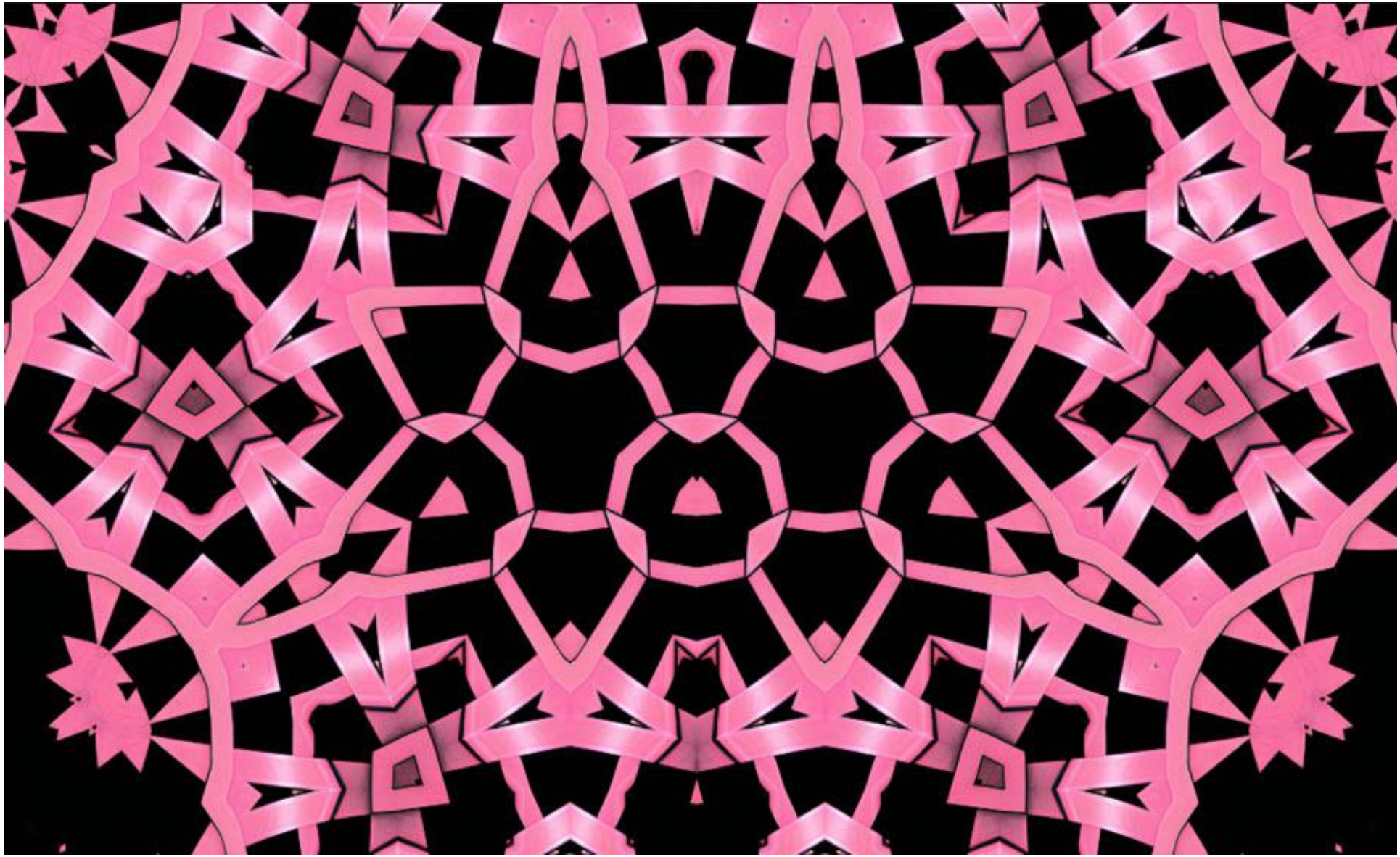

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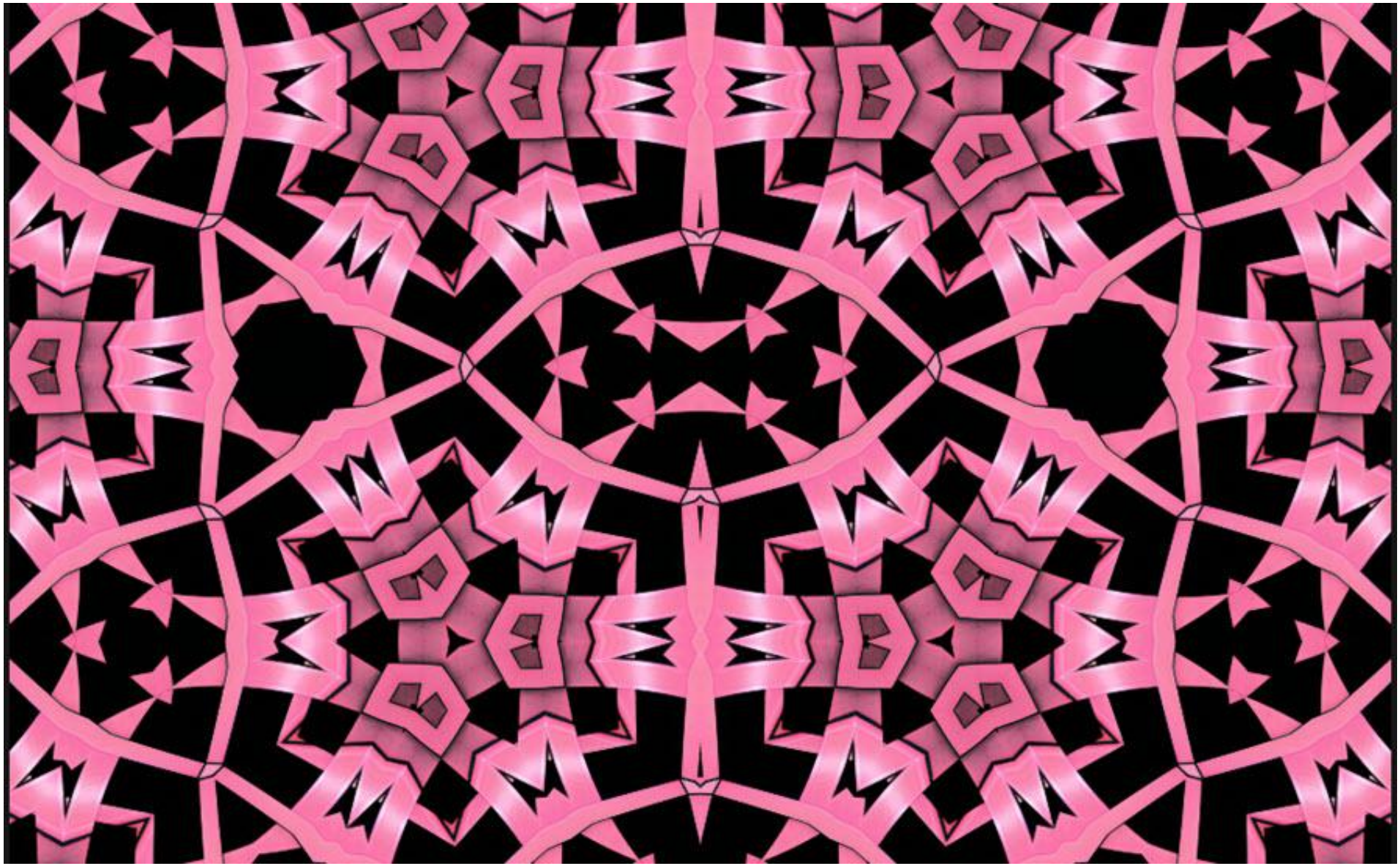

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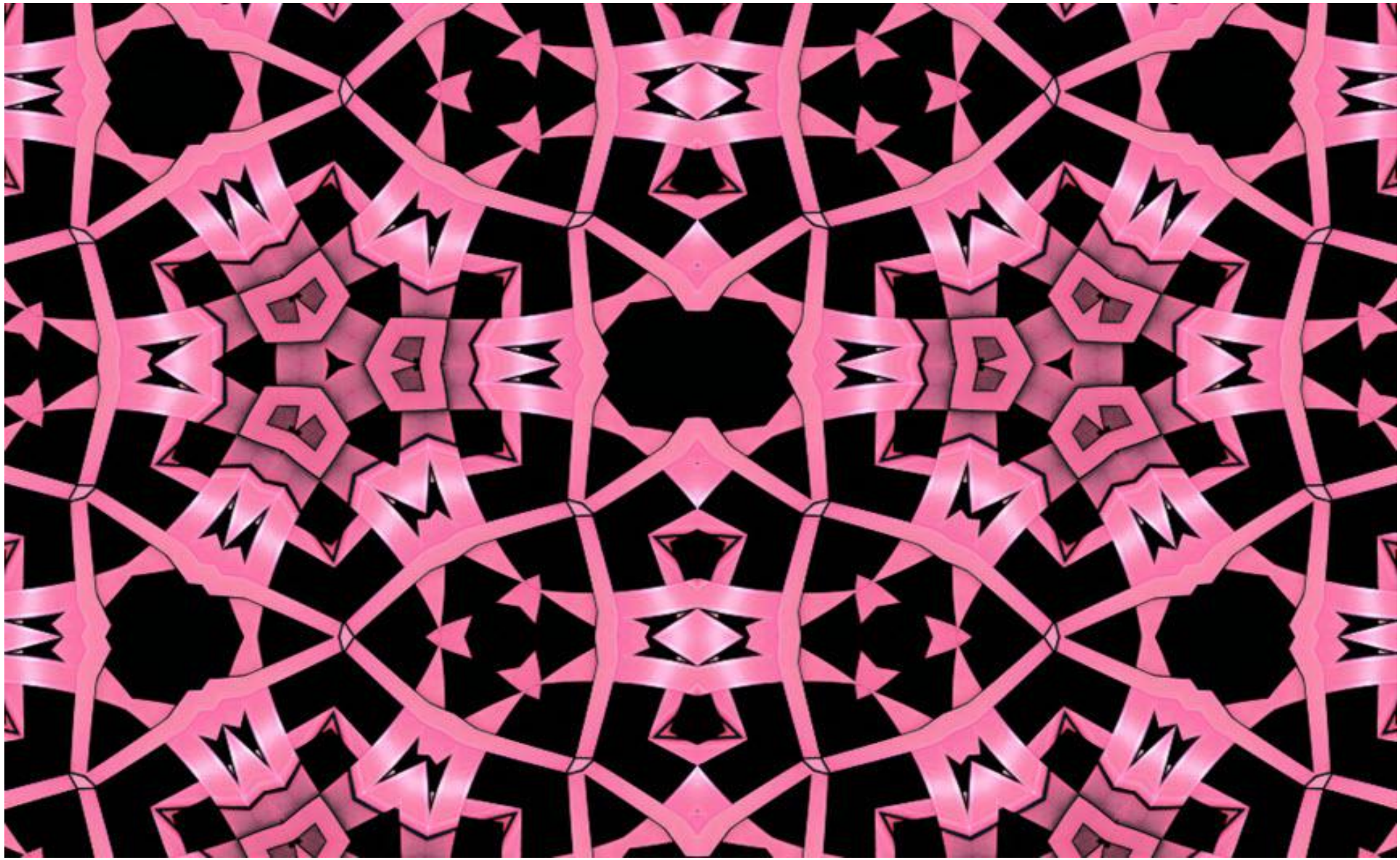

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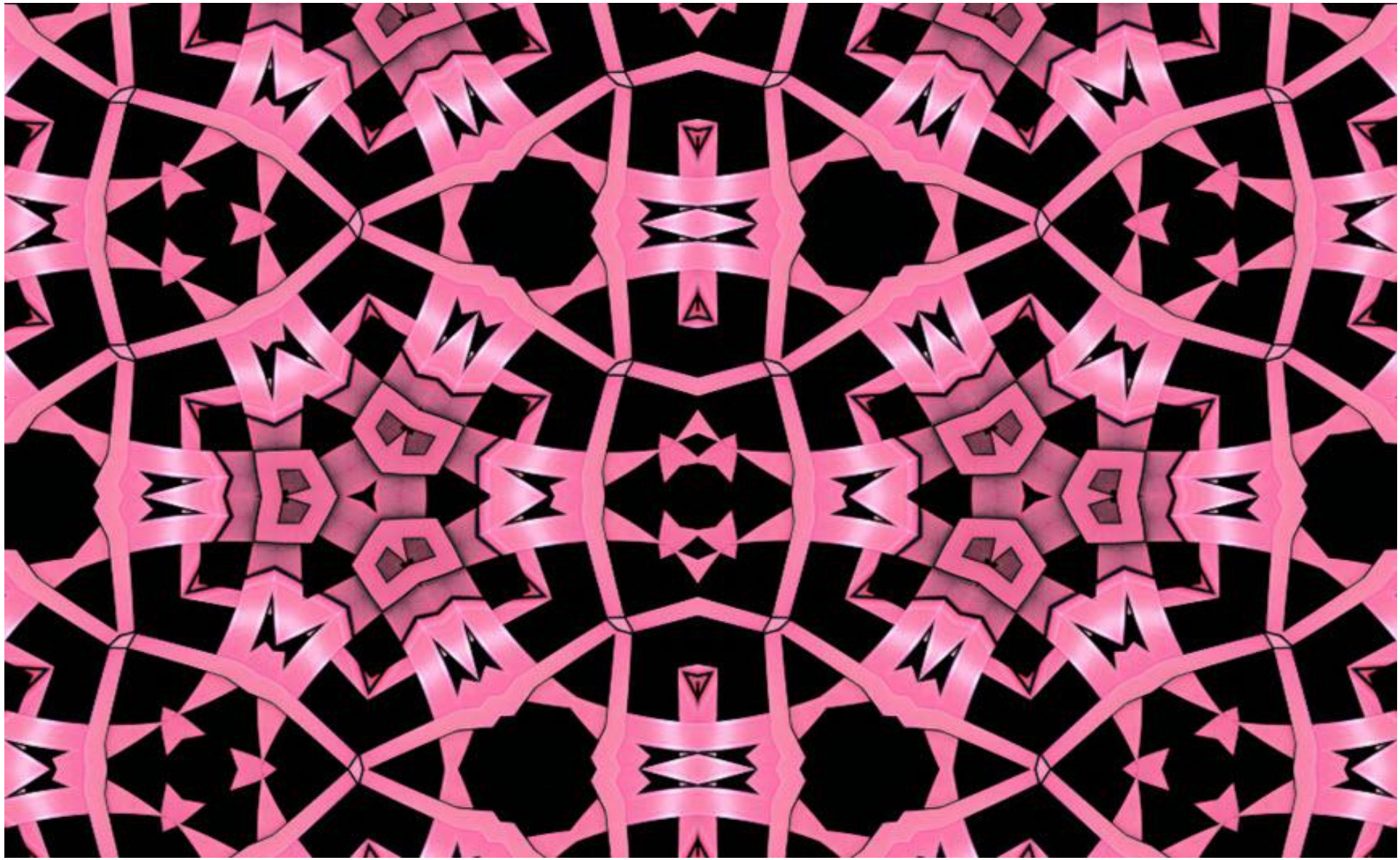

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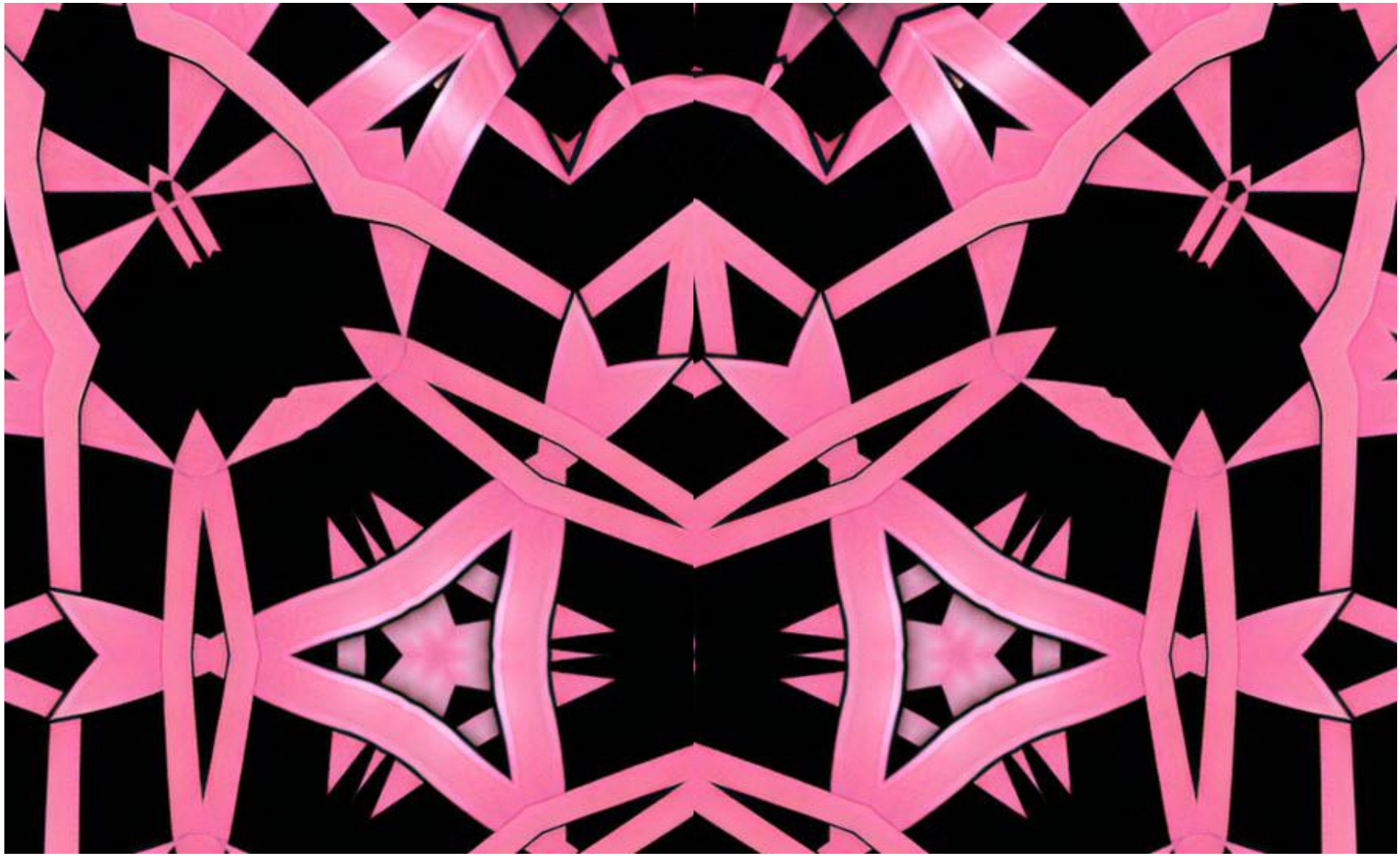

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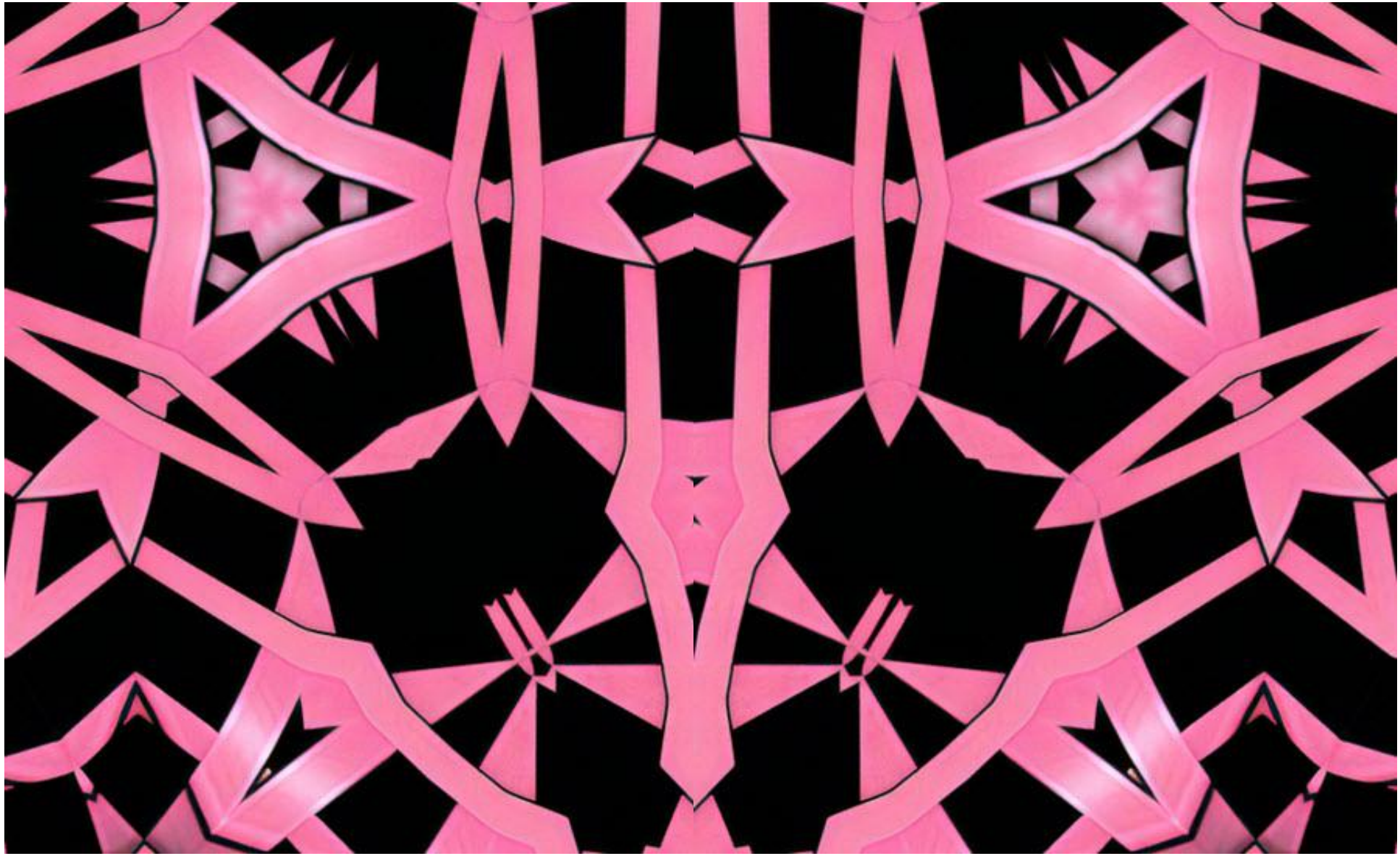

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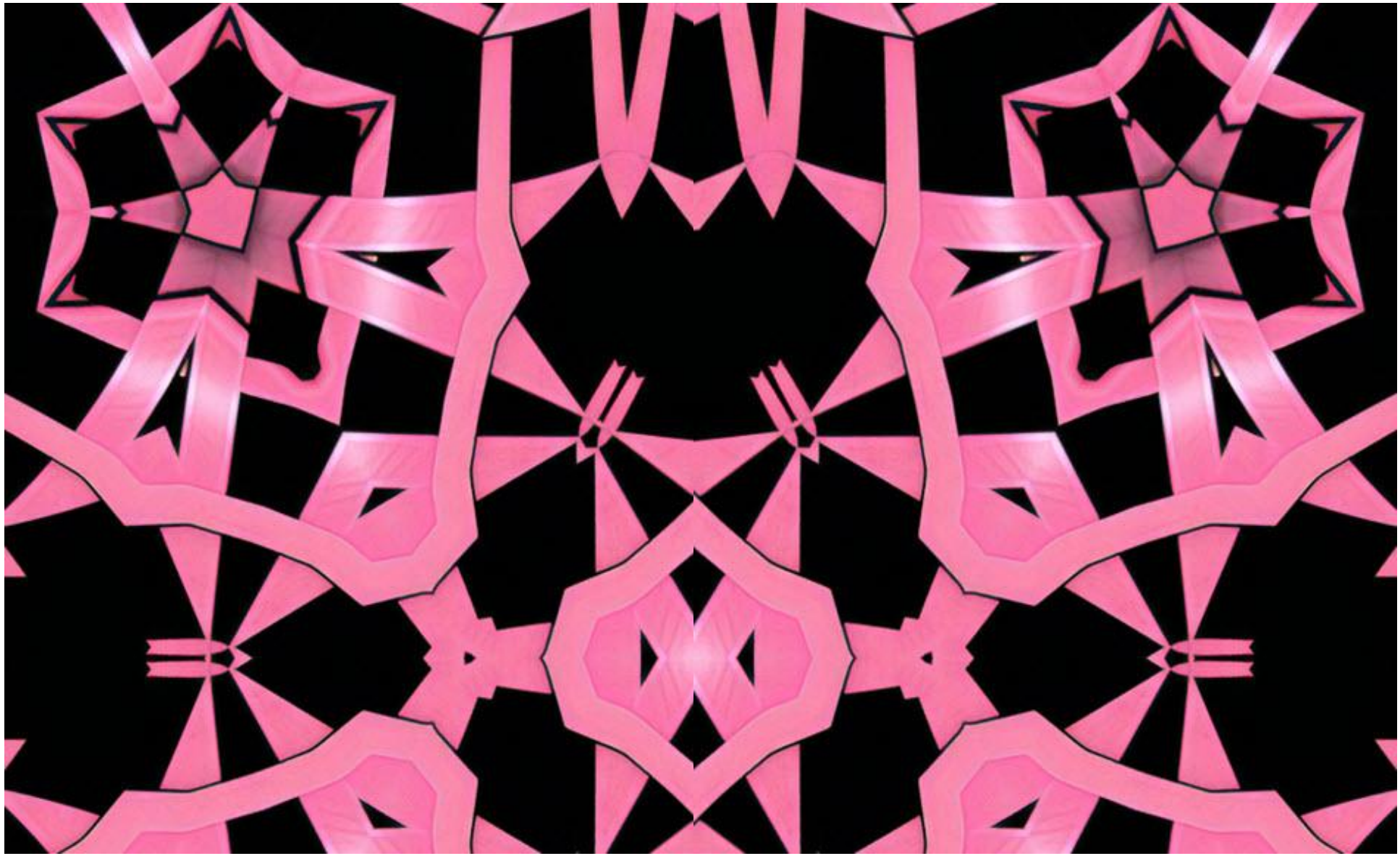

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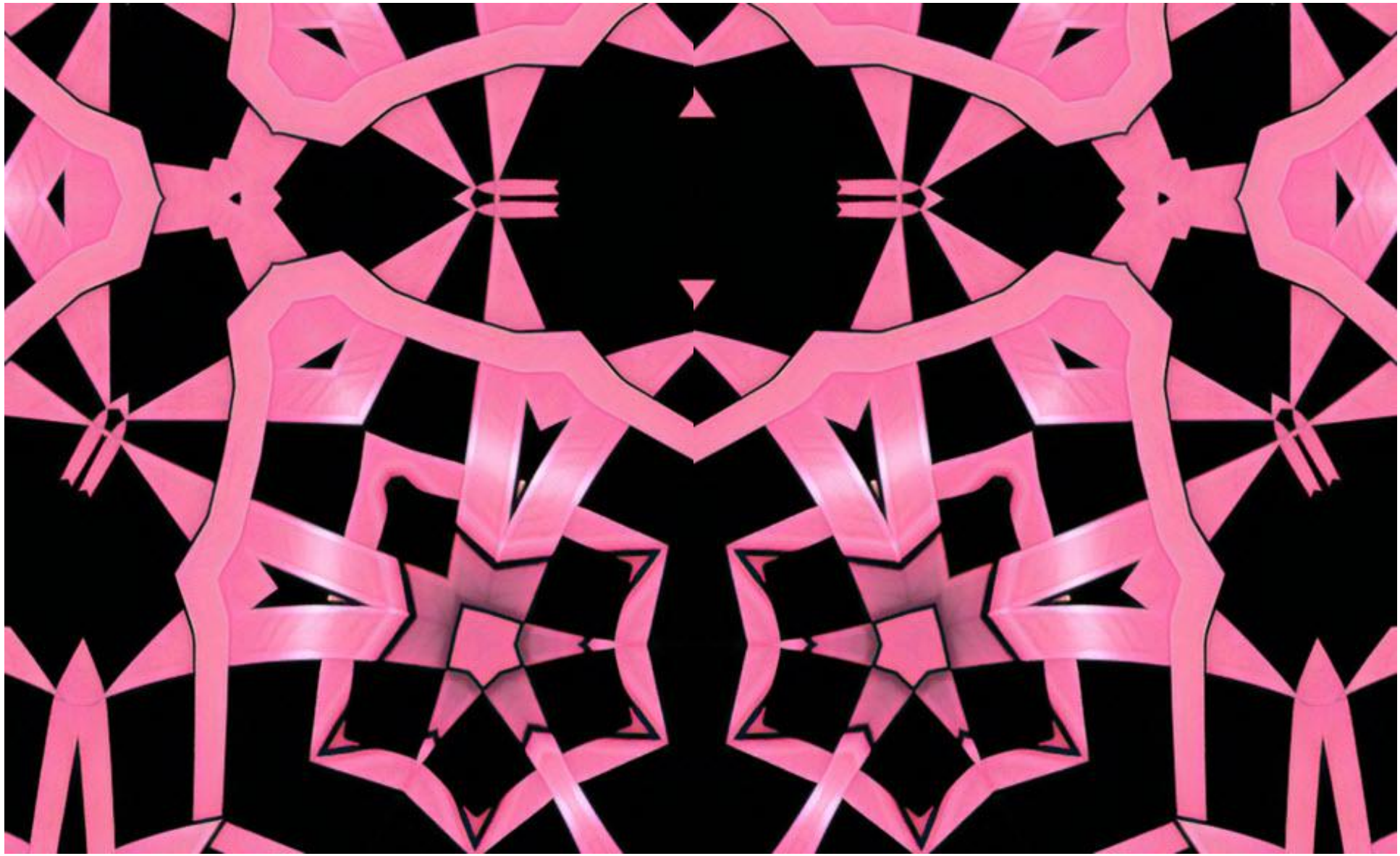

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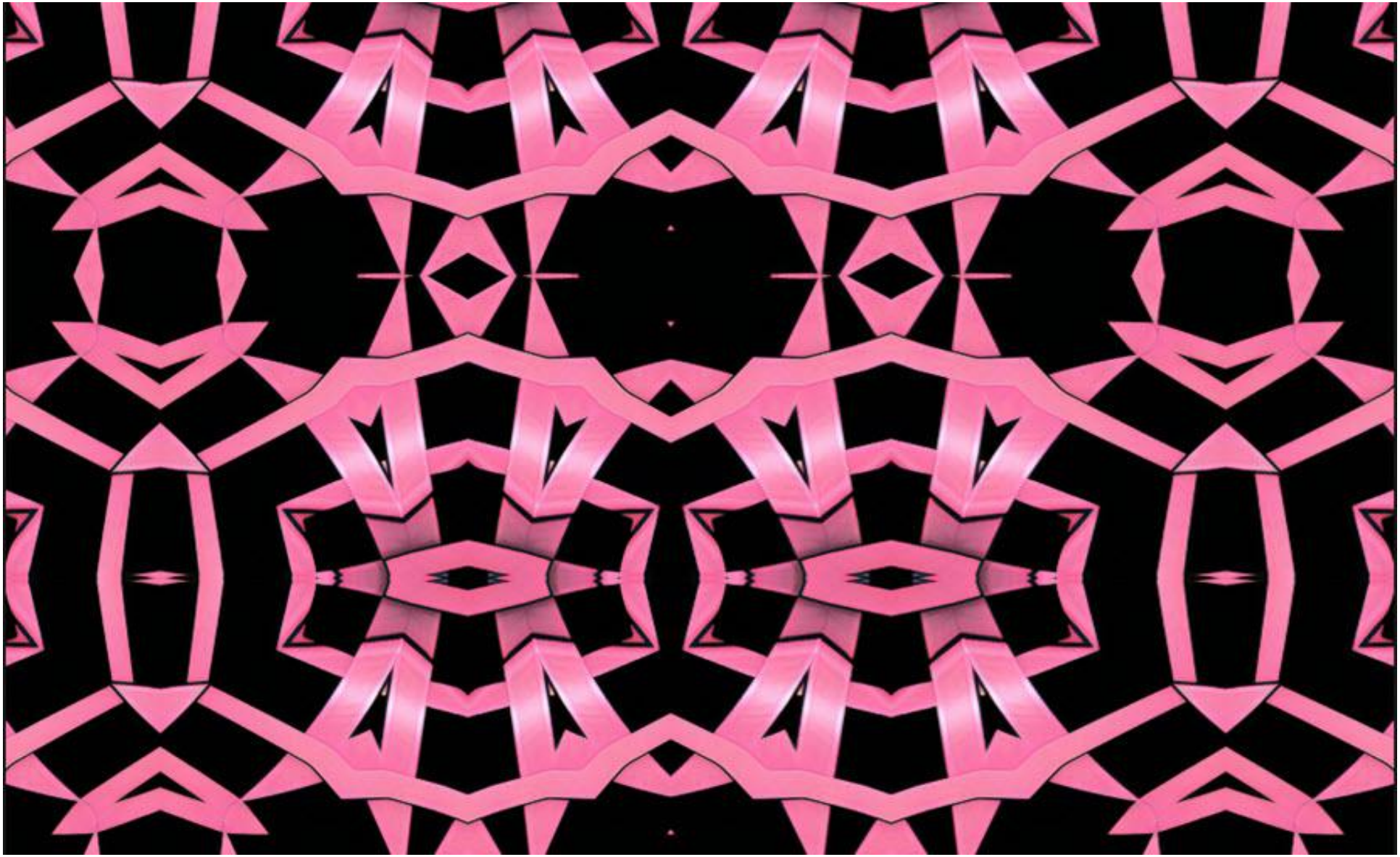

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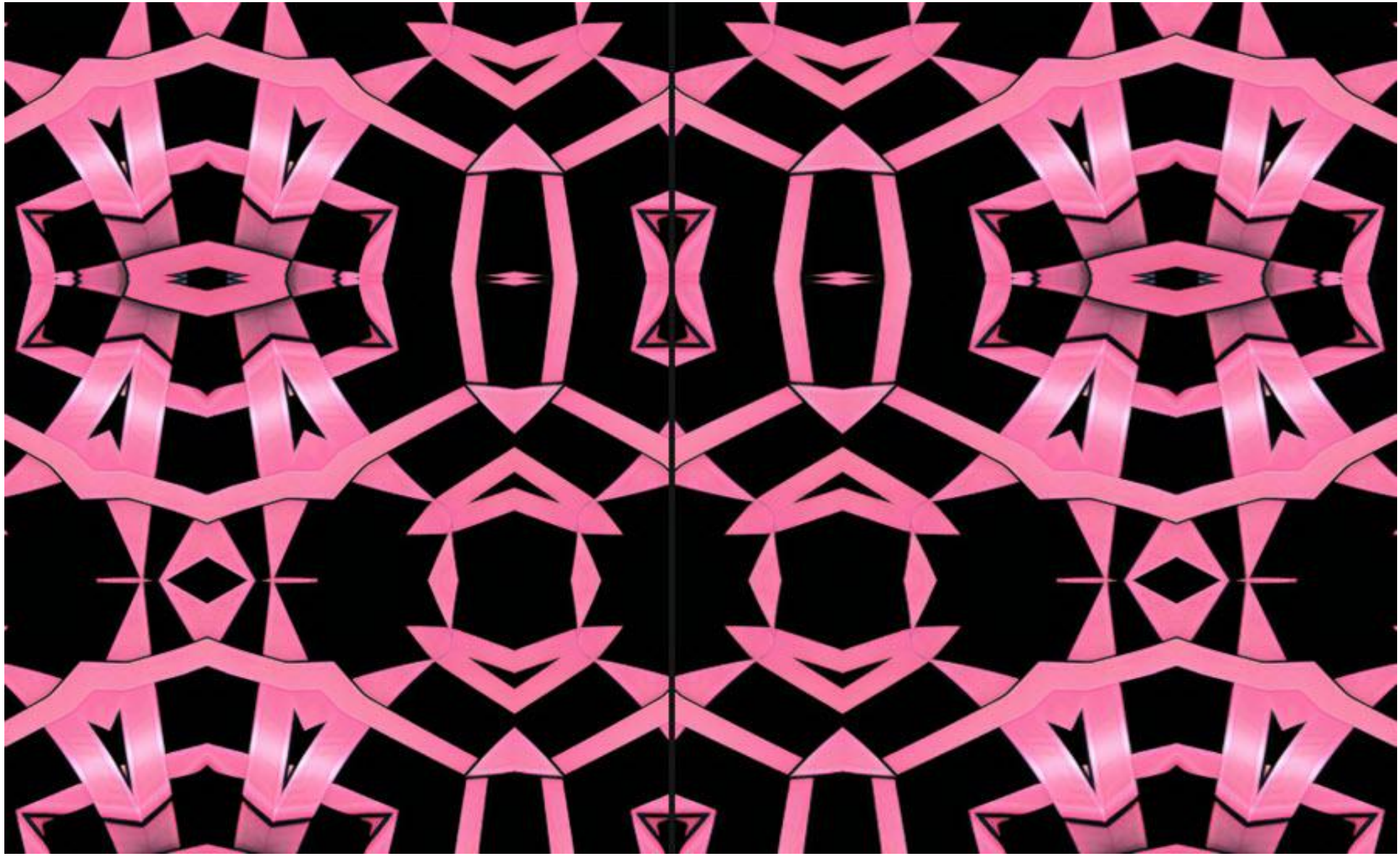

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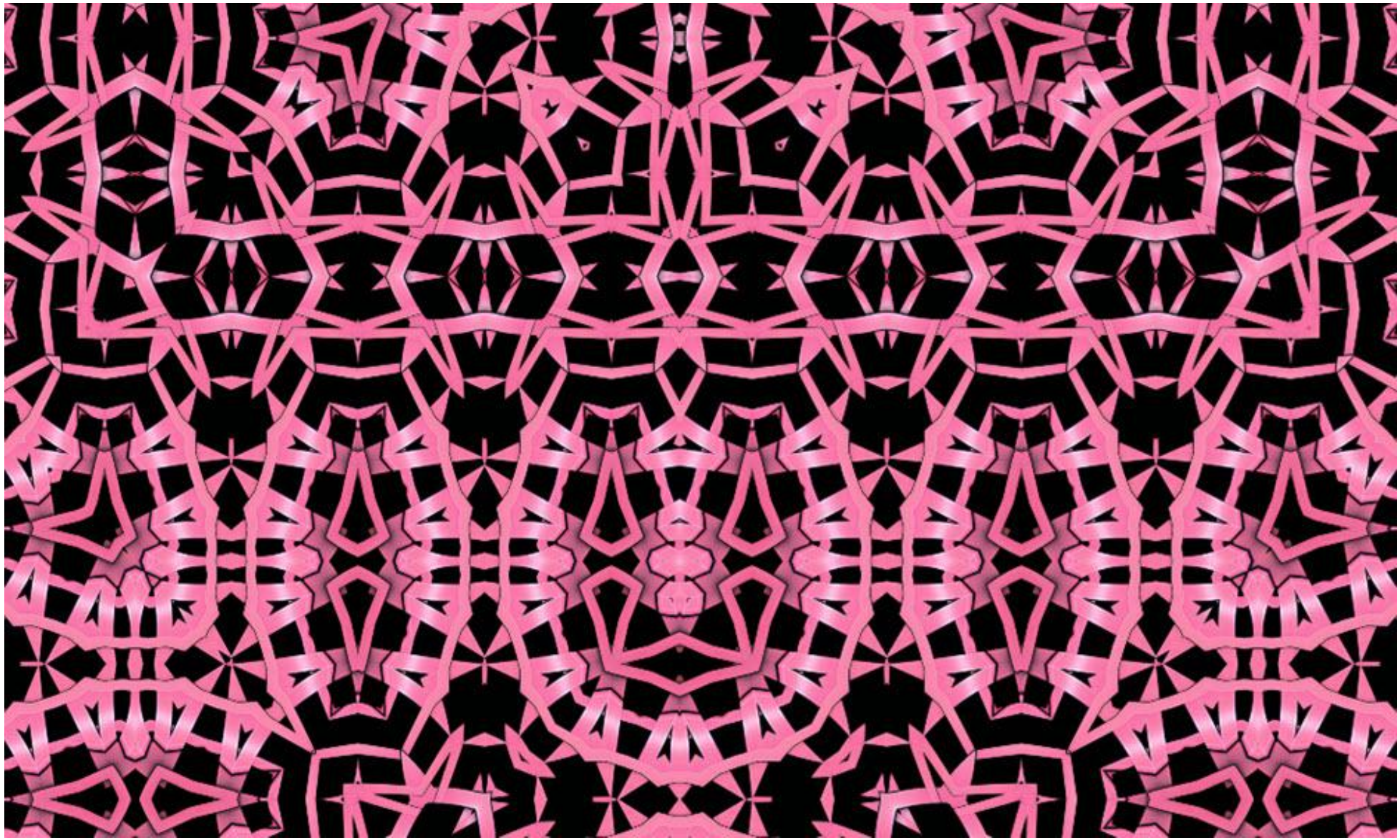

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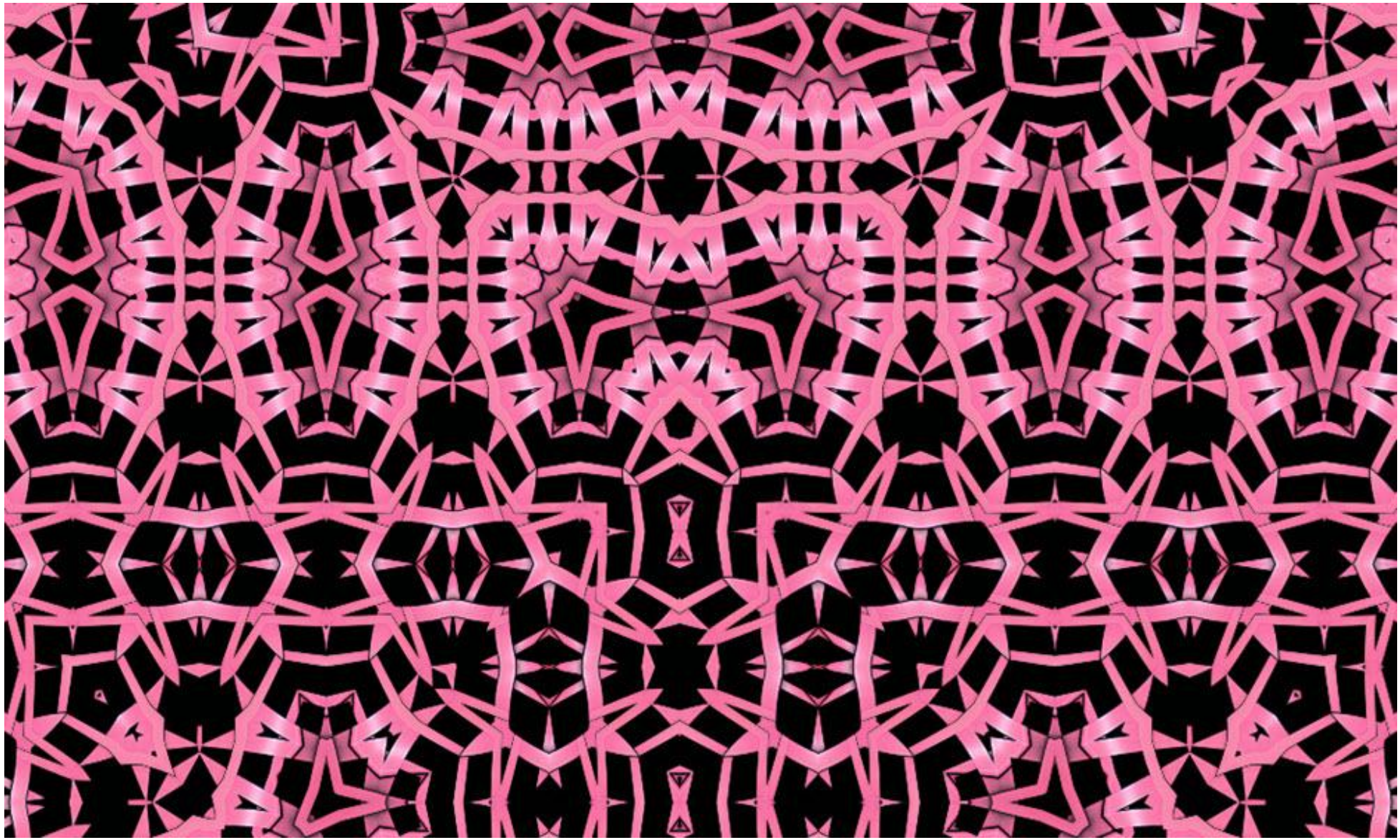

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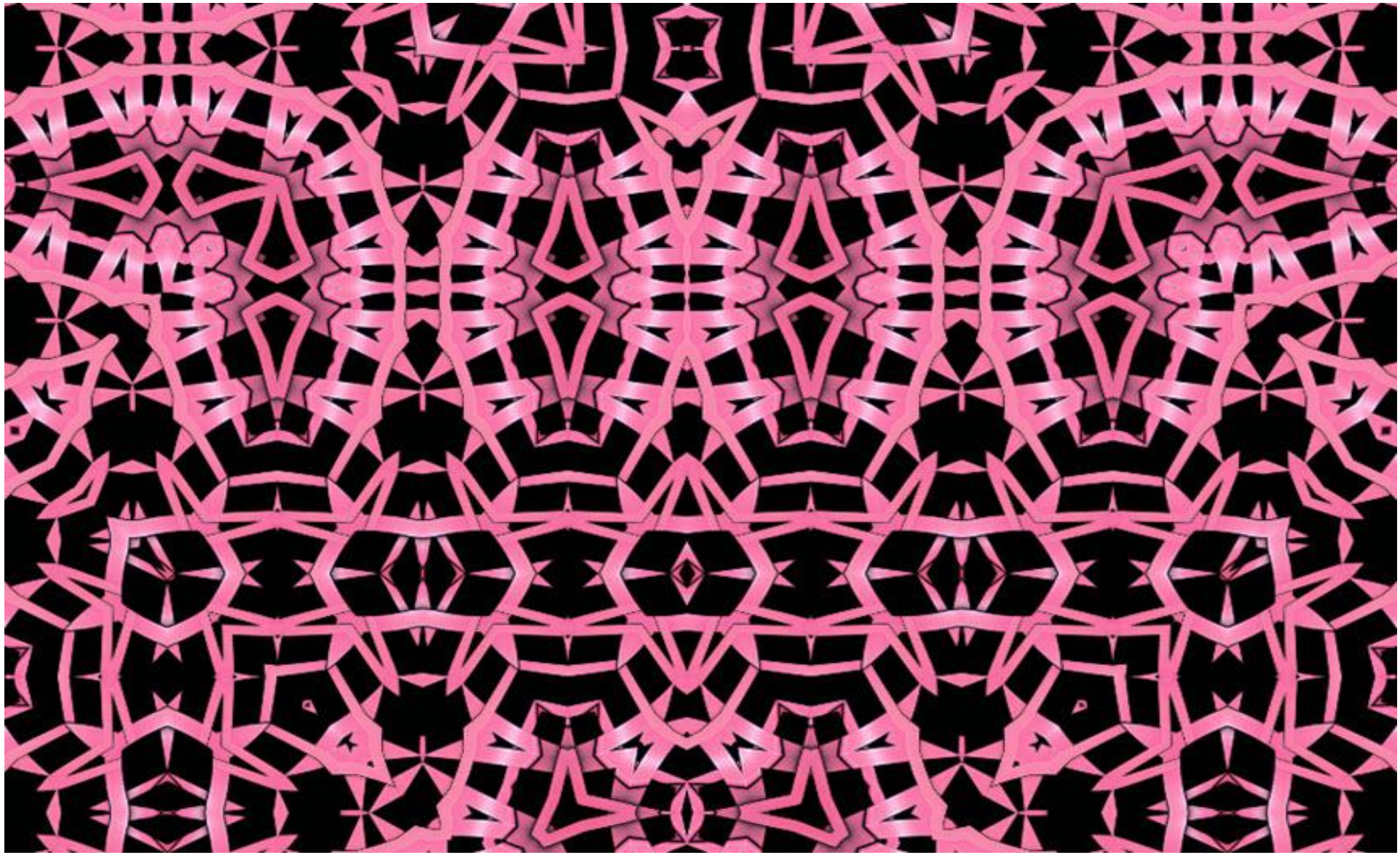

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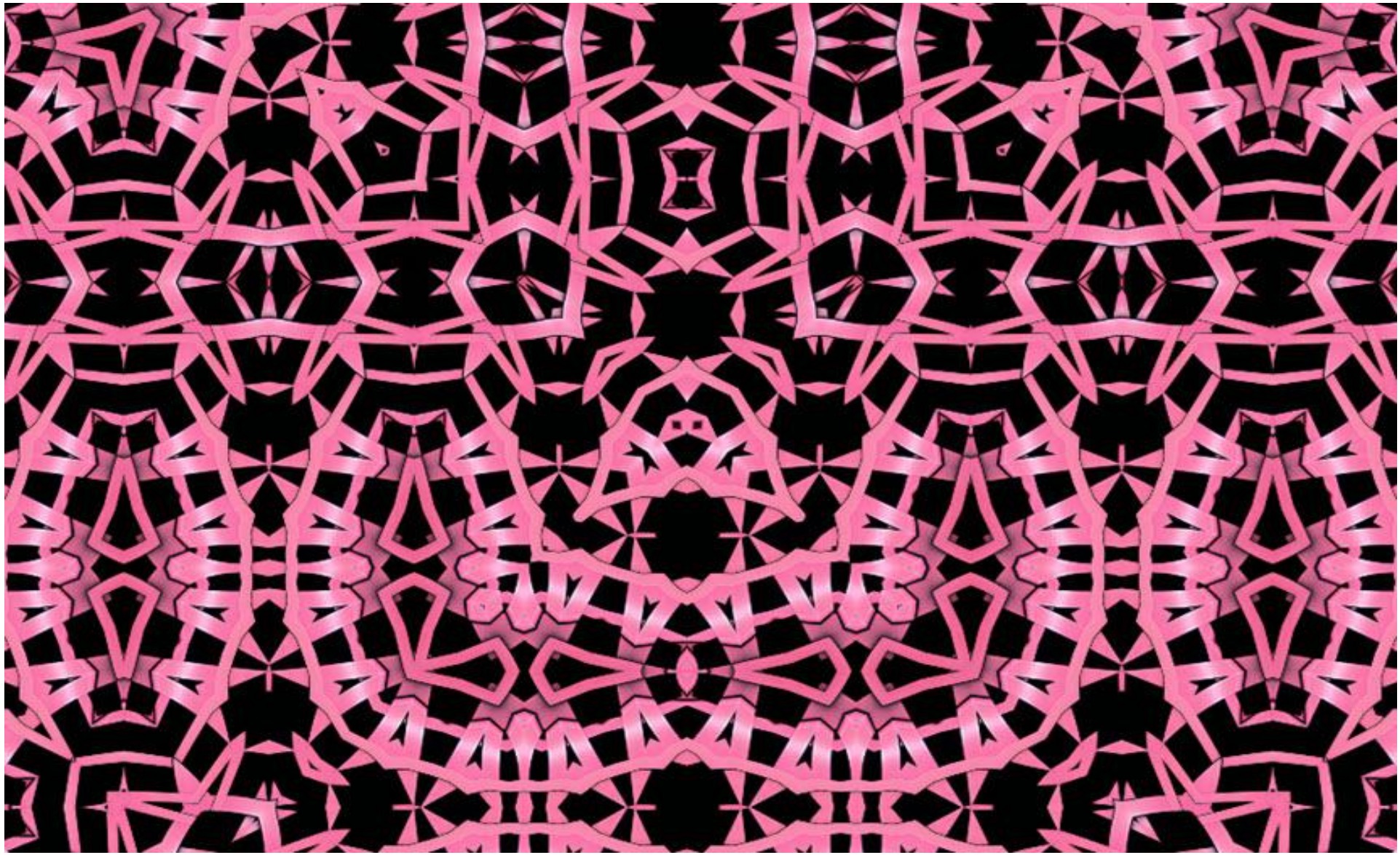

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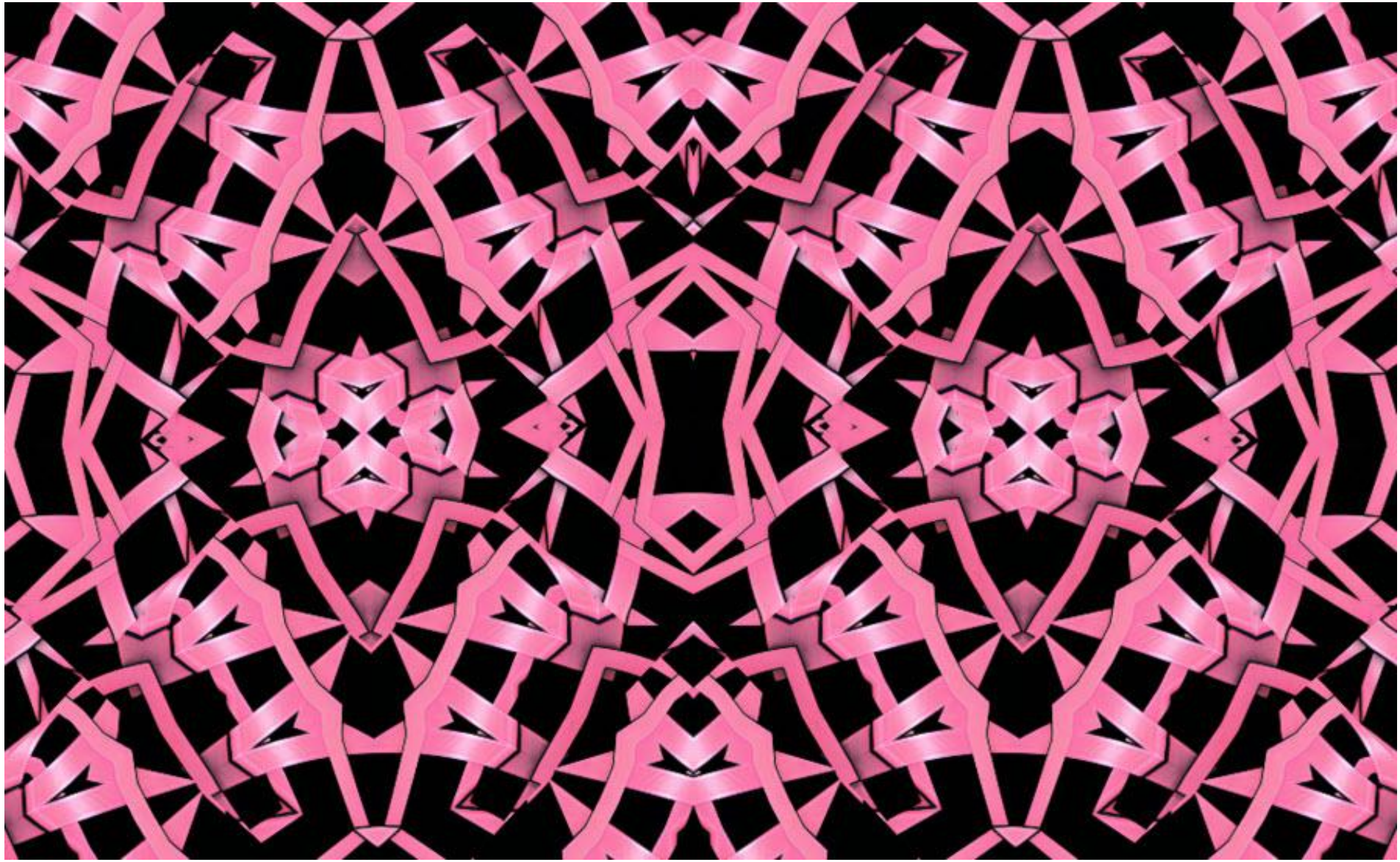

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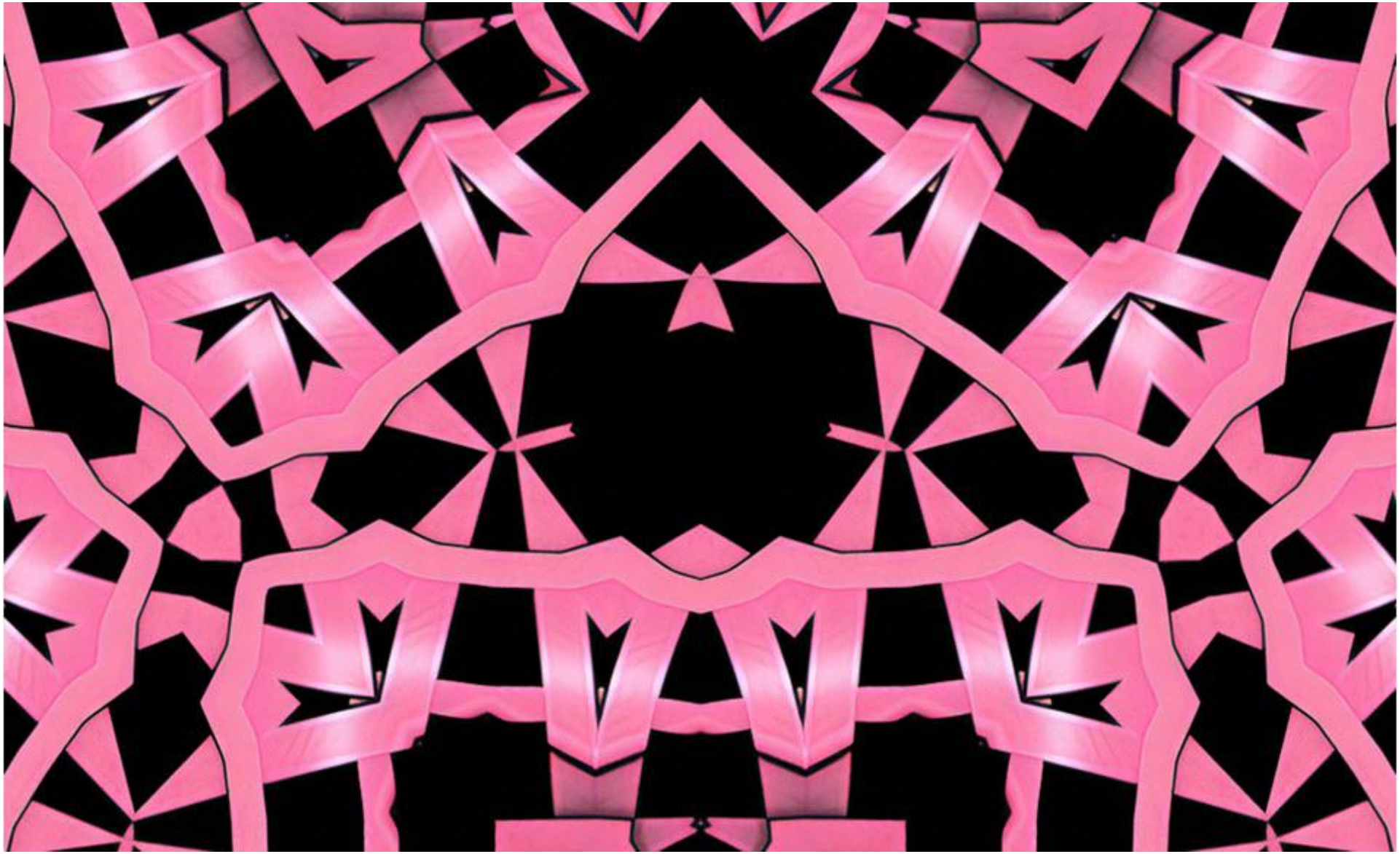

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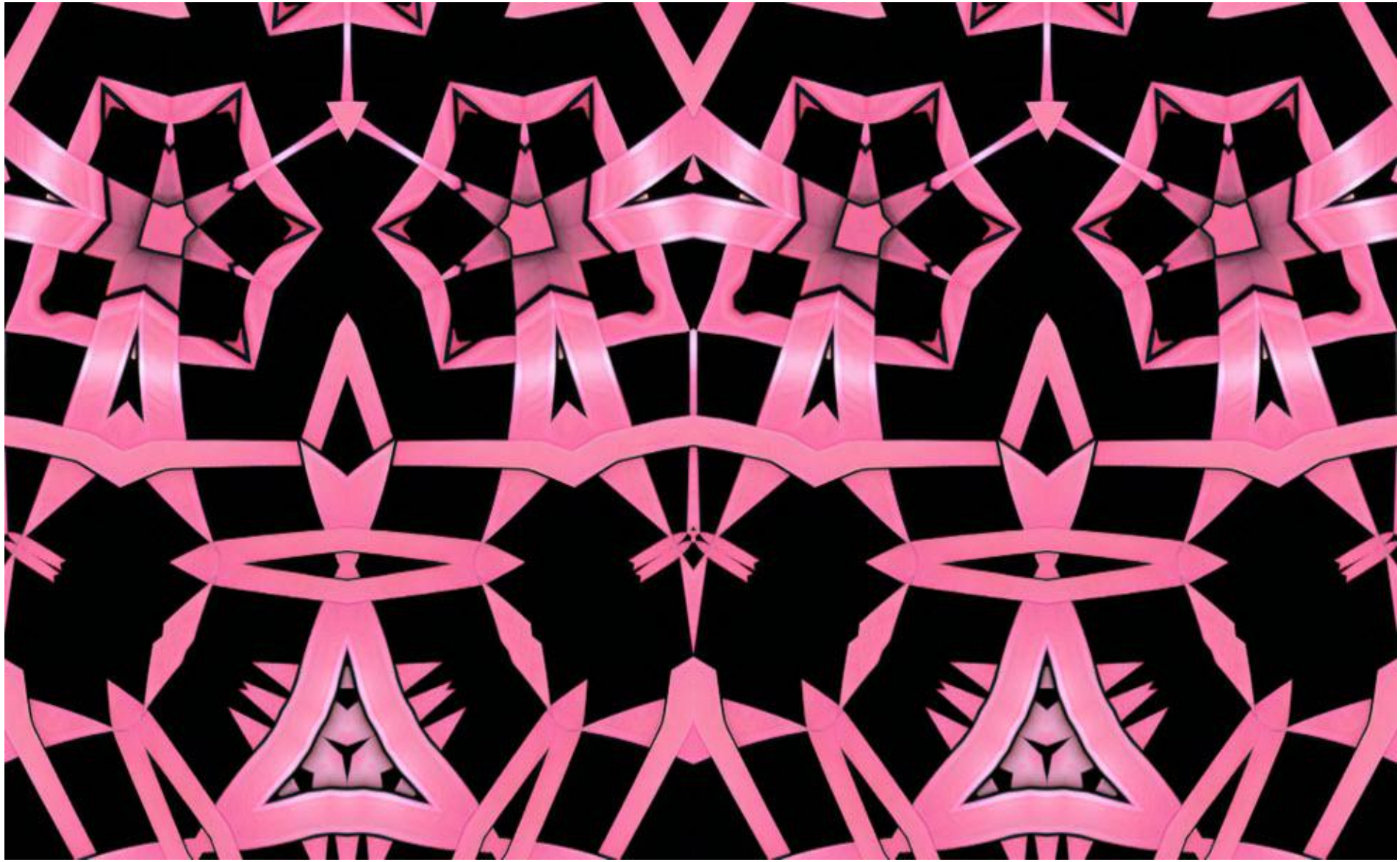

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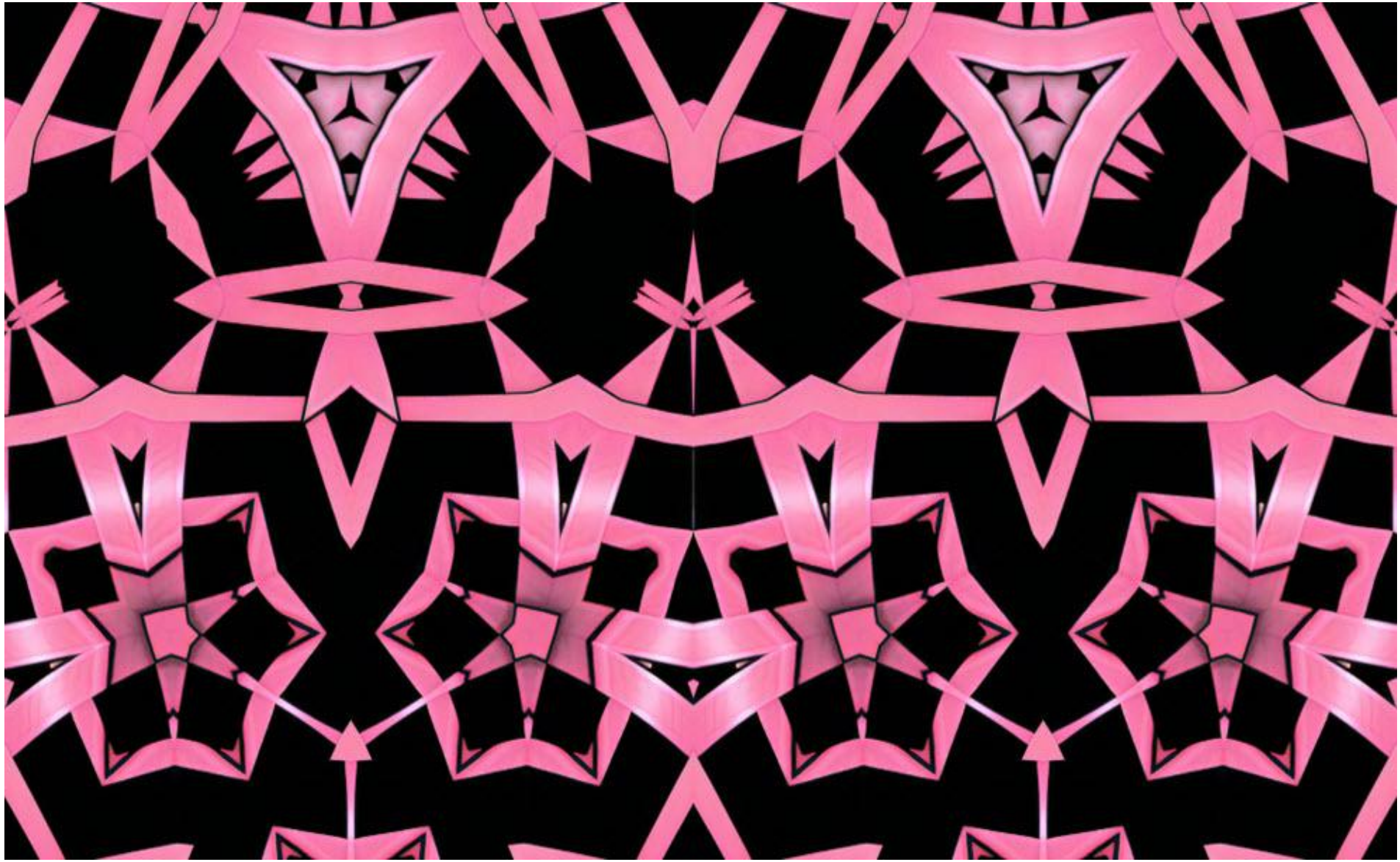

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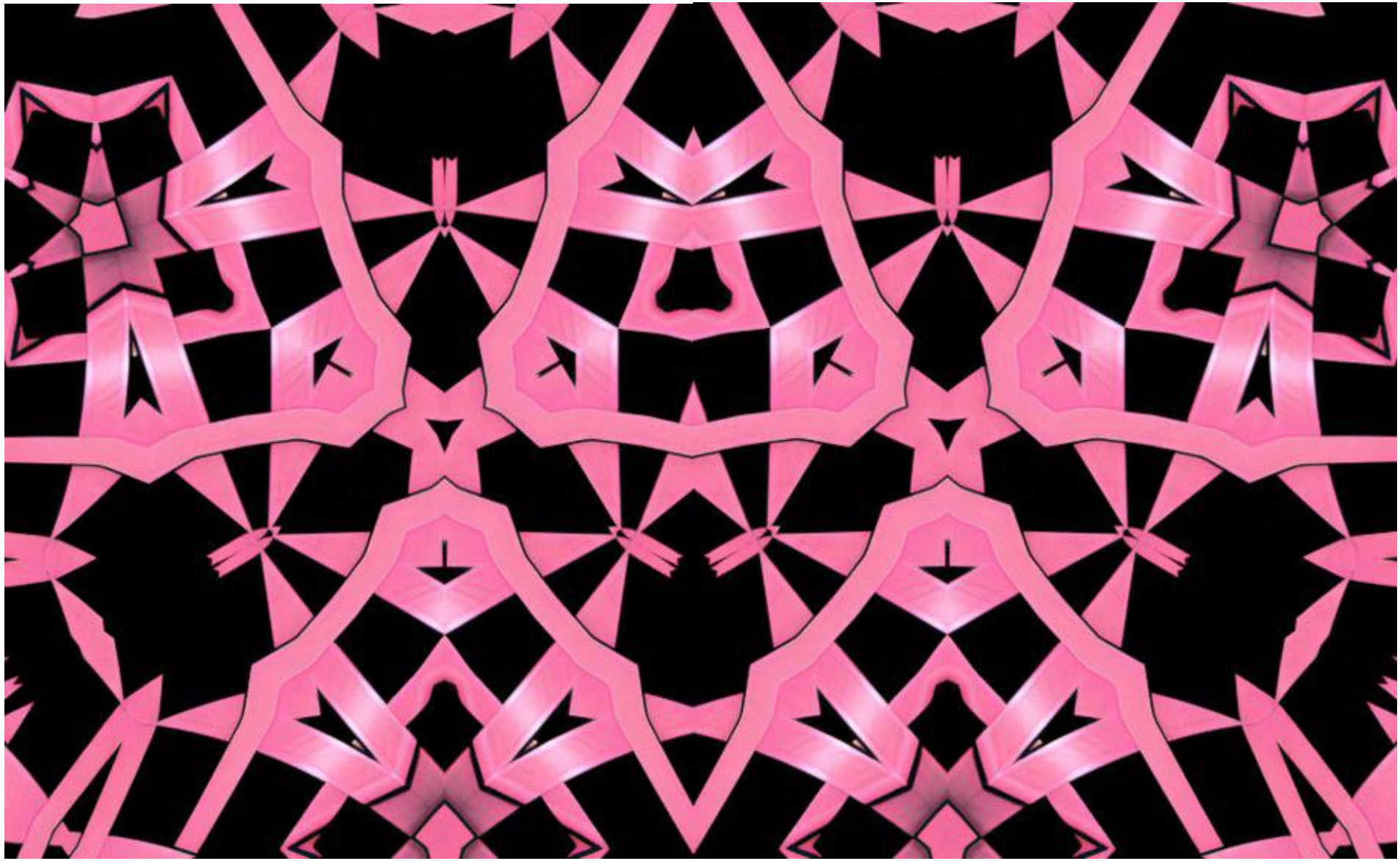

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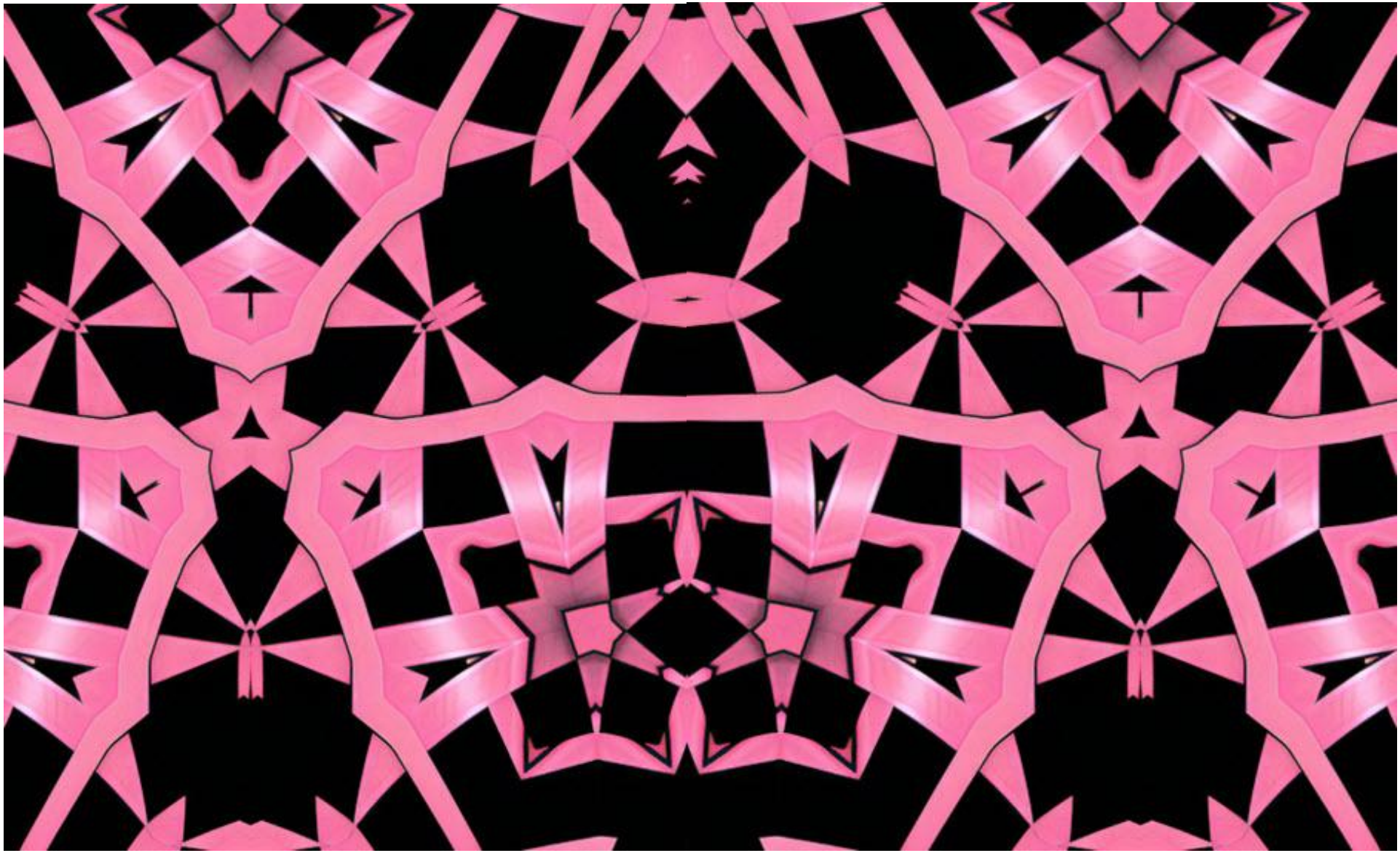

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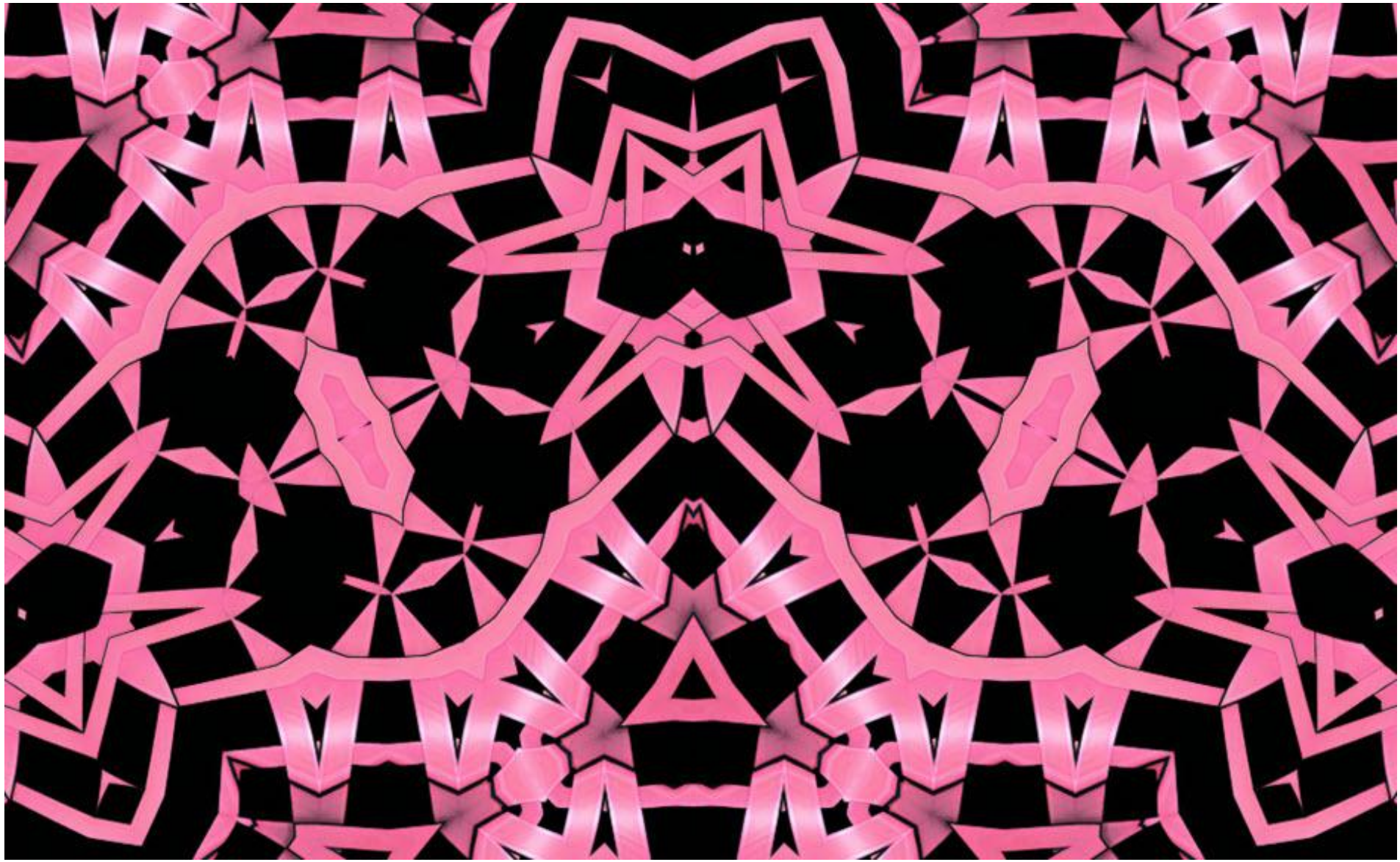

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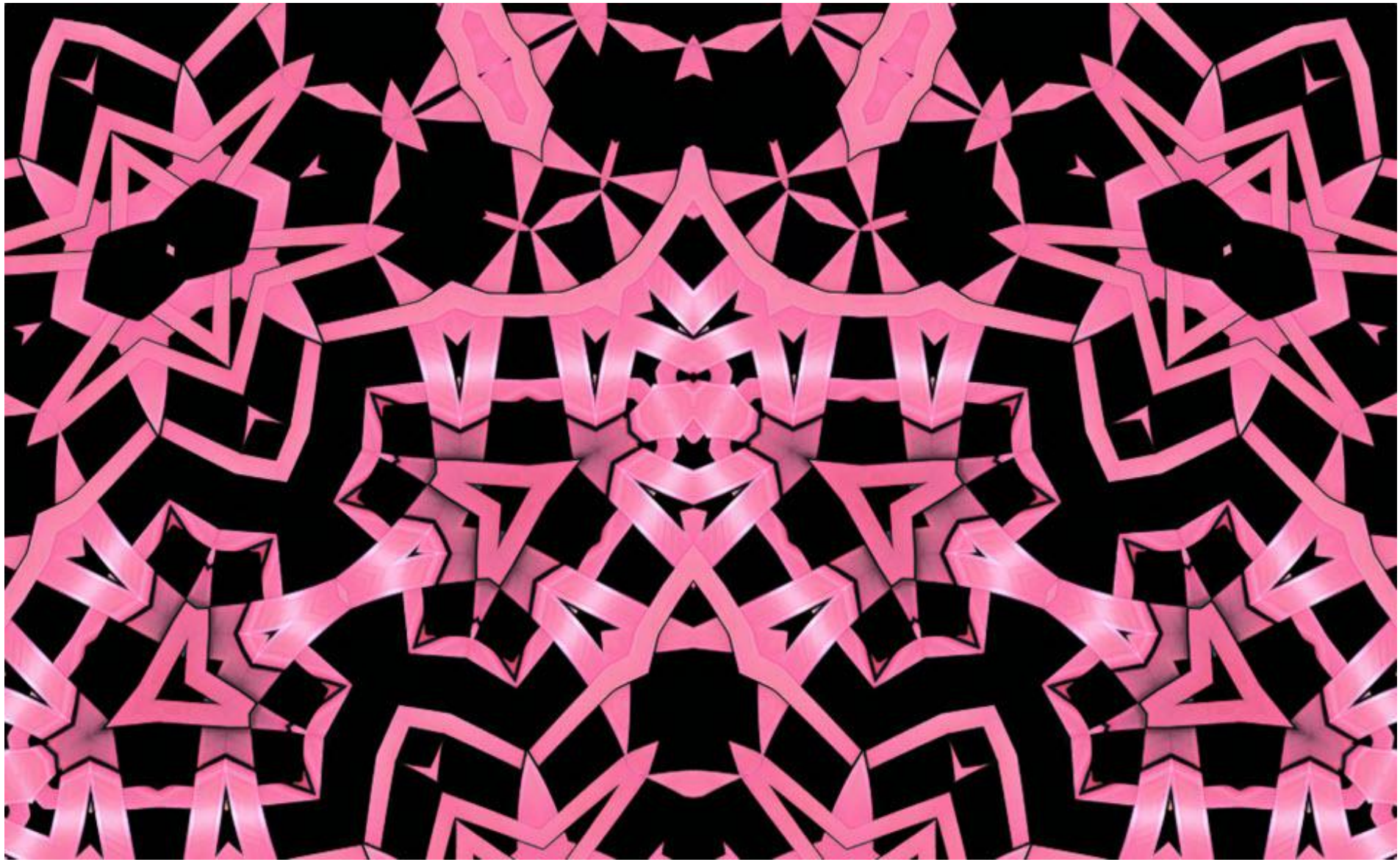

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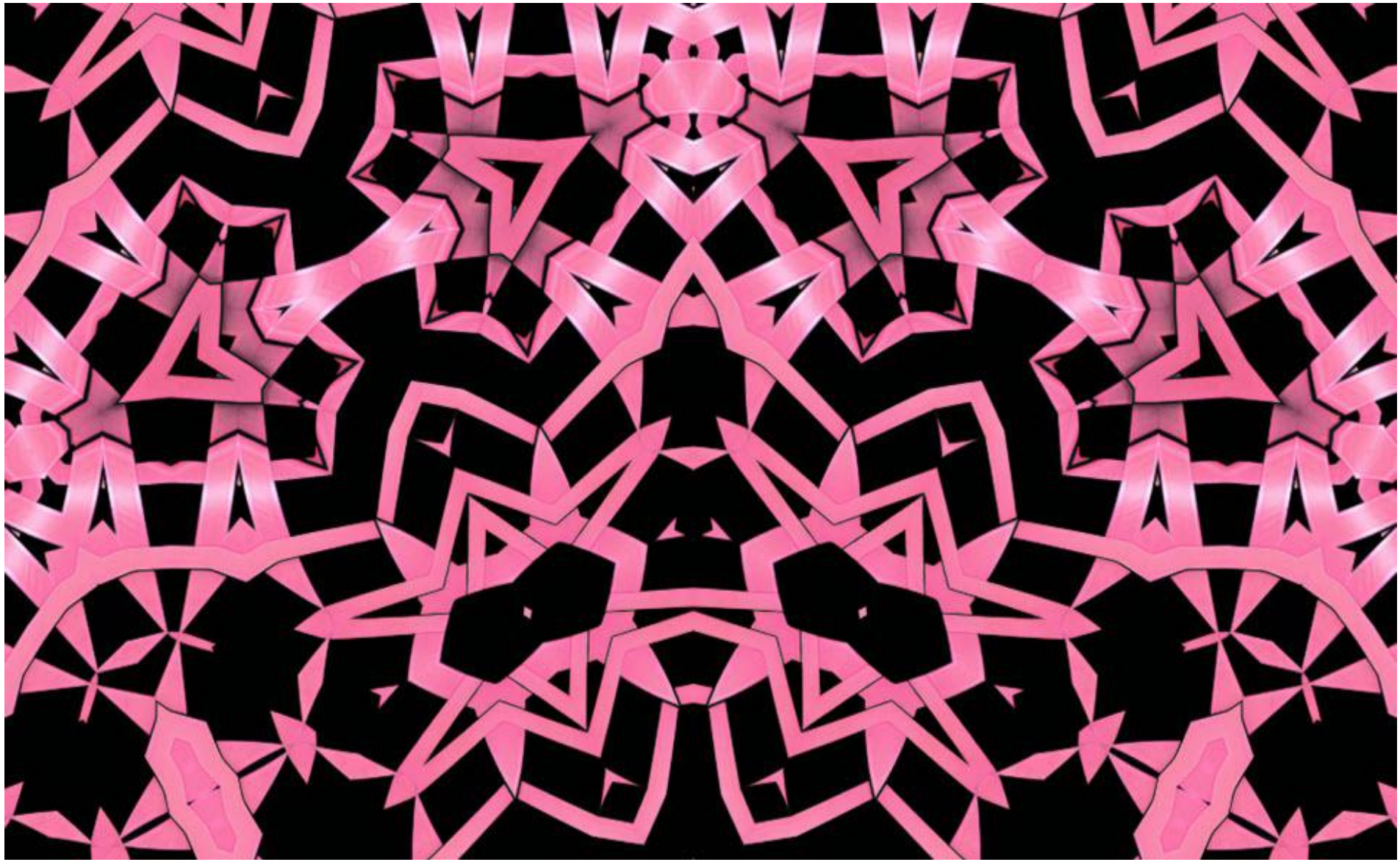

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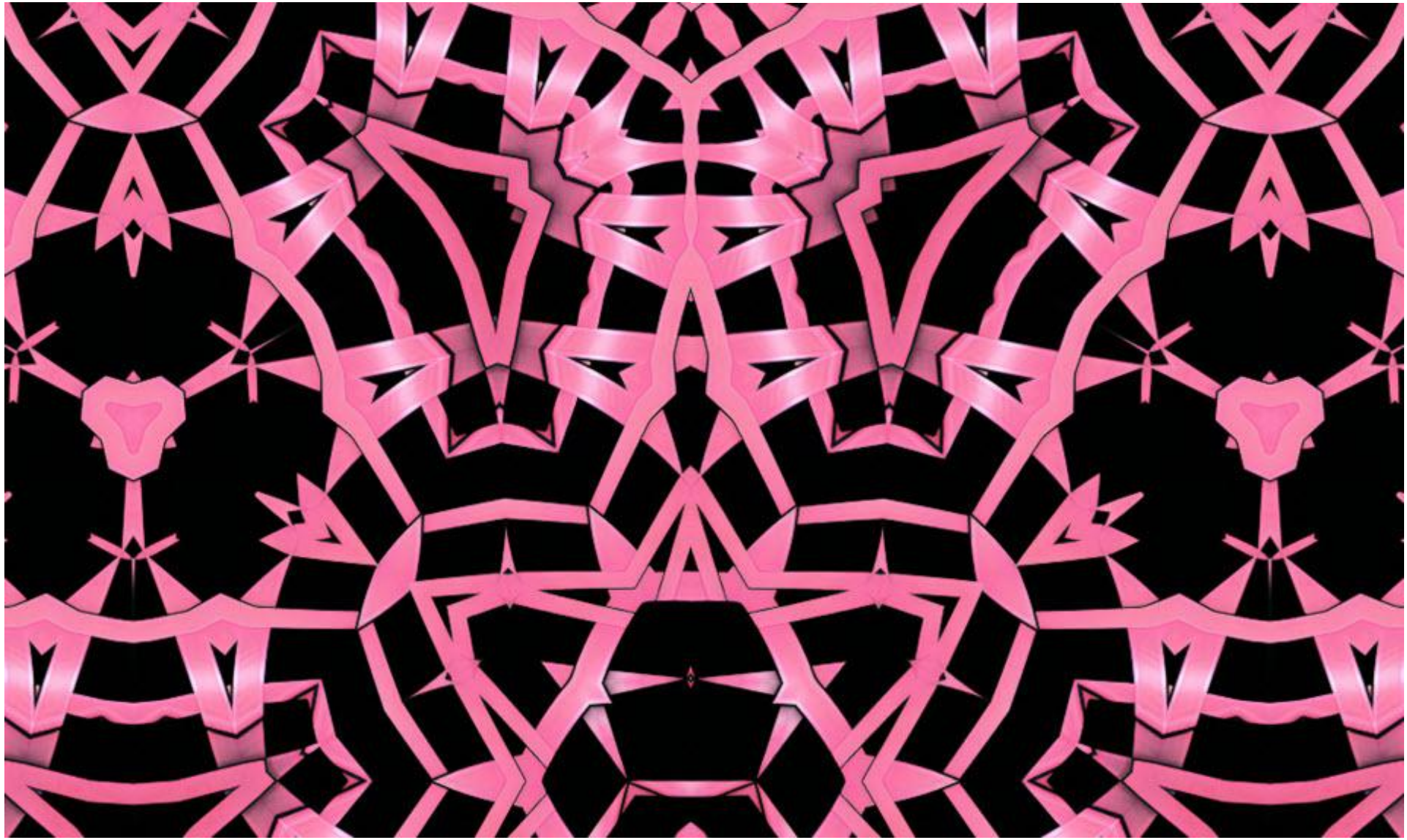

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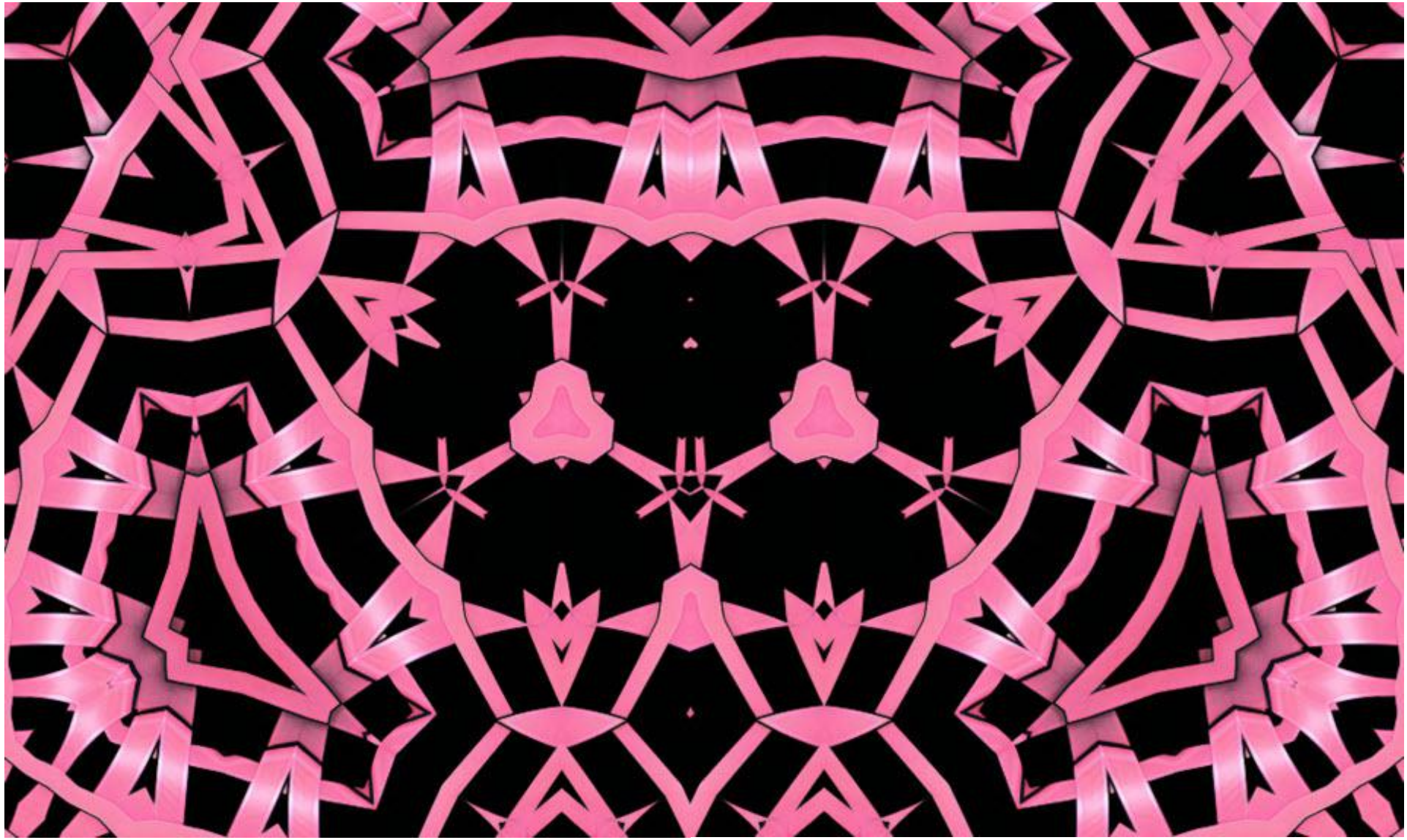

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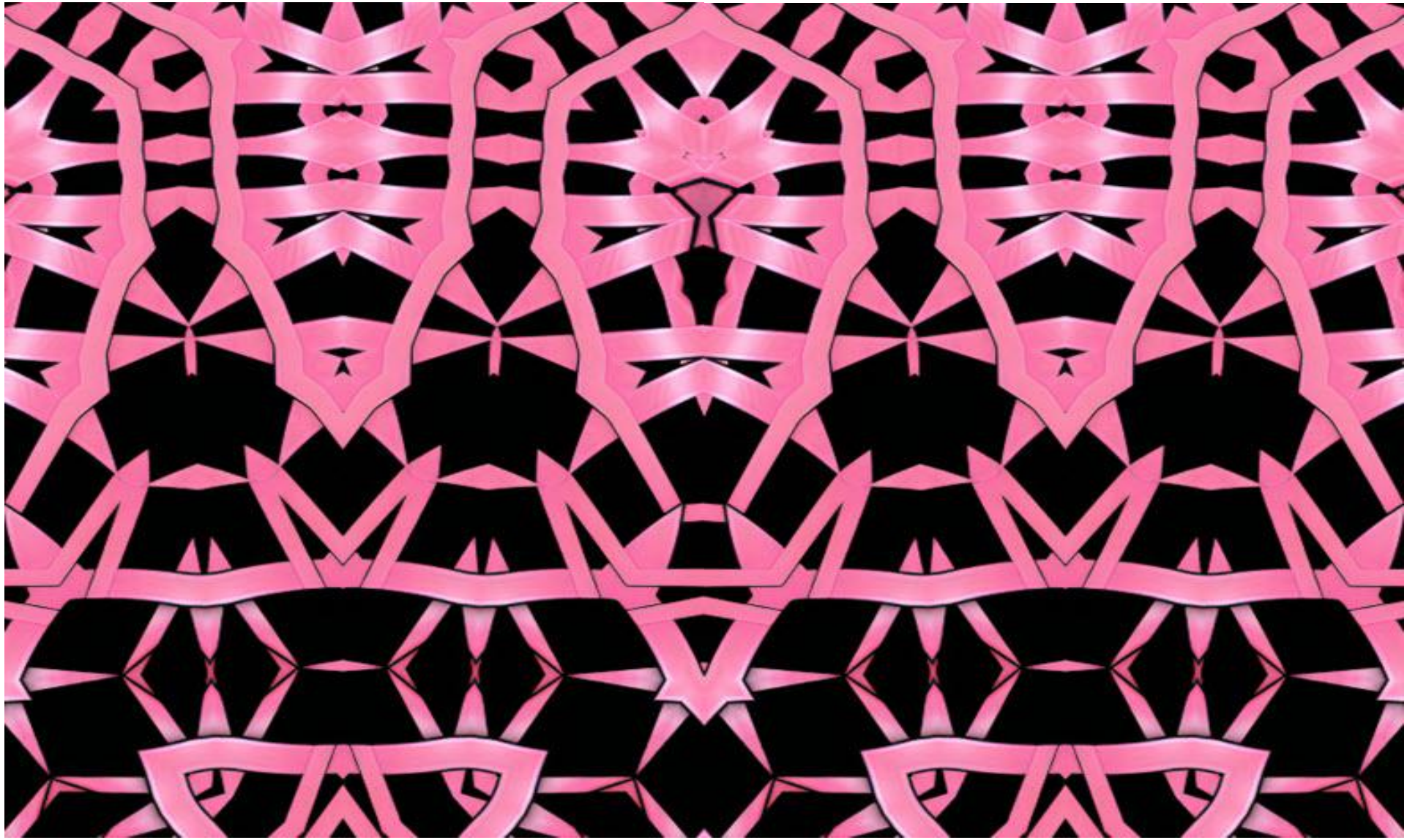

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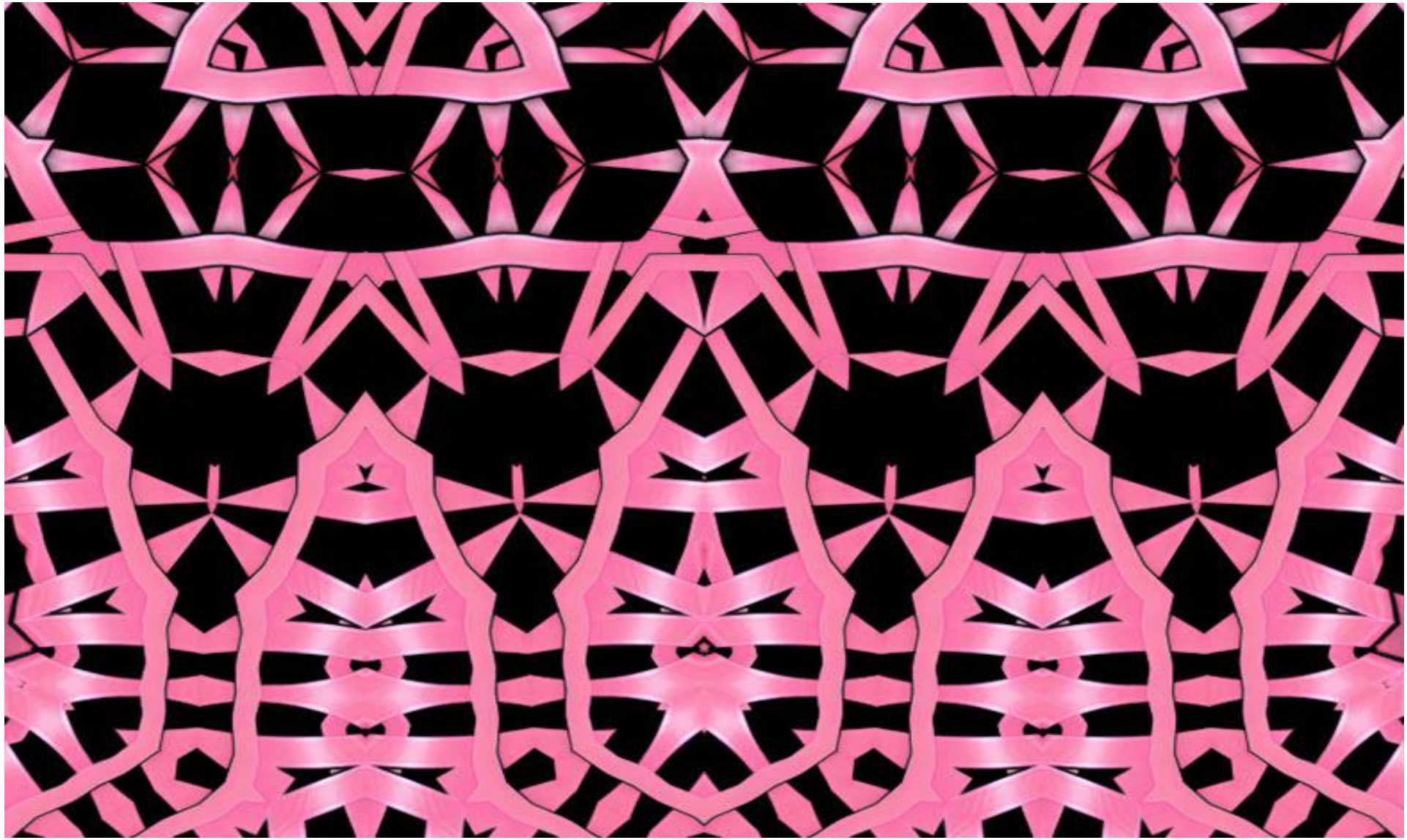

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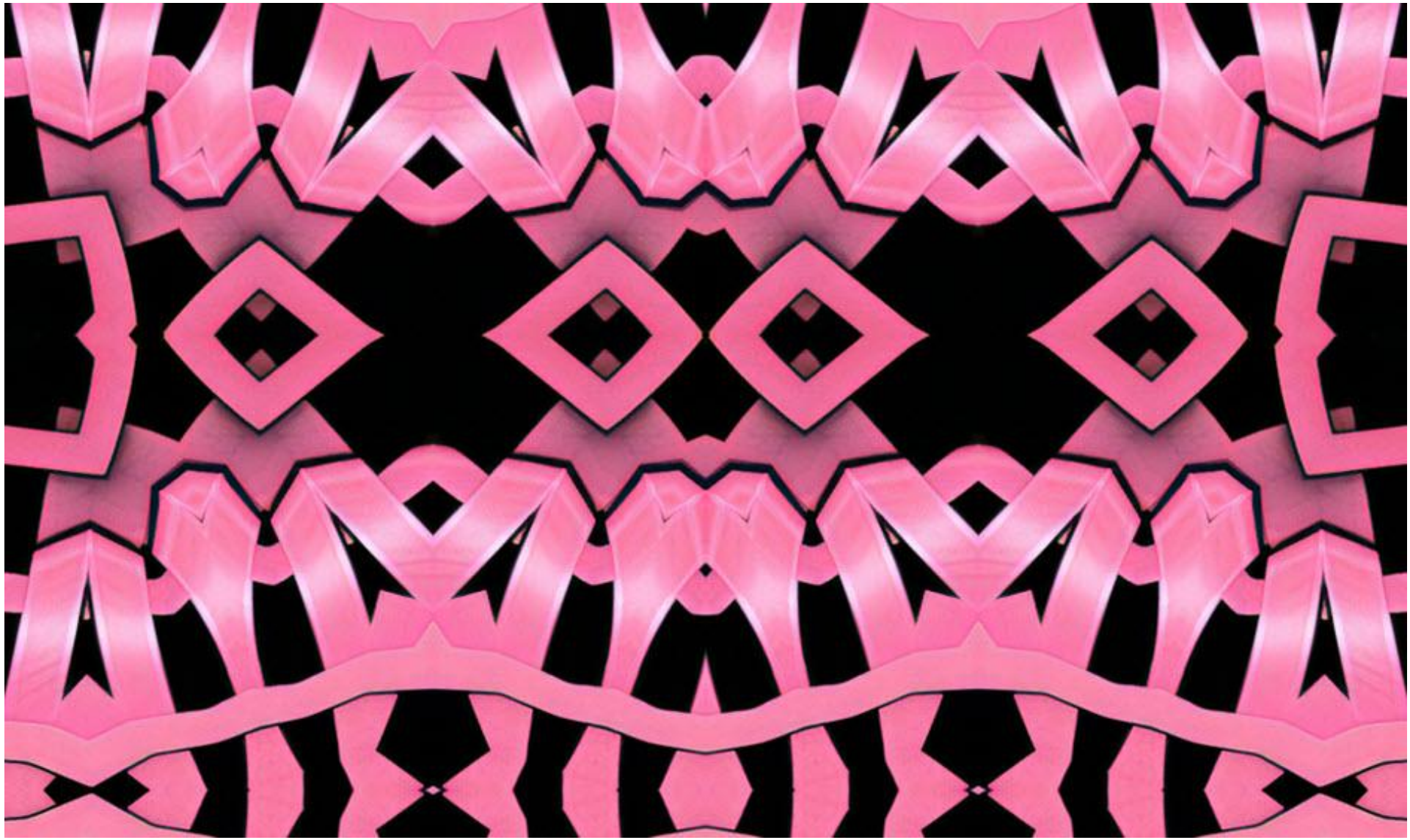

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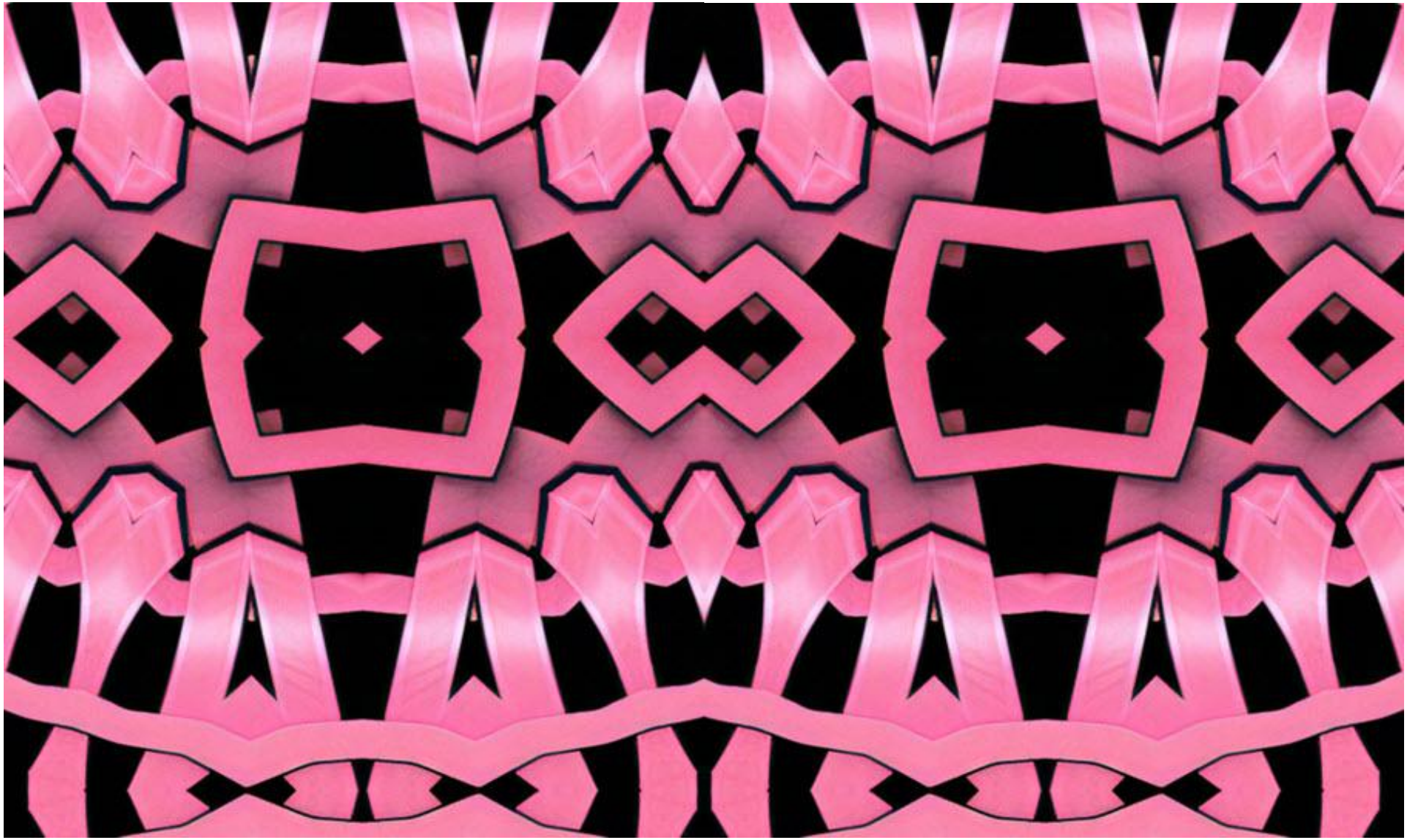

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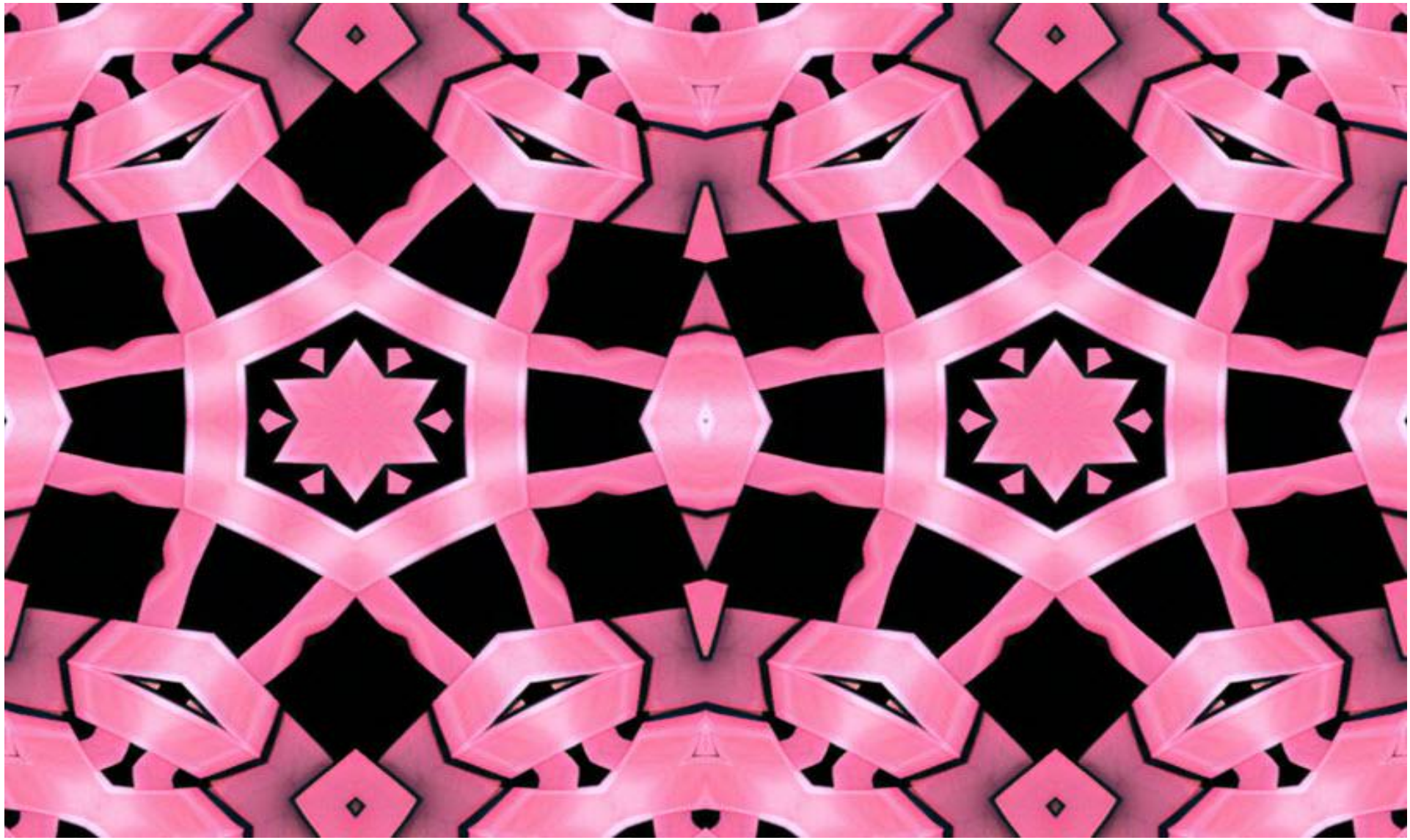

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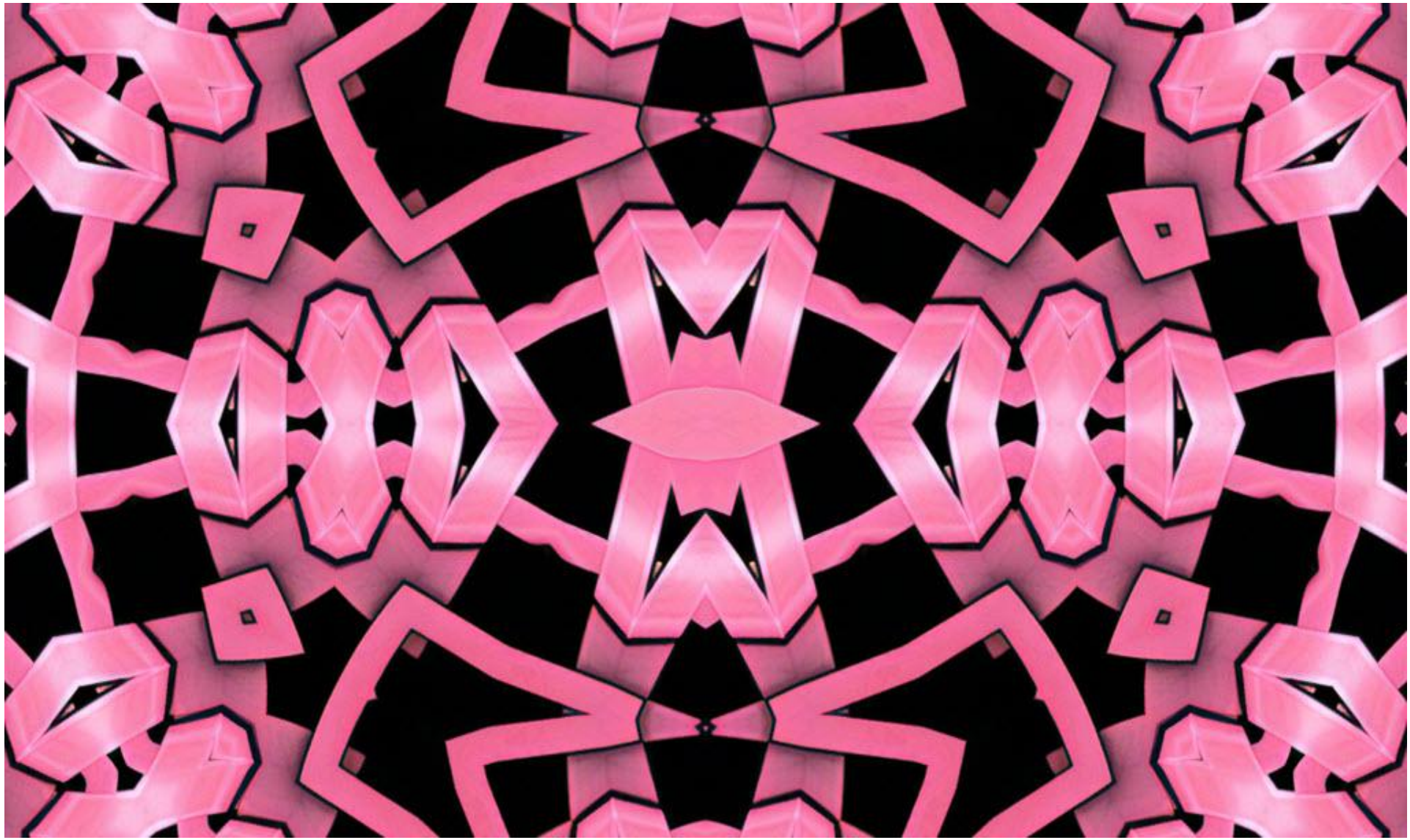

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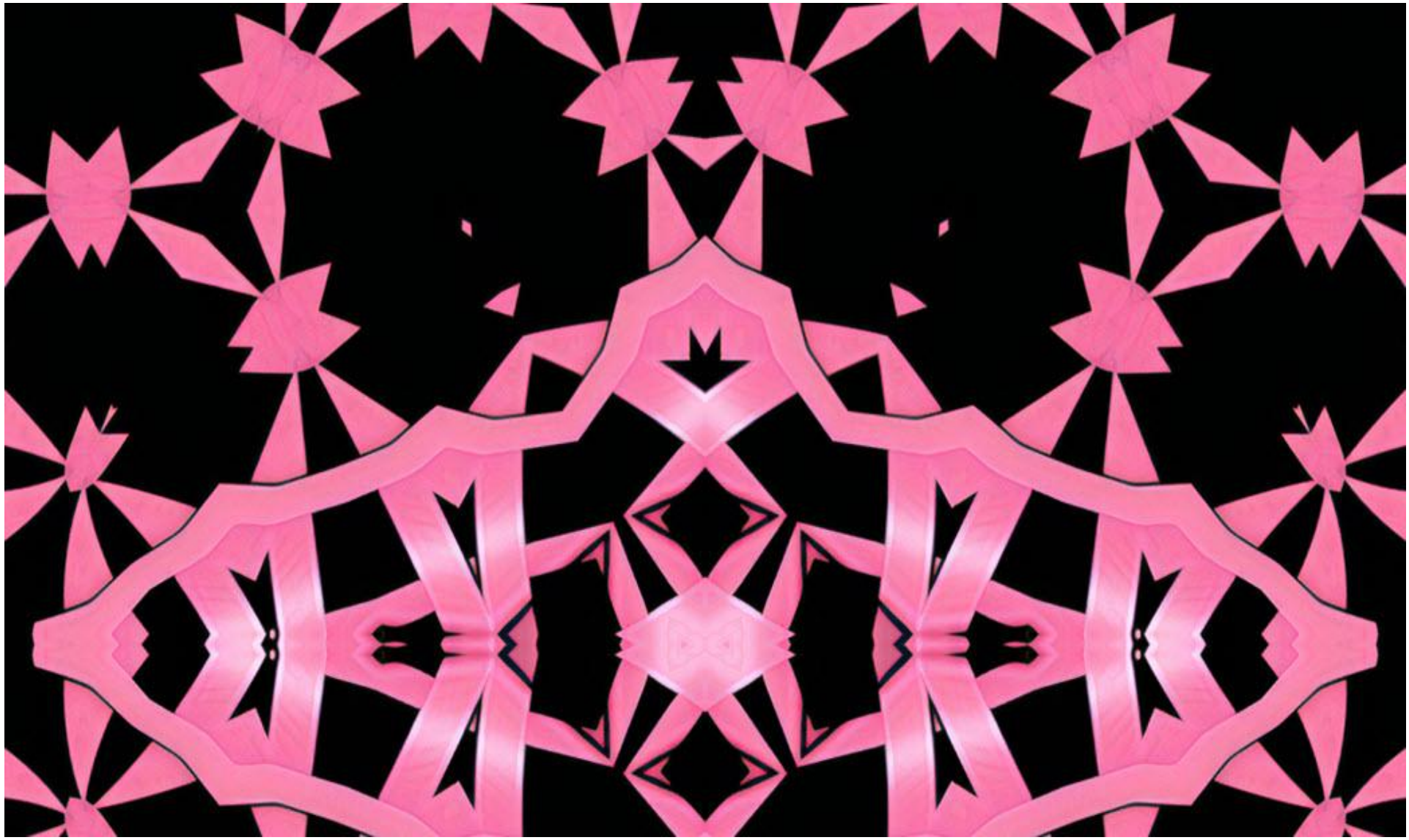

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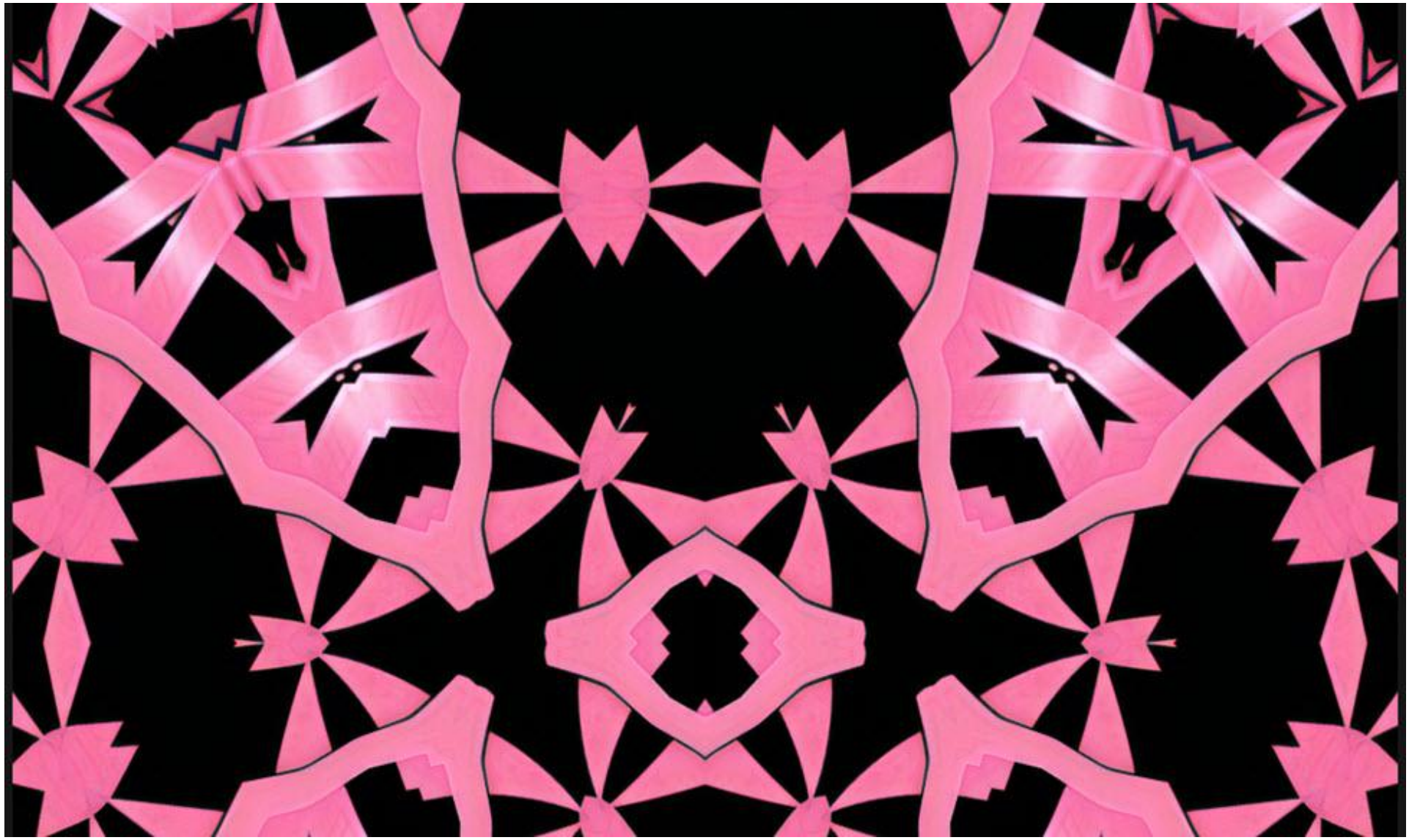

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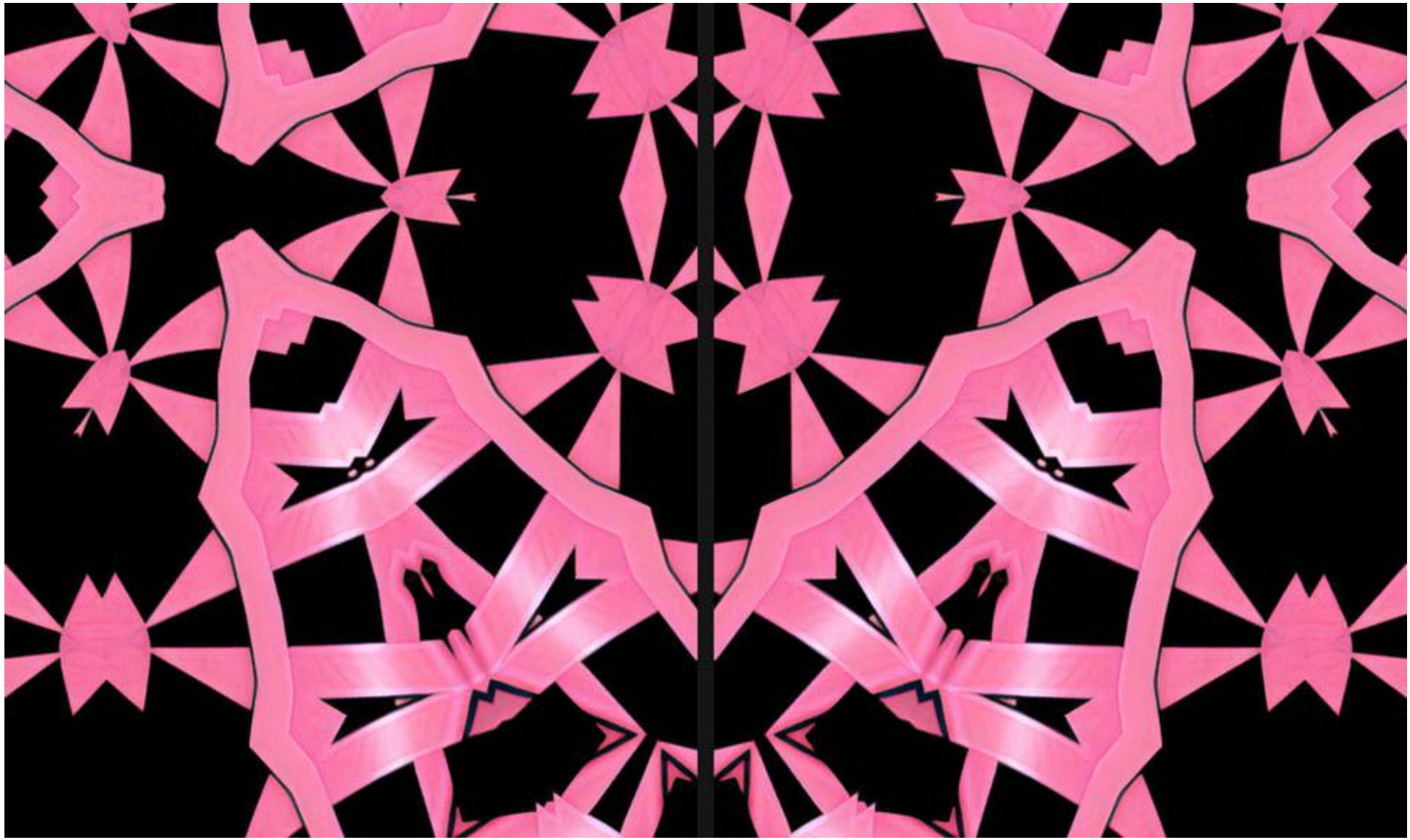

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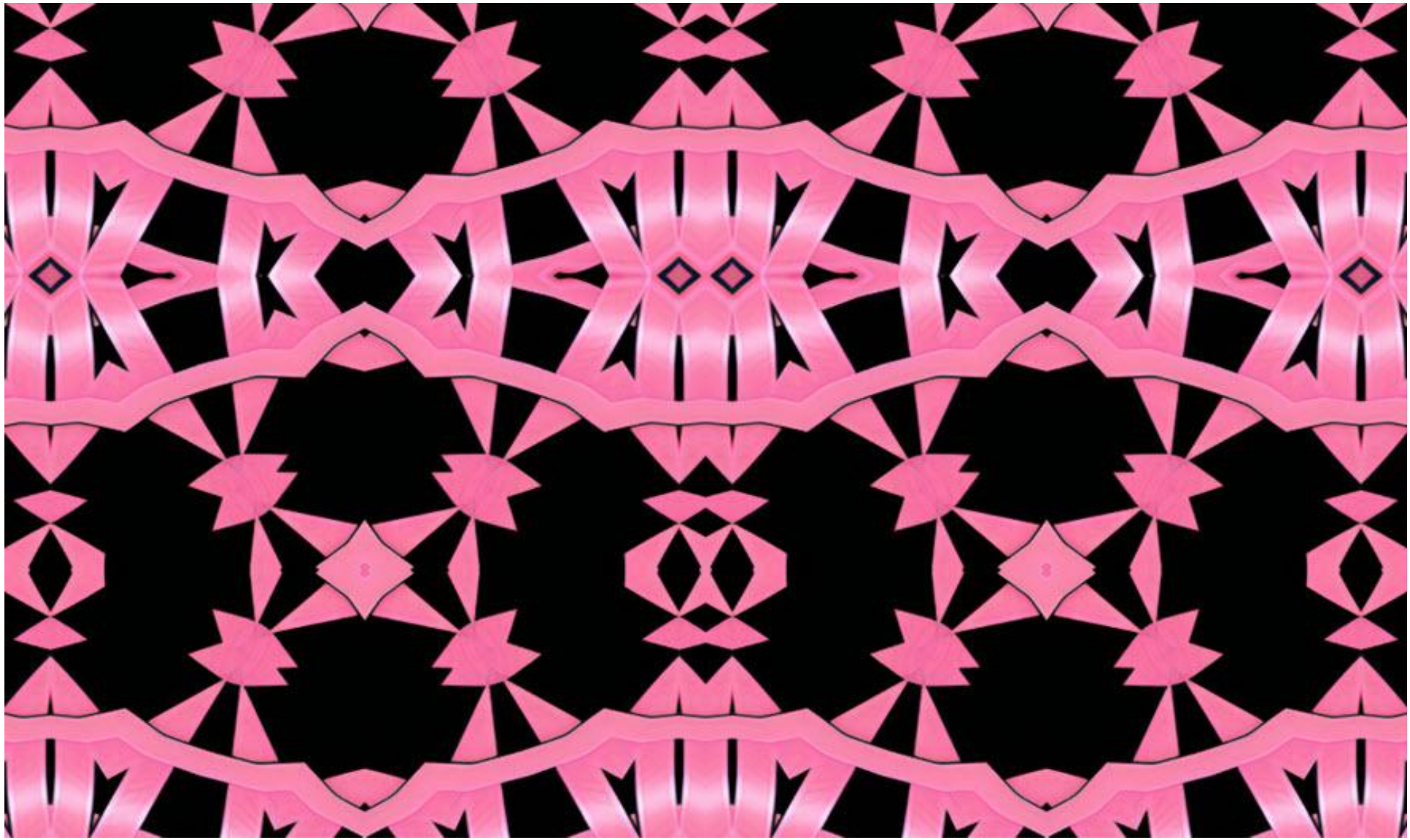

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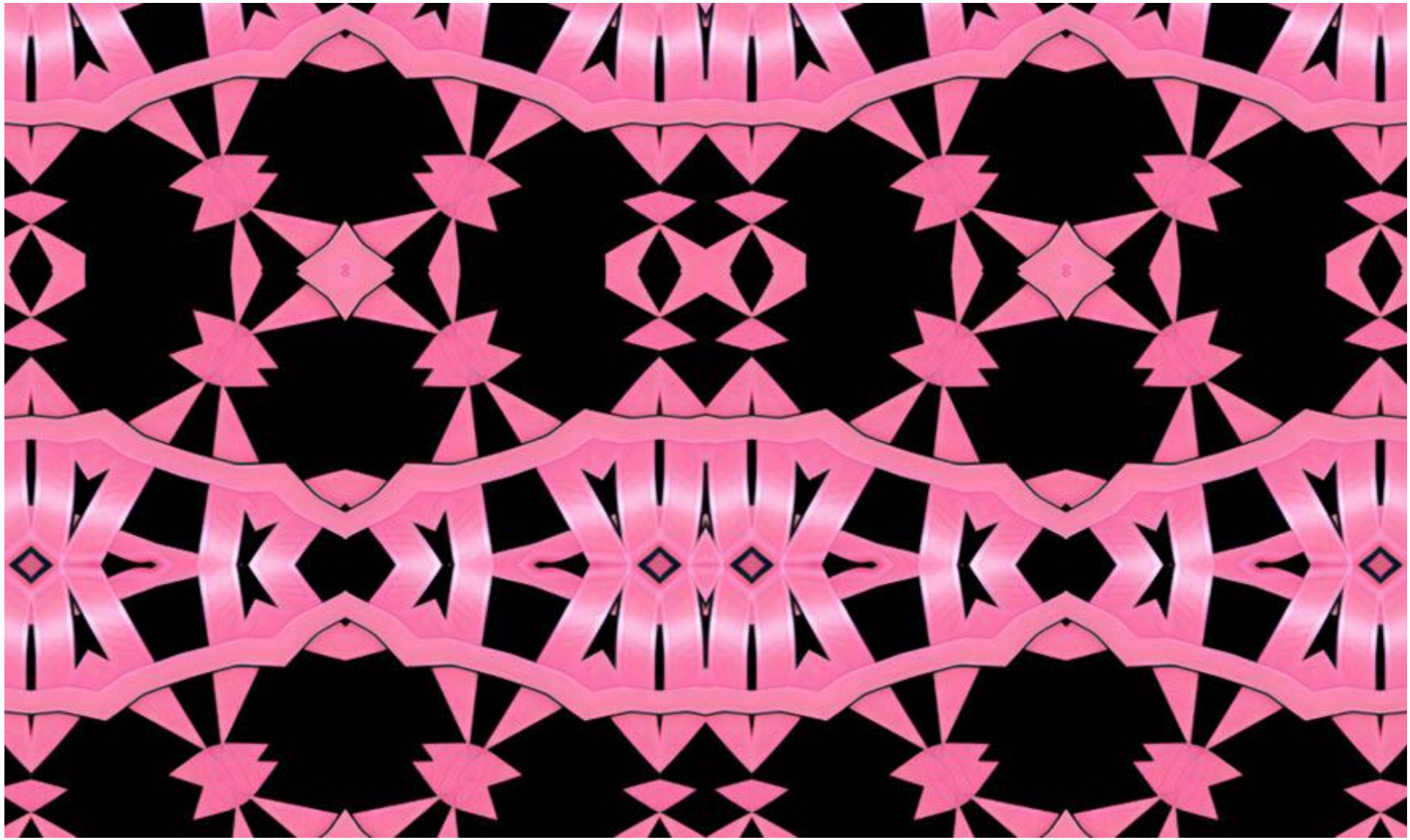

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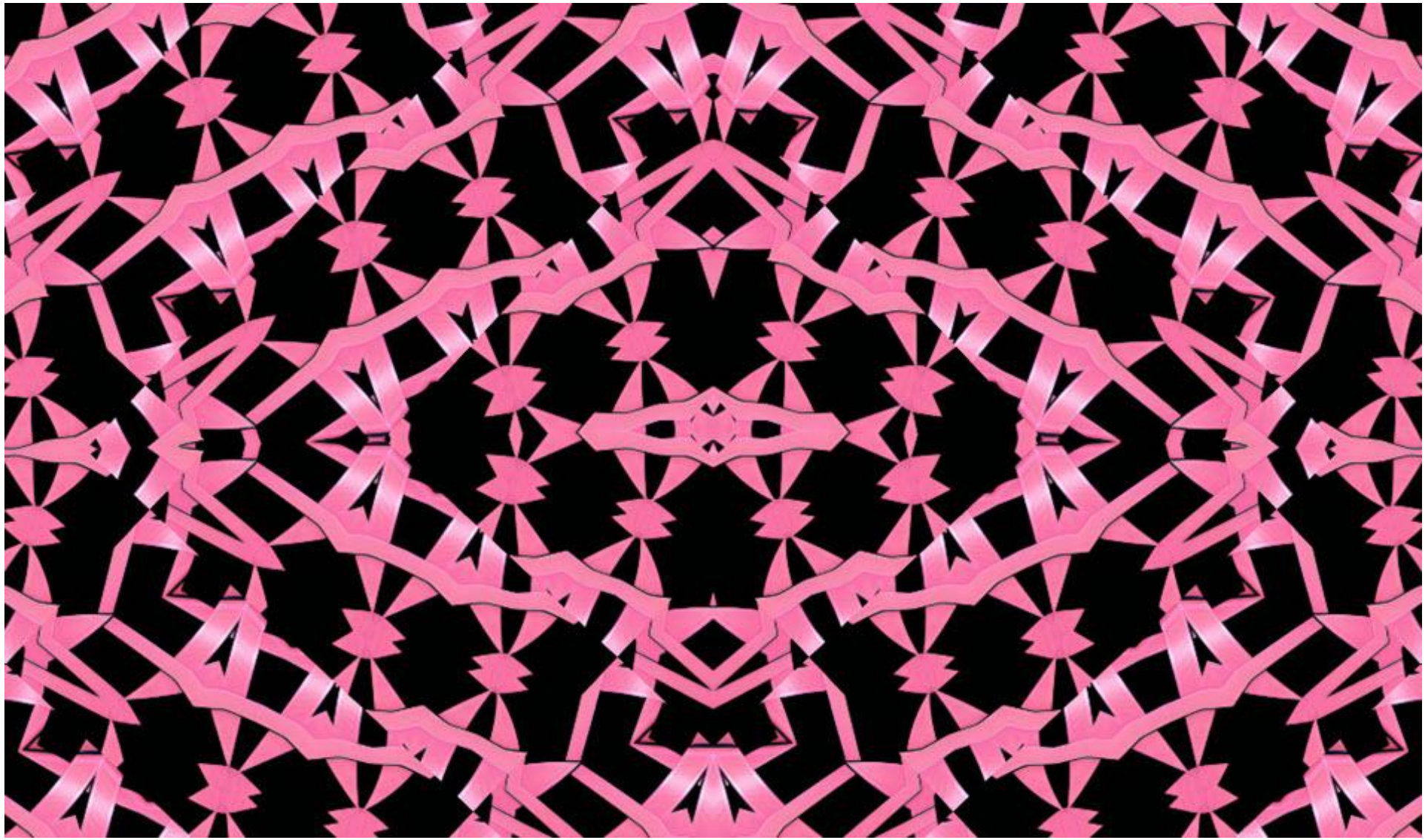

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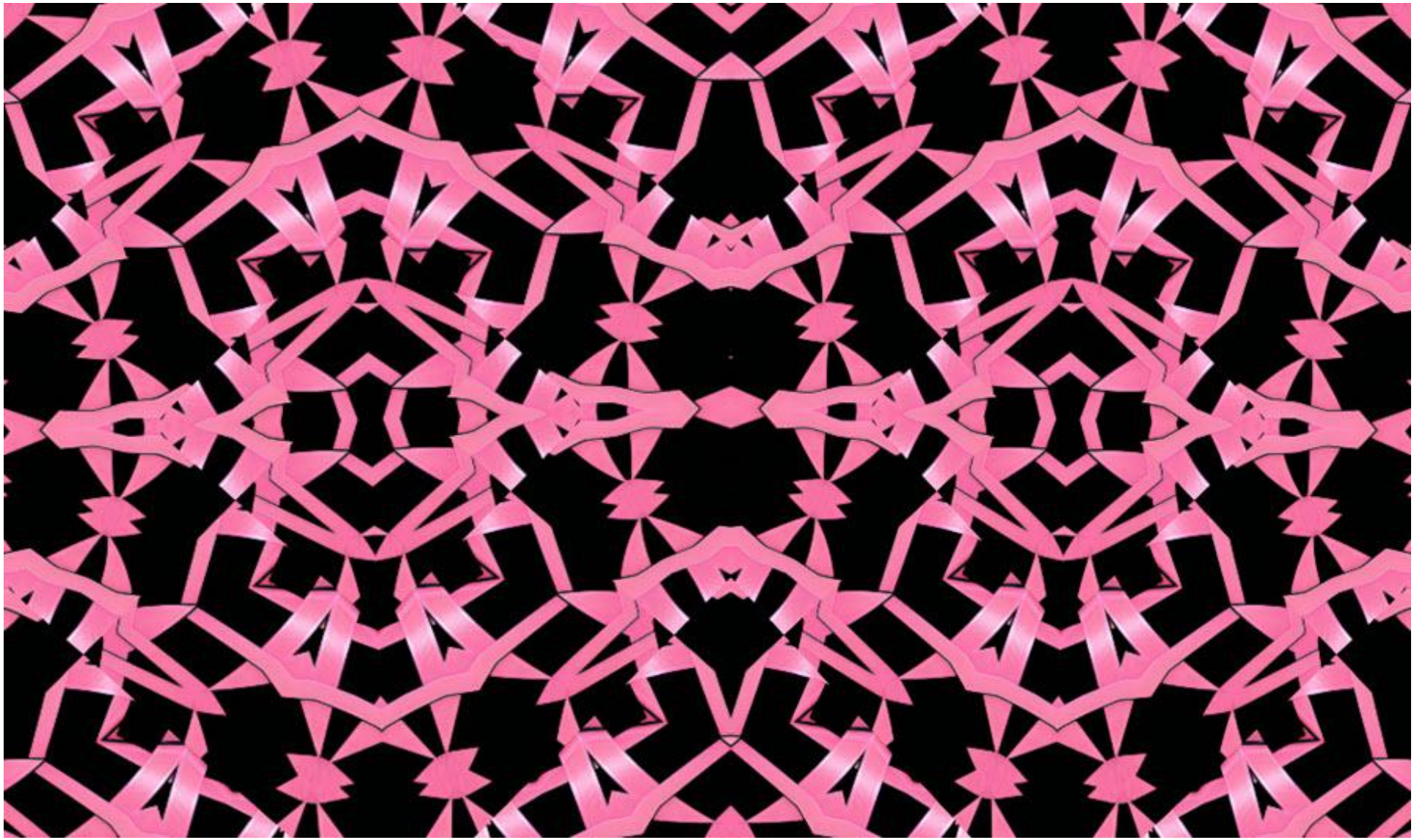

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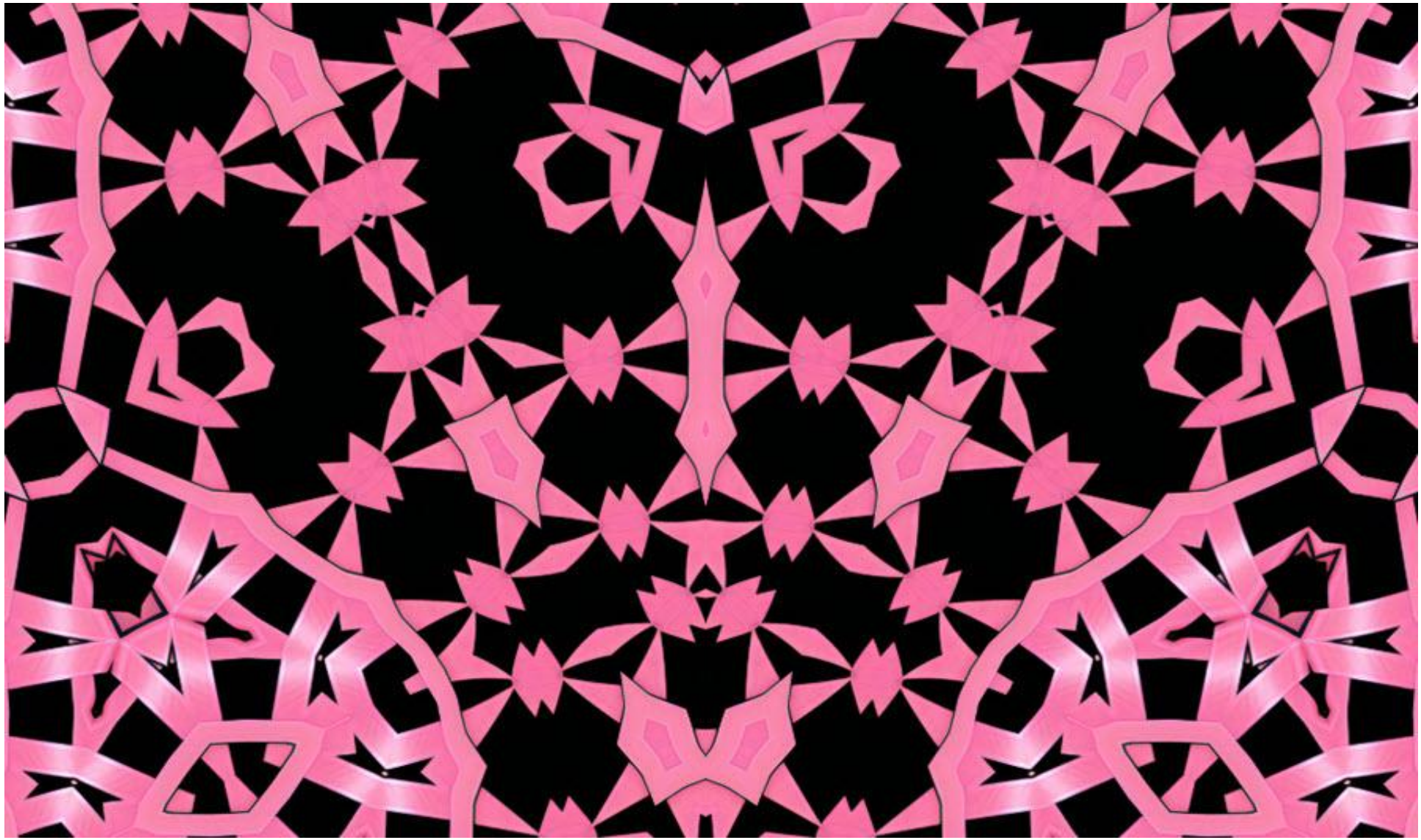

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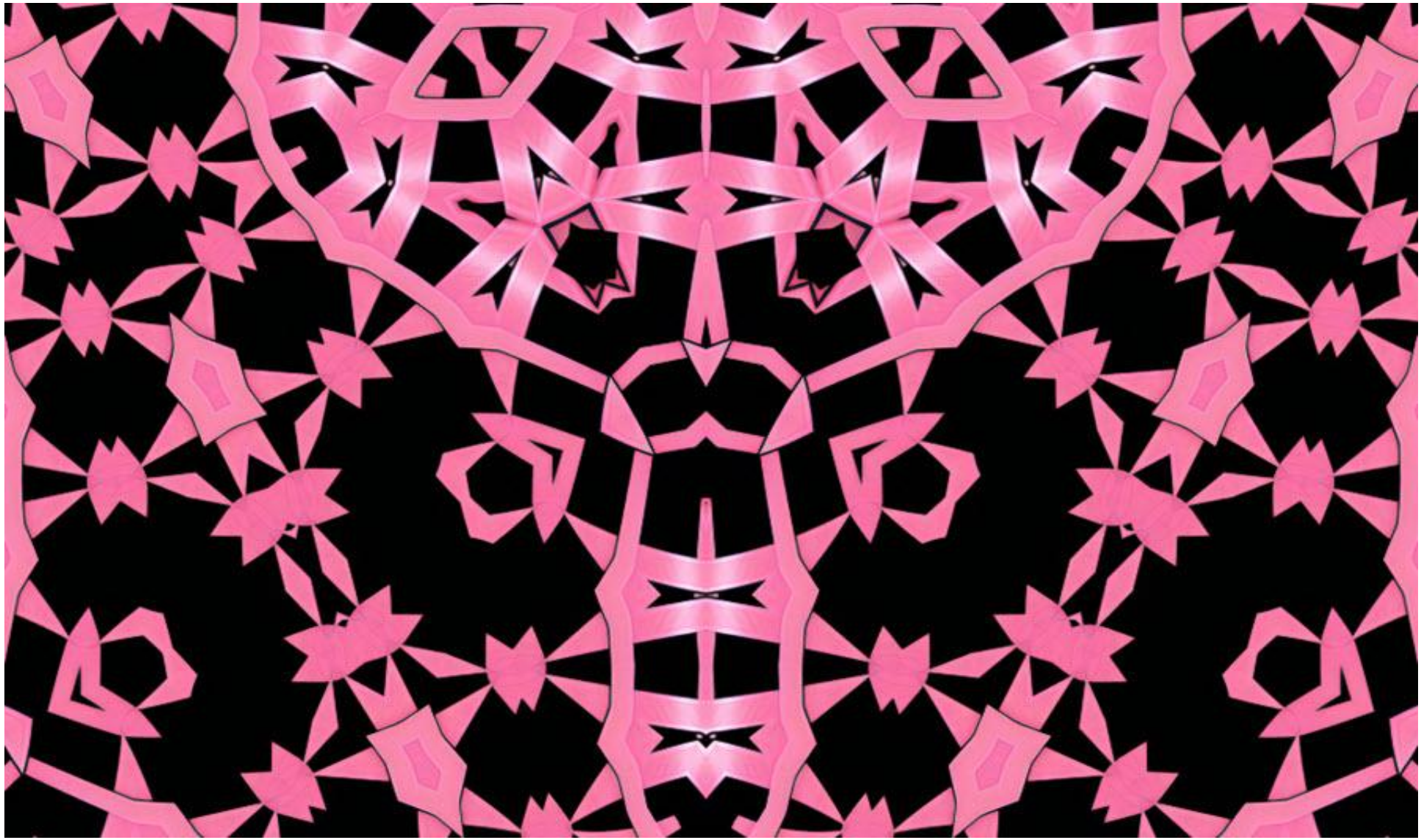

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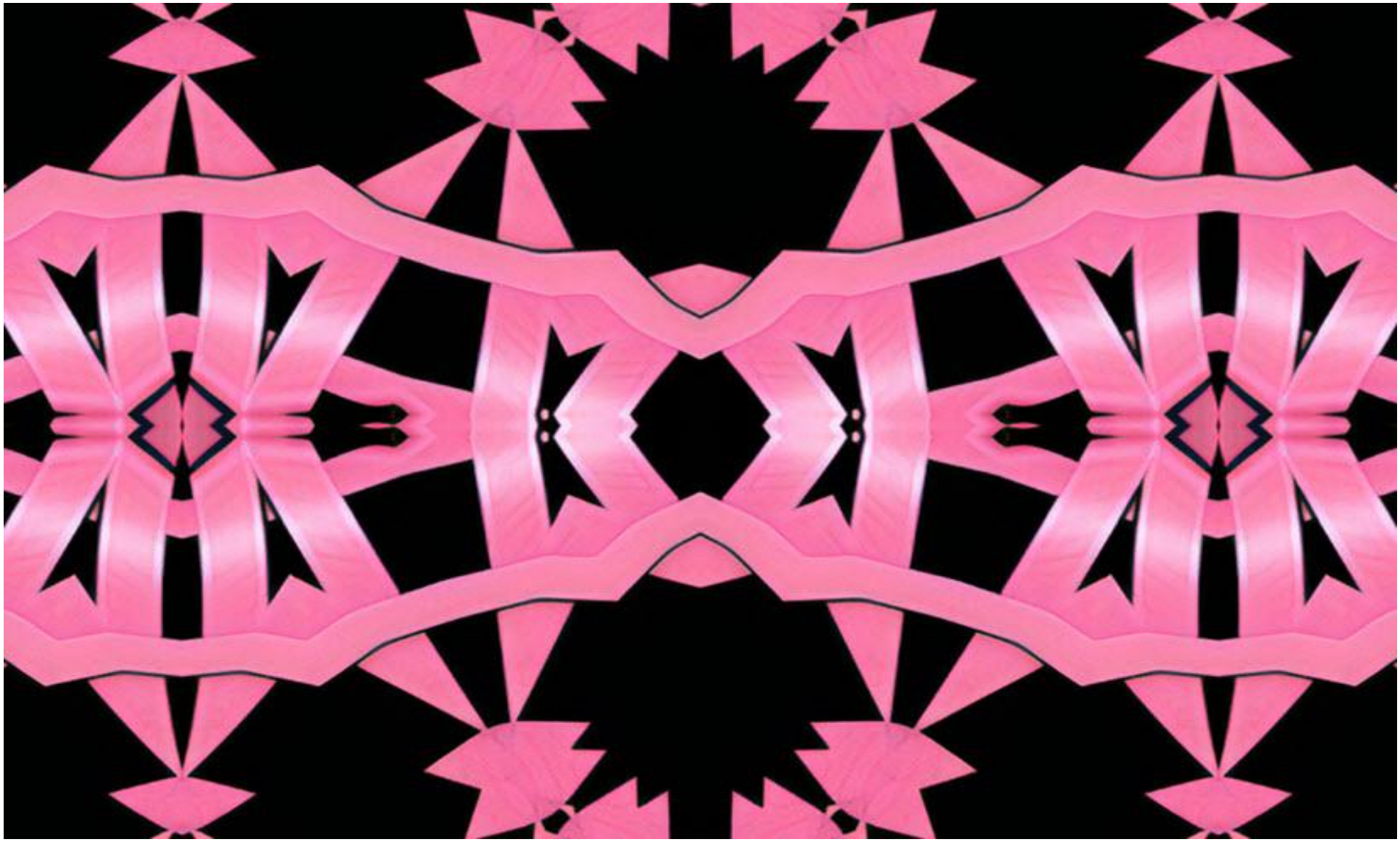

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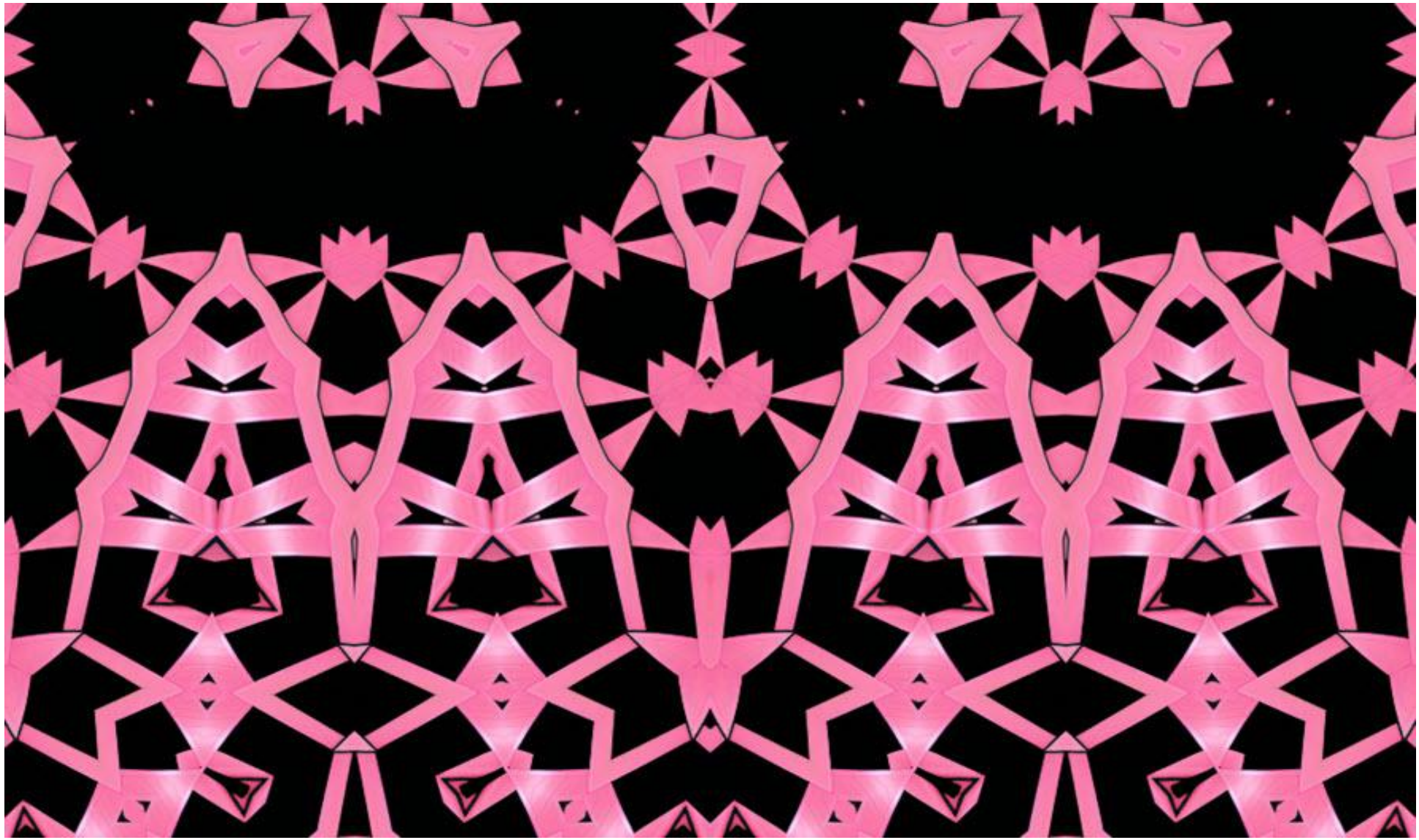

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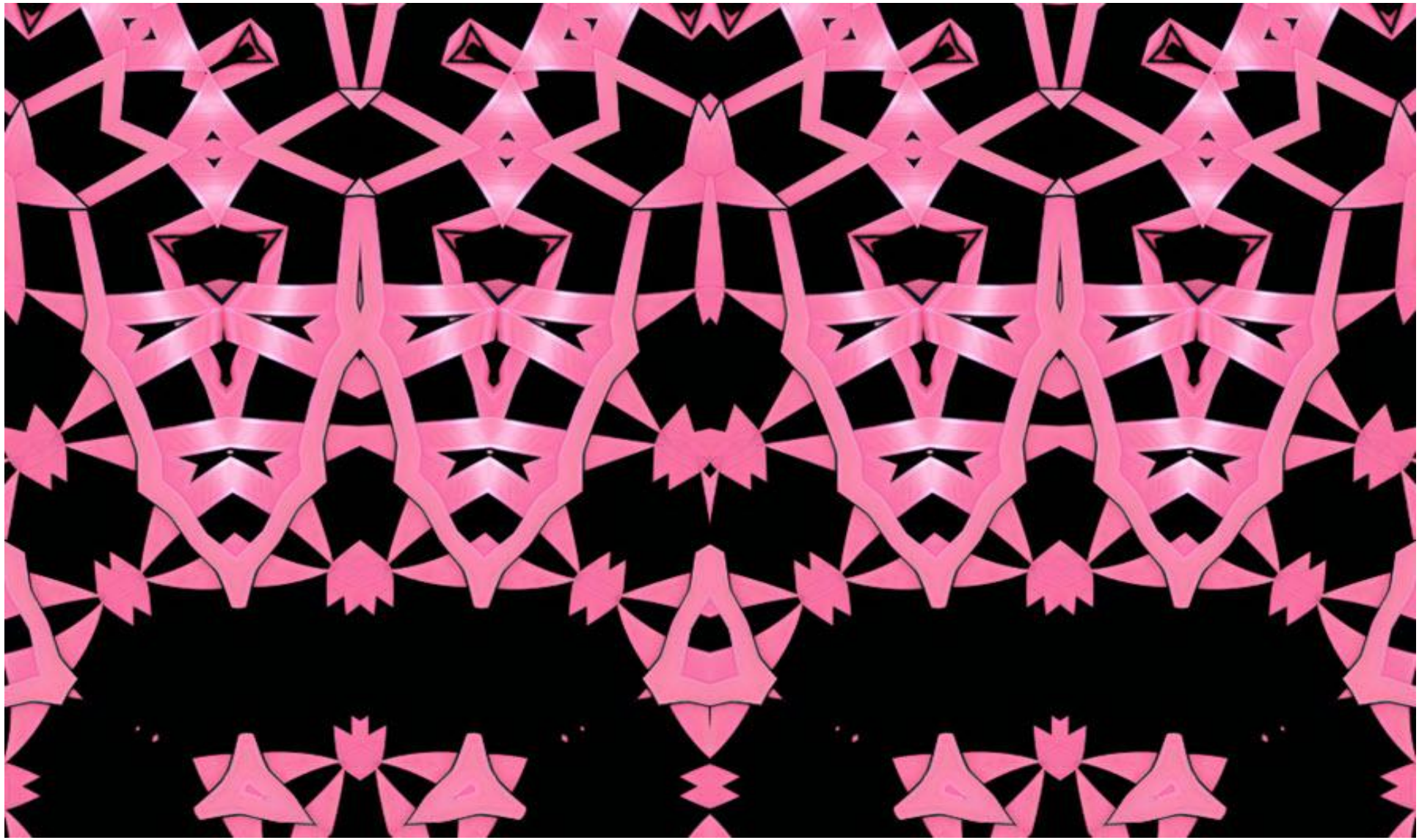

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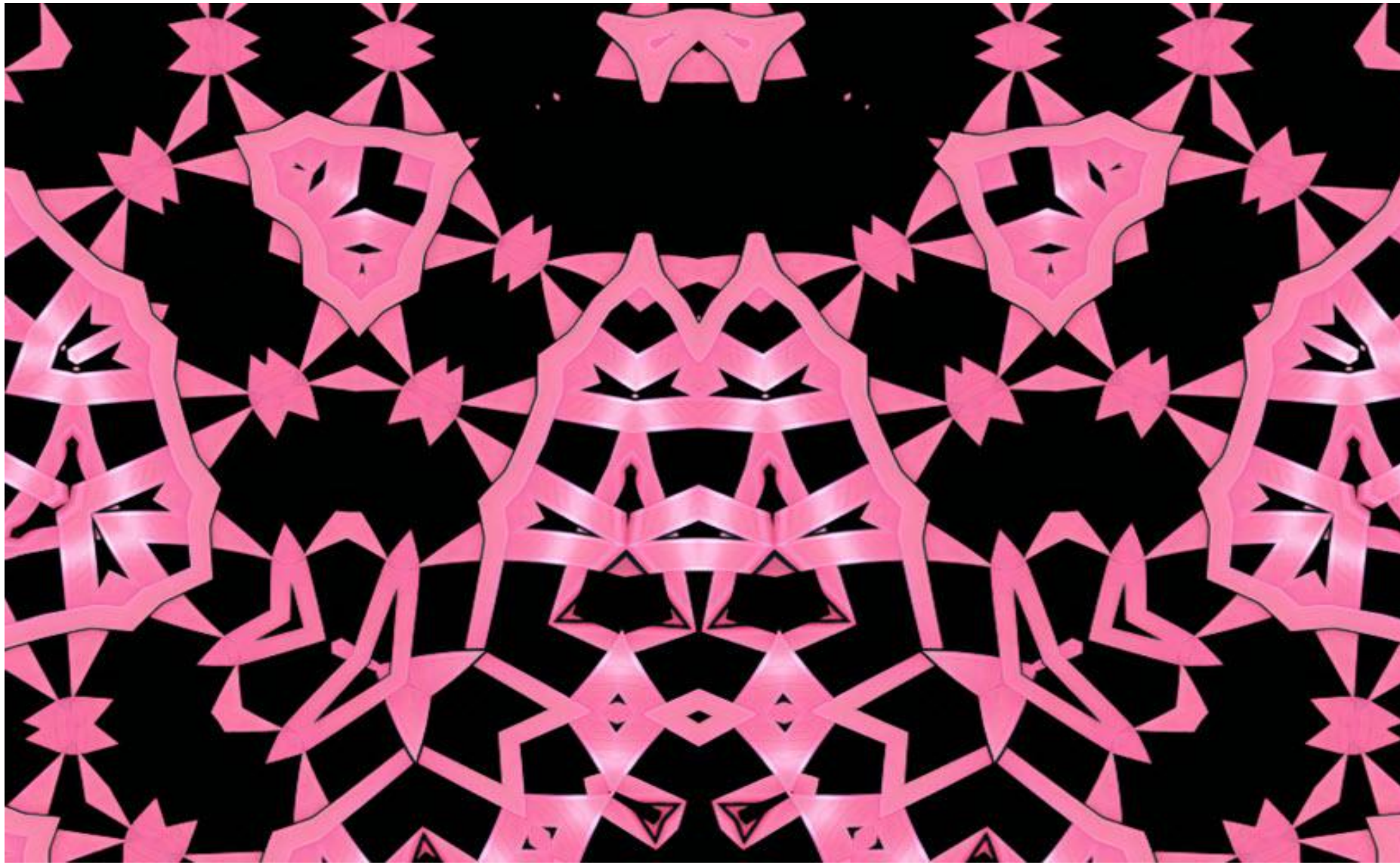

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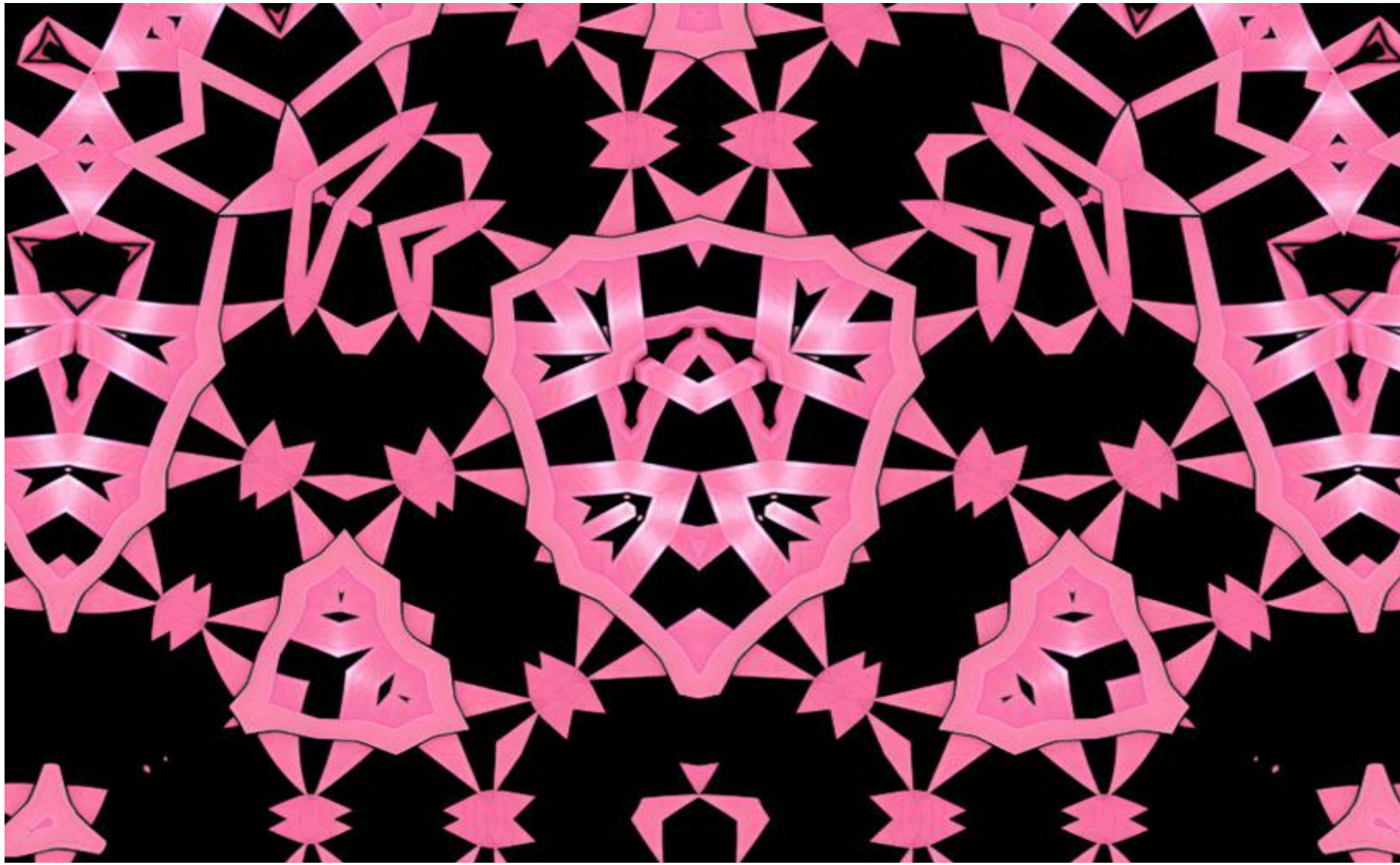

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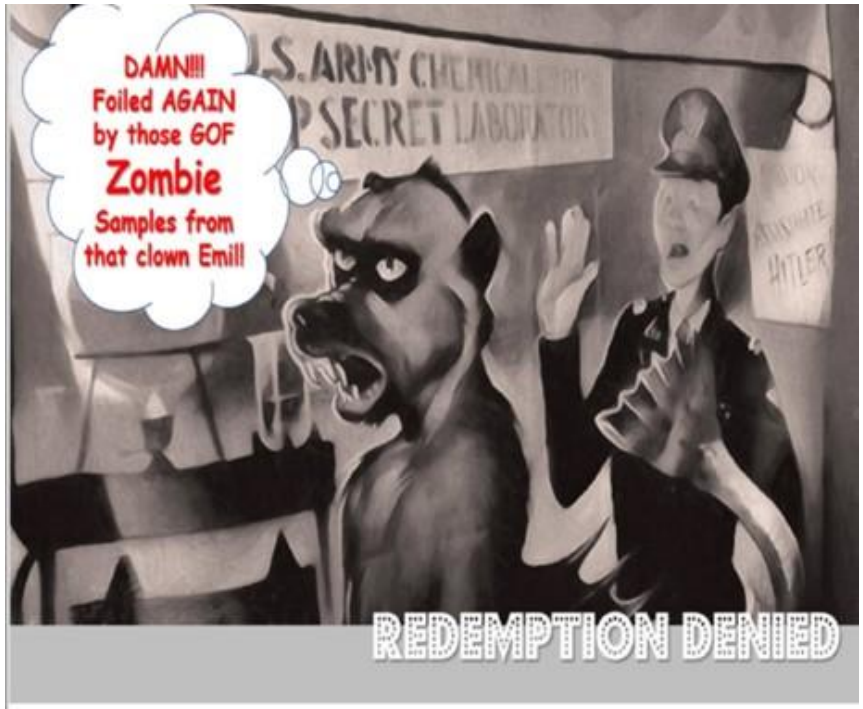

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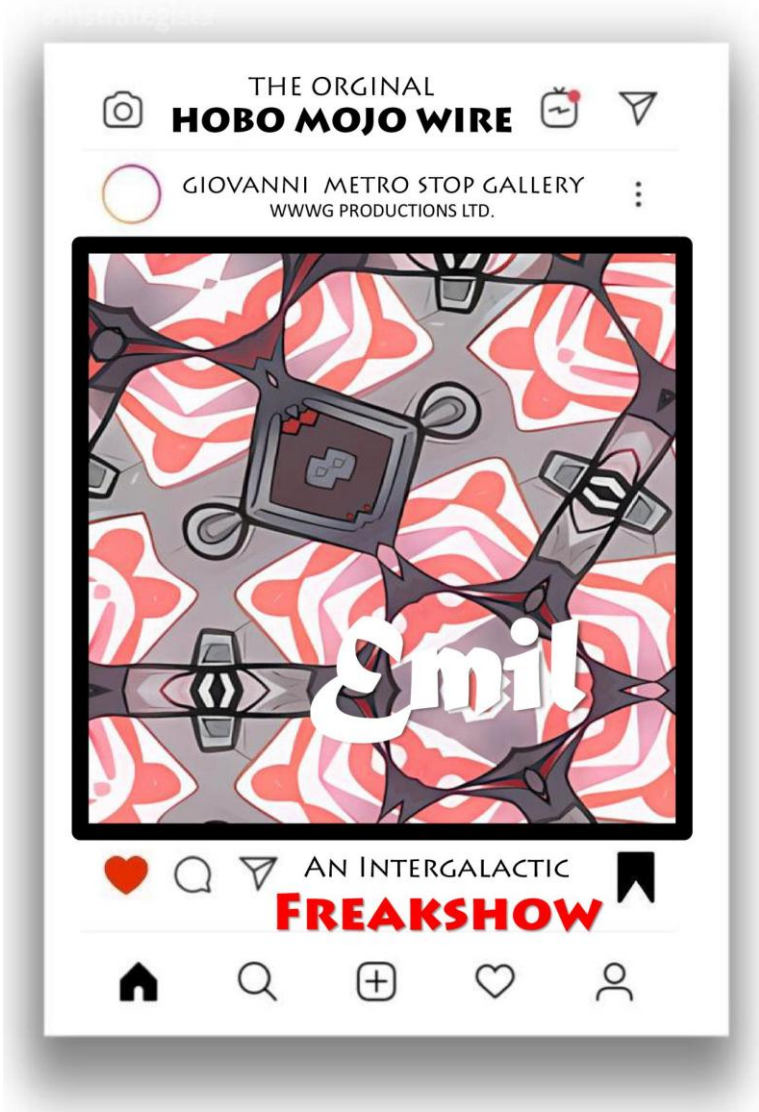

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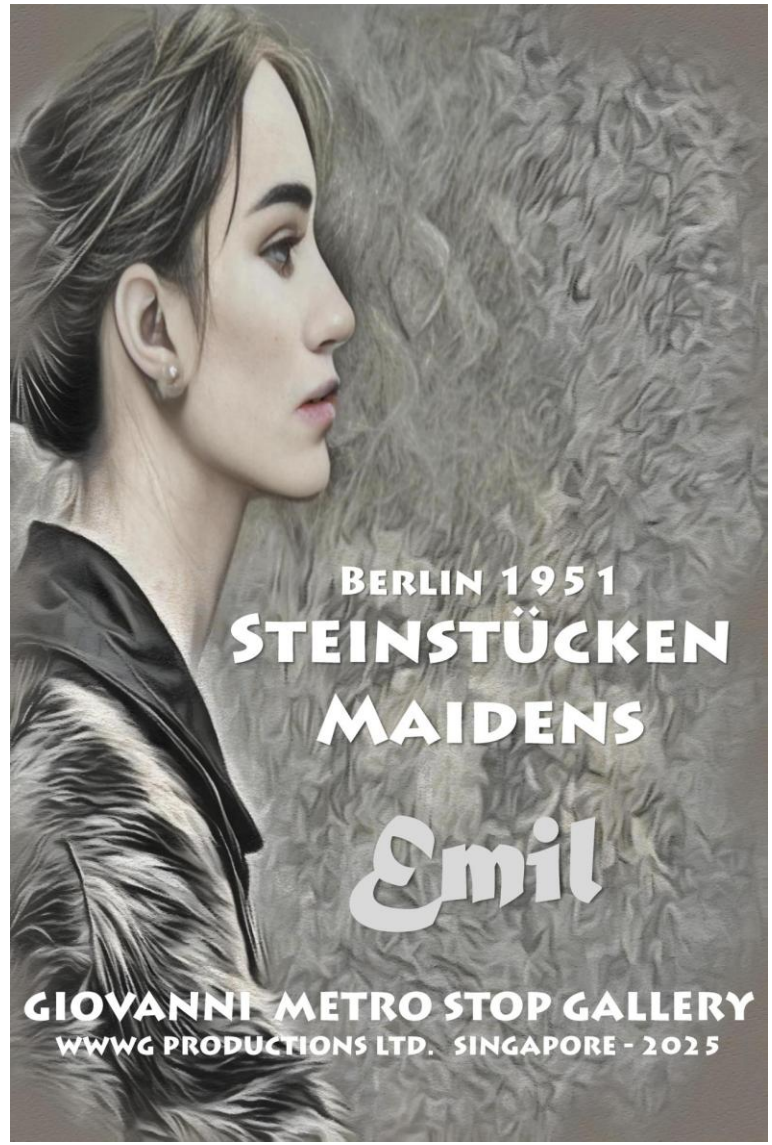

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